

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A Series of Prose Readers

BY
W. J. GLOVER

AUTHOR OF
"THE NEW ENGLISH BOOKS,"
"THE WORLD'S STORY TIME,"
ETC.

WAYFARING

"It is the King's Highway that we are in."
GREAT HEART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
R. B. OGLE

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THE KING'S HIGHWAY

BY
W. J. GLOVER

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"A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life: I would not exchange it for the riches of the Indies."—GIBBON.

FOREWORD

THE Hadow Committee in their report on *Books in Schools* pointed out there was an insufficient supply of *prose anthologies* for older scholars, hence the issue of *The King's Highway* for the use of middle and upper forms. These books are compiled on a new plan, for the selections taken from the works of attractive writers give a classified and graded introduction to all forms of English narrative and descriptive prose, from that of the Bible to that written in our time.

The Hadow Report also said: "Such anthologies should, in our opinion, fulfil these conditions: Passages in the best literary form should be selected. . . . Each selection should be as far as possible a complete whole in itself. A few lines of explanation should be given to indicate, for example, the authorship and the work from which the passage has been taken."

The above suggestions have been incorporated in *The King's Highway*. In addition, simple commentaries on style and graded exercises on the selections have been included, designed to secure "an appreciation of literature and an increased command of the English language." (*The Teaching of English in England*.)

A simple course in grammar based on the extracts runs through the series. Its scope has been governed by this paragraph: "One of the curses of grammar in the past has been over-elaboration. A few lessons,

FOREWORD

followed by appropriate exercises in analysis and synthesis, should be enough to explain what language is and to show the young people how to break up a sentence into its component parts ; and once the tools have been mastered, all that is necessary is to keep them bright by use.” (*The Teaching of English in England.*)

Further, the last-named Report said : “ Above all, the children should discover the delight of books,” thus pointedly recalling Bacon’s dictum, “ Reading serves for delight,” which was paraphrased centuries later by Birrell in his *Obiter Dicta*—“ Reading is not a duty, and has consequently no business to be made disagreeable.” To obey these injunctions and yet to include only the worthy have been two of my chief aims in editing *The King’s Highway*. The selections are as representative of the riches of our narrative literature as space and the copyright law would allow. In the words of a well-known anthologist I can say, “ I have spread a wide and patient net and report that I have brought the best of my haul.”

Finally, may I express the hope that all boys and girls who use *The King’s Highway* will be stimulated to follow Lord Chesterfield’s advice to his son, advice given over two hundred years ago and sound to-day, “ Buy good books and read them.”

W. J. G.

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From
THE LITERATURE OF ROMANCE

Intelligence and Luck

A. H. Wratislaw

(Folk Tales: For introductory notes on Folk Lore see
An Enchanted Journey, page 1.)

ONCE upon a time Luck met Intelligence on a garden-seat. "Make room for me!" said Luck. Intelligence was then as yet inexperienced, and didn't know who ought to make room for whom. He said: "Why should I make room for you? You're no better than I."

"He's the better man," answered Luck, "who performs most. See you there yon peasant's son who's ploughing in the field? Enter into him, and if he gets on better through you than through me, I'll always submissively make way for you, whensoever and wheresoever we meet." To this Intelligence agreed, and entered at once into the ploughboy's head.

As soon as the ploughboy had Intelligence in his head, he began to think: "Why must I follow the plough to the day of my death? I can go somewhere else and make my fortune more easily." He left off ploughing, put up the plough, and drove home.

"Dad," said he, "I don't like this peasant's life; I'd rather learn to be a gardener."

His father said, "What ails you, Vanek? Have you

lost your wits ? ” However, he bethought himself and said : “ Well, if you will, learn ; and God be with you ! Your brother will be heir to the cottage after me.”

Vanek lost the cottage, but he didn't care for that, but went and put himself apprentice to the king's gardener. For every little that the gardener showed him, Vanek comprehended ever so much more. Ere long he didn't even obey the gardener's orders as to how he ought to do anything, but did everything his own way. At first the gardener was angry, but, seeing everything thus getting on better, he was content. “ I see that you've more intelligence than I,” said he, and henceforth Vanek made the garden so beautiful that the king took great delight in it, and frequently walked in it with the queen and with his only daughter. The princess was a very beautiful damsel, but ever since she was twelve years old she had ceased speaking, and no one ever heard a single word from her. The king was much grieved, and caused a proclamation to be made that whoever should bring it to pass that she should speak again, should be her husband.

Many young kings, princes, and other great lords announced themselves one after the other, but all went away as they had come ; no one succeeded in causing her to speak.

“ Why shouldn't I try my luck ? ” thought Vanek. “ I may succeed in bringing her to answer, when I ask her a question. Who knows ? ” He at once caused himself to be announced at the palace ; and the king and his councillors conducted him into the room where the princess was. The king's daughter had a pretty little dog, and was very fond of him, because he was so clever, understanding everything that she wanted. When Vanek went into the room with the king and his councillors, he pre-

tended not even to see the princess, but turned to the dog and said : " I have heard, doggie, that you are very clever, and I come to you for advice. We are three companions in travel, a sculptor, a tailor, and myself. Once upon a time we were going through a forest and were obliged to pass the night in it. To be safe from wolves, we made a fire, and agreed to keep watch one after the other. The sculptor kept watch first, and for amusement to kill time took a log and carved a damsel out of it. When it was finished, he woke the tailor to keep watch in his turn. The tailor, seeing the wooden damsel, asked what it meant. ' As you see,' said the sculptor, ' I was weary, and didn't know what to do with myself, so I carved a damsel out of a log ; if you find time hang heavy on your hands, you can dress her.'

" The tailor at once took out his scissors, needle and thread, cut out the clothes, stitched away, and, when they were ready, dressed the damsel in them. He then called me to come and keep watch. I, too, asked him what the meaning of all this was. ' As you see,' said the tailor, ' the sculptor found time hang heavy on his hands and carved a damsel out of a log, and I for the same reason clothed her ; and if you find time hanging on your hands, you can teach her to speak.' And by morning dawn I had actually taught her to speak.

" But in the morning when my companions woke up, each wanted to possess the damsel. The sculptor said, ' I made her ' ; the tailor, ' I clothed her.' I, too, maintained my rights. Tell me, therefore, doggie, to which of us the damsel belongs."

The dog said nothing, but instead of the dog the princess replied : " To whom can she belong but to yourself ? What's the good of the sculptor's damsel without life ?

What's the good of the tailor's dressing without speech ? You gave her the best gift, life and speech, and therefore she by right belongs to you."

"You have passed your own sentence," said Vanek. "I have given you speech again and a new life, and you therefore by right belong to me."

Then said one of the king's councillors : "His Royal Grace will give you a plenteous reward for succeeding in unloosing his daughter's tongue ; but you cannot have her to wife, as you are of mean lineage."

The king said, "You are of mean lineage ; I will give you a plenteous reward instead of our daughter."

But Vanek wouldn't hear of any other reward, and said : "The king promised without any exception, that whoever caused his daughter to speak again should be her husband. A king's word is law ; and if the king wants others to observe his laws, he must first keep them himself. Therefore the king *must* give me his daughter."

"Seize and bind him !" shouted the councillor. "Whoever says the king *must* do anything, offers an insult to his majesty, and is worthy of death. May it please your Majesty to order this malefactor to be executed with the sword ?"

The king said, "Let him be executed."

Vanek was immediately bound and led to execution.

When they came to the place of execution Luck was there waiting for him, and said secretly to Intelligence : "See how this man has got on through you, till he has to lose his head ! Make way, and let me take your place !"

As soon as Luck entered Vanek, the executioner broke his sword against the scaffold ; and before they brought him another, up rode a trumpeter on horseback from the city, galloping as swift as a bird, trumpeted merrily, and

waved a white flag, and after him came the royal carriage for Vanek.

This is what had happened: The princess had told her father at home that Vanek had but spoken the truth, and the king's word ought not to be broken. If Vanek were of mean lineage the king could easily make him a



“ . . . THE EXECUTIONER BROKE HIS SWORD AGAINST THE SCAFFOLD . . . ”

prince. The king said: “ You're right; let him be a prince ! ”

The royal carriage was immediately sent for Vanek, and the councillors who had irritated the king against him were executed in his stead. Afterward, when Vanek and the princess were going together in a carriage from the wedding, Intelligence happened to be somewhere on the road, and, seeing that he couldn't help meeting Luck, bent

his head and slipped on one side, just as if cold water had been thrown upon him.

And from that time forth it is said that Intelligence has always given a wide berth to Luck whenever he has had to meet him.

Source : *Sixty Folk Tales from Slavonic Sources.*

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

Story-telling :

You have learnt that every story should have four parts clearly defined :

1. *An Introduction*, giving briefly and attractively the time, the place, and the chief actors, and containing, or followed by, the *key sentence*.
2. *A Middle*—the story proper, the "chain of events," the incidents.
3. *A Climax*—to which the incidents lead.
4. *The Conclusion*—short, pointed, and if possible unexpected.

Examine the above story :

1. Note the brief *introductory sentence* and find the *key sentence* to the tale in paragraph 2.
2. Study the *chain of events* and divide the story into scenes.
3. Point out the *climax*.
4. Note the *conclusion*—say whether you think it fitting, satisfactory, or not.

(In reading this book examine the plan of every story and point out these divisions in each.)

II. VOCABULARY

On Accent :

1. A word of more than one syllable is accented on one or more of those syllables. The correct placing of the accent in reading and conversation is all-important. Thus we speak of the line of the *bo ri' zon*, but we say the line is *bor' i zon' tal*. When we place an *ad ver' tise ment* we become *ad' ver ti' sers*.

2. Study your dictionary and indicate the pronunciation and meaning of these words :

Nouns.—intelligence, apprentice, proclamation, councillors, sculptor, lineage, malefactor. *Verbs*.—comprehended, irritated.

3. Use each word in a sentence of your own.

III. COMPOSITION

1. Explain the bargain and say what the result was.
2. Write a short summary of the story.

3. Write a short paragraph saying which you would rather be blessed with—Intelligence or Luck.

IV. GRAMMAR

The Apostrophe :

1. Explain the use of the apostrophe in "He's"; "Who's"; "I'll"; "didn't"; "peasant's son."

2. Write these phrases in the plural form: "peasant's son"; "ploughboy's head"; "peasant's life"; "king's gardener"; "gardener's orders"; "sculptor's damsel"; "daughter's tongue."

How much Land does a Man Require?

Count Leo Tolstoy

INTRODUCTORY.—Count Leo Tolstoy is the greatest name in Russian literature. Tolstoy fought in the Crimean War, but retired from the army after that, and settled down on his family estates to write the long succession of books that have made his name world-famous. He had great sympathy with the distress and poverty of the Russian peasants. He tried to help them and to teach them, and finally he lived among them as one, after handing over his estates to his wife and family.

His greatest novel is *War and Peace*, written after the Crimean War, but he also wrote many short stories, often in the form of a parable as the following is.

THE elder sister, who had married a shopkeeper in town, was paying a visit to her younger sister, a peasant's wife. While drinking tea, she boasted of the life she led in town; according to her, she lived at her ease, always wore pretty clothes, and even her children were neat and trim; she only ate and drank what she liked, and, when she wanted amusement, she had the choice between a walk and the theatre.

The younger sister, somewhat piqued, retorted by disparaging the lot of a shopkeeper and vaunting that of a peasant.

"You make a great mistake if you imagine I would ever

change places with you," she declared. "Our life here may be dull, but, at least, it is not always poisoned by the dread of to-morrow. You are well off one day and perhaps a beggar the next, whereas we, if we are never likely to be rich, can always count on a crust of bread."

"Yes," sneered the other, "like the pigs and the calves. However diligently your husband may work, you will never know what it is to feel at your ease. You were born in squalor—you will live and die in squalor, and it will be the same with your children."

Pokhom, the husband of the younger sister, reclined on the top of the stove and gave an idle ear to the women's chatter.

"All that is true enough," he reflected. "Our one trouble is that we have not all the land we need. Ah! If only I had sufficient land, not even the Devil himself could frighten me."

The women finished their tea, tidied up, and went to bed.

Not a word of what had been said had escaped the ears of the Devil, who was crouching behind the stove. Nothing could please him better than to hear Pokhom declare that if only he had enough land he could defy the Devil himself.

"So be it, my fine fellow," he chuckled to himself. "You and I must thresh this out together. I will give you plenty of land, and that is precisely how I will get at you."

Pokhom's wish was soon gratified. First, by dint of much scraping and pinching, he was able to buy a respectable slice of an adjoining property. Increased responsibilities brought new troubles, but, on the whole, he was fairly satisfied.

Then, one day, he put a peasant up for the night, and his visitor told him about some wonderful land near the Volga; not only did it produce enormous crops almost without

being scratched, but it was wonderfully cheap. Pokhom was electrified. He forthwith sold his present little holding and set out for the land of promise.

The place proved all that he had been led to expect. But here, too, fresh troubles arose. The chief grievance was the insufficiency of suitable land for corn, and Pokhom was compelled to rent some more. However, his industry and a succession of good harvests enabled him, five years later, to put by a little money.

He was just on the point of purchasing from a ruined neighbour the very land he needed to round off his property when something intervened. A passing stranger, a merchant, happened to talk about the wonderful country of the Bashkirs, where, for a thousand roubles—the exact sum Pokhom had at his disposal—he, the merchant, had acquired five thousand acres of magnificent land.

“All you need do,” he assured Pokhom, “is to make friends with the elders. I presented them with a few dressing-gowns and carpets and a chest of tea and gave them a drink of wine all round. The land cost me less than sixpence an acre.”

He produced the deed of sale of the land, which, he said, was a plain covered with grass and traversed by a river.

“There is so much of this good land,” continued the stranger, enthusiastically, “that you could not walk round it in a whole year. It all belongs to the Bashkirs, and they are as silly as a lot of sheep. If you liked, you could almost get the land from them for nothing.”

Once more Pokhom’s imagination took fire. He decided to keep his money in his pocket. Heaven only knows how much land he might be able to extort from the Bashkirs for the sum he was going to hand to his ruined neighbour, as a first instalment on a few hundred acres.

He ascertained full particulars as to the best way of reaching the Bashkirs' country, and immediately got ready for the journey. The care of his house he entrusted to his wife, and, taking only one companion, he set out for the neighbouring town. There he purchased the articles mentioned by the stranger—several dressing-gowns and carpets, a chest of tea, and some wine. After that, the two men started on their journey in the cart.

They travelled on and on, and at the end of a week, after covering over three hundred miles, they came to a Bashkir camp.

No sooner had they noticed Pokhom's approach than all the Bashkirs left their tents and surrounded the newcomers. An interpreter was fortunately at hand, and Pokhom was able to make himself understood. He explained that the object of his visit was to obtain some land.

The Bashkirs gave him a most cordial welcome and conducted him to the best tent, where he was made to sit on a pile of soft cushions spread upon silk carpets. He was offered tea and koumiss. A sheep was killed in his honour, and all the tit-bits were put aside for him.

Pokhom bade his servant fetch the presents from the cart and he gave them to his hosts, distributing tea and wine to each of them.

The Bashkirs seemed highly pleased and they held a long consultation, at the end of which they told the interpreter to translate their decision to Pokhom.

"I am to tell you," began the interpreter, "that they feel very friendly disposed towards you. It is our custom to treat strangers to the best of our ability and to return presents for presents. You have only to declare what pleases you most here and to take it in return for your gifts."

"What pleases me more than anything else," replied Pokham, "is your land. There is not sufficient land in my country ; moreover, the little land we do possess does not yield us a big enough return. You, on the other hand, have a lot of it, and it is very good land. I have never seen any land to compare with it."

The interpreter duly translated this. Again the Bashkirs deliberated. Pokhom could not understand a word they said, but he gathered that they were very much amused, for they spoke and laughed boisterously.

Finally they grew silent, and once more the interpreter spoke.

"They tell me to let you know that, in recognition of your generosity, they are willing to give you as much land as you like."

"What does he mean by saying that I can have as much land as I like ?" pondered Pokhom. "I want the transaction to be done properly. Otherwise, after I have been granted this or that land, somebody may come along and take it away from me again."

"I am very much obliged to you for your offer, your most generous offer," he said, aloud, turning to the elders. "You own a great deal of land, I know, but I do not ask you to give me very much. I do, however, want to know exactly what you propose to give me. I want to have the boundaries pegged out and everything put on a proper business footing, for we are all, every one of us, mortal. Were things not arranged as I suggest, your children might want to take away from me what you, in the goodness of your heart, have given me."

"Very well," laughed the chief elder. "The transaction shall be carried through in accordance with rules."

"And the price?" asked Pokhom. "Let me know now how much I shall have to pay."

"We have only one price: a thousand roubles a day."

To fix the price of land at so much a day took Pokhom by surprise. He was unable to make any immediate answer. At last he asked: "How many acres does that make?"



"... IT WILL ALL BE YOURS ..."

"It is quite impossible to say exactly beforehand. All the land you can walk round in a day will become your property. And the price for the day is a thousand roubles."

In his bewilderment Pokhom could only retort:

"You can walk round a lot of land in a day."

"No matter how much it is, it will all be yours, on one

condition ; by the end of the day, you must be back at the place you started from. Otherwise, your money will be forfeited."

"Who will stake out the boundary as I pass along ?" Pokhom asked.

"You yourself may select the places where you would like boundary stakes to be fixed. Some of our younger men shall accompany you on horseback, and, whenever you tell them to put in a stake, it shall be done. After that, all the stakes will be joined up by a furrow made with a plough. You are free to allot to yourself just as much land as ever you like, provided, as I have already said, that you return to your starting-point before sunset."

This seemed a very satisfactory arrangement to Pokhom. It was settled that he would start at dawn on the following day.

He drank tea and koumiss with his hosts and ate their mutton, after which he was given a feather bed, and everybody retired to rest.

Pokhom lay down on the feather bed, but he could not get the thought of the land out of his head. It kept him wide awake.

"I have not done so badly," was his constant mental refrain. "I mean to carve out a regular little kingdom for myself. At this season a day is almost as long as a year. I can easily cover more than thirty miles. Thirty miles ! At last I shall be my own master—I shall no longer be dependent on anyone. I can buy oxen for two ploughs, hire a couple of labourers, cultivate the best part of the land and let the cattle graze on the rest."

Thus, restless and wakeful, Pokhom passed the entire night. Only shortly before dawn did he fall into a fitful slumber. And then he had a dream !

In his dream he was still in the same tent. Shouts of laughter reached him from outside. Curious to see what was happening, he jumped up and went out. In front of the tent sat the chief elder his hands crossed on his stomach. He was shaking with laughter.

"What is amusing you so much?" Pokhom asked, advancing towards him.

Suddenly Pokhom realised that the man before him was not the chief elder of the Bashkirs, but the merchant who had told him of the wonderful land in the steppes. He was on the point of asking him for the latest news, when he discovered that he had made another mistake. The man was not the merchant at all, but the peasant whom he once put up for the night and who had told him about the good land to be had near the Volga. But no sooner did he recognise him than the peasant, in turn, disappeared, and in his place, right in front of Pokhom's eyes, sat the Devil himself, with cloven hoofs and horns on the forehead. Staring very hard at something, he laughed as though his sides were going to split.

"What can he be looking at so fixedly?" wondered Pokhom; "and why is he so amused?"

Drawing still nearer, Pokhom suddenly started, then remained motionless. *What is this?* On the ground, quite close to him, a man was lying. He had nothing on except a shirt and a pair of trousers, and his feet were bare. He was stretched out on his back, face upwards, and his face was as white as chalk.

Pokhom gazed at the figure attentively and—recognised himself. With a cry of dismay he awakened.

"What extraordinary things one does dream!" he exclaimed half aloud, and was on the point of going to sleep again, when he noticed the first streaks of dawn.

“Time the others were up,” he muttered ; “they ought to be setting out already.”

Pokhom got up and went to arouse his servant. He told him to harness the horses and call the Bashkirs.

Hardly any time elapsed before the Bashkirs were assembled, the chief elder among them. They pressed Pokhom to take koumiss and tea, but he was far too impatient to start.

“It is high time we were off,” he said. “Let us get away at once.”

The little procession started ; some of the Bashkirs rode, others drove in carts. Pokhom, of course, was in his own cart with his man. The steppes were soon reached.

Just before the sun peeped above the horizon they halted on the summit of a small hillock. The Bashkirs dismounted. Approaching Pokhom, the chief elder stretched out his arm and, with extended forefinger, pointed to the wide-spreading plains before them.

“All that belongs to us,” he said. “Everything your eye can take in. Make your choice.”

In Pokhom’s eyes there was a sudden gleam. Right away to the distant horizon the land extended, luxuriant with grass, flat as the palm of his hand, dark as poppy-seed. Herbage of every description, some of it as high as a man, indicated the hollows.

The chief elder took off his fur cap and placed it on the ground, on the very summit of the hill.

“Here,” he said, “is the mark. Your servant shall remain beside it. Put your money in the hat. From here you must start and here you must return. All the land included in the circuit you will make becomes your property.”

Pokhom took the thousand roubles from his pocket and placed the money in the cap. Then he removed his outer cloak, retaining his caftan, and tightened his waistband. He had provided himself with a little dried grain contained in a small bag, and a gourd full of water was slung over his shoulders. When he had given his boots a final hitch he was quite ready to start.

A minute or two he stood lost in reflection. Which direction ought he to take? The land looked equally good everywhere. Finally he decided to go east, as there was no obvious reason for him to take to the right rather than to the left.

He looked at the sky, stretched his limbs, and waited for the sun to rise.

"I must not lose any time," he reflected. "Walking is less trying during the cool hours of the morning. I must take every advantage I can."

He was soon in the very heart of the steppes, the horsemen following him.

He decided to maintain an even pace, neither too quick nor too slow. At the end of the first mile a stake was put in. Then on again. As his legs grew accustomed to the exercise he somewhat increased his pace.

He kept on steadily, walking, walking, walking. After what he estimated to be another mile he ordered another stake to be fixed. He glanced behind him. The hill, lit up by the full glow of the rising sun, stood out clearly. The little group of Bashkirs on the summit was plainly distinguishable.

By the time Pokhom had covered about three miles he decided to remove his caftan. The day promised to be warm; already the heat was trying. He gave his waistband another hitch and walked on for another three miles.

The heat was now growing oppressive. Pokhom raised his eyes to the sun and realised it was time he broke his fast.

"Here I am," he mused, "at the end of the first quarter of my day. There are four such parts in a day. It is not yet time to turn. I think, though, it will be better if I remove my boots."

He sat down, took off his boots, and once more resumed his march.

"Another three miles or so and I will then turn to the left. The land about here is far too good to be left out. The farther I go, in fact, the better the land seems to become."

And so Pokhom kept straight ahead. After a time he felt again the impulse to glance behind him. This time the hill was barely visible. As for the Bashkirs on the top of it, they resembled a group of ants rather than men.

"Ah!" sighed Pokhom, "I have got something like a bit of land now! But I must really decide to turn."

Sweat was pouring down his face, and he felt very thirsty. Still walking, he took a long draught out of his gourd. Then he told the Bashkirs to fix another stake, and turned sharply to the left.

On went Pokhom in the new direction. The grass was high and thick, and the heat intense. Pokhom was beginning to feel very tired. He glanced upward at the sun. It was time he had dinner. A short rest would do him good. He stopped, opened his bag, and ate, standing.

"If I were to sit down," he reflected, "I should be tempted to stretch myself out at full length, and I am so weary that I should certainly fall asleep."

And so he remained standing where he was for a few minutes. Then, drawing a deep breath, he was off again.

The food had invigorated him, and at first he went ahead with comparative ease. But the heat had become well-nigh unbearable, and his desire to sleep was almost invincible. Pokhom was really tired out. To gain courage he muttered to himself the proverb : " An hour's suffering for a century of joy."

He managed to cover another four miles. Then, as he was on the point of turning once more to the left, he was struck by the wonderfully luxuriant look of the hollow straight ahead.

" It will never do to leave that out of my domain. What a crop of flax I shall have there ! "

He continued to advance. He must have that hollow at all costs.

A stake was fixed on the other side of it, and then Pokhom turned.

Once more he looked towards the hill. The little group of Bashkirs could now be discerned only with difficulty. Ten miles, at least, separated Pokhom from them.

" I have made the first two sides rather long," he said ; " this side must be shorter."

His pace, in spite of his weariness, was now considerably increased. The sun was nearing the horizon ; very soon, now, it would reach the end of its day's journey. Yet Pokhom had covered little more than a mile of the third side. He was still a good ten miles away from his goal.

" There is no help for it," he sighed. " I must make straight for the hill now. My land will be a very queer shape, but that cannot be helped. I shall have quite sufficient."

He set his face towards the goal.

Straight for the hill went Pokhom. His distress was

great. His feet, swollen and bruised, were horribly painful, and his limbs gave way under him. Much as he would have enjoyed a rest, the briefest halt was now quite out of the question. "What will become of me if I do not reach the goal before the appointed time? How far have I still to go? If only my feet did not ache so! Is it possible I am going to lose both my money and my toil?"

One more effort, Pokhom! Attempt to achieve the impossible!

And now, Pokhom began to run. His feet were bleeding, but that did not stay him. On, on, he raced! And still the goal lay far ahead. He removed the gourd, threw away cap and boots.

"Alas!" he lamented, "greed has been my undoing. Never, never, can I reach the goal before the sun goes down."

The dread of this almost suffocated him. He was unable to take a deep breath. Still he continued to run. His mouth was parched, his shirt and trousers, soaked with sweat, were clinging to him. His chest rose and fell like a blacksmith's bellows, his heart was pounding hard. No longer could he feel his feet. His ankles were giving way. He was done for!

The land and everything else were forgotten. His sole dread now was that he might drop down dead from sheer exhaustion.

And Pokhom was very frightened of death.

As he raced along, Pokhom was saying to himself:

"Think what a hopeless fool you will appear if you stop running now!"

He could actually hear the Bashkirs whistling and shouting, and this made him still more determined not to give in.

Putting forth all his strength, he made a final effort. The goal was quite near, but the sun was getting lower and lower.

Each man could be seen now on the top of the hill. Everybody was making signs to him to hurry. He could even see the cap on the ground containing the money. The chief elder was squatting beside it, his hands folded over his stomach. And, quite suddenly, Pokhom recollected his dream.

"I shall have all the land I want, that is clear," he mused, "but will Heaven allow me to live on it? It is I alone who have been the cause of my undoing."

And still he continued to run. He raised his eyes to the sun. The great red disc was almost touching the earth. Now it had actually touched it. Another brief moment and the bottom half of it was hidden. Then, just as Pokhom, running all the time, reached the hill, the last glowing crescent slipped out of sight.

With a cry of despair, Pokhom told himself that all was lost. No; there was still a last chance! He suddenly realised that, though the sun might be gone for him at the bottom of the hill, it must still be visible for those on the summit!

Putting forth all that he had left of vitality, he bounded up the slope.

There is the cap! Victory!

He lost his footing and slipped, but, as he fell, his outstretched hands touched the cap.

"Bravo! Bravo!" shouted the chief elder of the Bashkirs. "You have gained a fine estate."

Pokhom's servant rushed forward; he wanted to assist his master to rise, but he noticed a little stream of blood trickling from his mouth.

Pokhom was dead !

The chief elder, squatting on the ground, his hands crossed on his stomach, burst out laughing. Then rising, he took a spade and threw it towards Pokhom's servant.

“ Take this and dig a grave for him.”



POKHOM WAS DEAD !

The Bashkirs mounted their horses and rode away, leaving the servant with his master's body.

And the servant, all by himself, dug a hole six feet deep, and the exact length of the body. In that hole he buried Pokhom.

Source : *Parables*.

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

Study the growth of this parable. In it Tolstoy shows his dislike of the Russian peasant's greed for land. Note how soon in the story envy and discontent creep in. Early success is only followed by more discontent, and gradually the tragedy unfolds itself. Study each separate scene carefully and note how the writer works up to the climax; note, too, the short sentences as it is approached; then after the tragedy come those two simple pathetic closing sentences. Excitement and struggle are over—the words *in that hole* are very real and grim.

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

1. *Nouns*.—squalor, responsibilities, grievance, insufficiency, imagination, interpreter, consultation, recognition, generosity, exhaustion.

Verbs.—disparaging, electrified, intervened, ascertained, deliberated, forfeited, invigorated, suffocated.

Adjectives.—piqued, magnificent, cordial, impatient, luxuriant, oppressive, comparative.

Adverbs.—enthusiastically, boisterously, attentively.

Koumiss = a drink made from fermented milk by the Tartars.

Caftan = a long under-tunic with waist girdle.

2. Explain the following:

"The younger sister . . . of a peasant" (paragraph 2, page 7); "increased responsibilities brought new troubles"; "the chief grievance was the insufficiency of suitable land for corn"; "he stood lost in reflection"; "an hour's suffering for a century of joy."

III. COMPOSITION

1. Make a list of the scenes in the story.
2. Write a summary of it.
3. Point out one or two incidents that interest you the most.
4. What is the lesson taught in the parable?

IV. GRAMMAR

1. Name the nouns from which the adjectives above are formed.
2. Name the adjectives from which the adverbs above are formed.

A Deadly Sin

Marjorie Bowen

INTRODUCTORY.—Marjorie Bowen is one of the best-known woman writers of to-day. She is a keen student of history, and many of her stories are historical studies expressed in the form of a novel. Her fine story *The Viper of Milan* first brought her fame, which was maintained by her two stories of William of Orange, and by her three of William III, including *I Will Maintain*. You should try to get from the library her book *Winged Trees*, written for younger readers than were her historical tales. The following story is a form of parable, and its lesson is not difficult to find.

“**N**OW as Pride,” continued Father Aloysius, “is shown in the figure of a peacock with a crown and a beautiful coat, who thinks of nothing but how he may display himself, so is Gluttony shown in the resemblance of a pig, which is a very unpleasant beast, bare of adornment, composed of naught but flesh, with a great nose and mouth always searching for food, and a body so fat his legs can scarcely support it. When he can find nothing to eat he sleeps, and he has no wits at all, and no disdain of dirt or filth, but rather delights in it; his voice is rough and harsh, and he hath an unlovely odour. As this beast is, so is the glutton, for ever followed by contempt and laughter, the pointing of fingers and the shooting of lips.

“Indeed, it is doubtful if there be any sin which is so disdained as this, for a man may not be a glutton and keep his dignity, he may not be a glutton and save his soul alive, though of most other sins this is possible. Now how this second deadly sin, which is the ugly sin of Gluttony, may directly lead to a miserable end in this world (to say nothing of what punishment is in store in the next world) is shown in the story of Denis d’Espagnet, who was a merchant of Marseilles, in France, and at first a very

personable young man, albeit always given to this sin of Gluttony, though it must be admitted that he had no others—at least none that was noticeable ; but, as I have said, this sin sufficeth.

“ He had a very noble and princely fortune, a fine mansion in the town, and many ships in the port ; but it must not be supposed that it was a fortune of his making, for what glutton was ever industrious ? It is against nature.

“ It was his father who had made and left all this wealth, for he was a very thrifty and wise merchant, and generous and courteous withal.

“ He dealt with the East, with Algiers, with Barbary, with Turkey, India, and China, and he bought gold and silver, ivory and spices, silks and jewels, perfumes and porcelain, strange birds and animals, and cases of fruits and sweetmeats ; and his fame for his fair bargaining, his great wealth, and his high connections was great. He lent money to Princes, to the King of Cyprus, the Doge of Venice, and the Pope of Rome.

“ The King of France was in his debt, and, being willing to favour him, stayed under his roof before he sailed from Marseilles to fight the heathen.

“ It was winter weather, and in the royal guest’s chamber burnt a great fire, and, while the King stood before it, warming his hands, d’Espagnet cast into the flames all the King’s bonds for the money he owed him, thereby setting him free from the burden of his debts, so that this fire cost many thousands of gold pieces—a fine and princely act it was considered.

“ But his son was a different man ; he thought nothing of gaining money nor of spending it, but only of this ungodly sin of Gluttony.

“ His feasts were famous in Marseilles, nay, in all France,

for at no other table could such delicacies be found as at his.

“ From all over the world came the meat, the game, the fish, the fruit, the vegetables on which he fed, the rare and costly wines which he drank.

“ A hundred cooks were kept busy day and night devising new dishes, and the master cook had the wage of a King’s general, and wore round his neck a gold chain, one link of which would have ransomed a lord.

“ There were brown cooks from India who looked to the making of spices and sauces, yellow cooks from China who held the secret of many strange recipes unknown in Europe, French cooks for the pastries, Italian cooks for the creams and jellies, German cooks for the baked meats and for mulled beers, Spanish cooks for the chocolate and the game, Persians to mix the sherbet and the fruit drinks, and two English cooks to make what they call in that country ‘rosbiffe,’ ‘biffstek,’ and ‘plumpouding.’

“ In his garden were great tanks full of trout and crabs and lobsters, trees laden with fruit—and many growing under glass, and kept warm with fires in the winter, that he might never lack all the year round.

“ There were huge beds of lettuces, asparagus, tomatoes, onions, radishes, artichokes, fennel, and marrows in the places where his father had had roses and carnations ; these were all uprooted now, for nothing might remain in the garden which was not good to eat.

“ He had two hundred men looking after these things, a vast yard where he kept fat fowls and ducks and pheasants and herons and peacocks, and a plot of cabbages on which great white snails were fed ; the Chinese cooks could make wonderful soups out of snails.

“ He neglected his business ; he had no liking for the

company of ladies nor for the converse of friends ; he went from his bed to his table, and when one meal was ended he sat on cushions and thought of the next, or, to get an appetite, he walked round the garden and admired the juicy fruits and the succulent vegetables, and the fat birds waddling up and down.

“ And there was one dainty he loved more than another, and that was citron pie. A plain and an ordinary thing,” said Father Aloysius, “ it may sound to you, but you must not think of citron pies as you may have seen them, with a sodden crust and pulpy fruit within—nay, these pies, as made by the master cook himself, were very different.

“ They were no bigger than a lady’s palm ; the crust was so delicate you could blow it away. The centre was a perfect ripe peach, and over that a jelly of strained strawberries, over that whipped cream mixed with violets, and round about all a circle of snow flavoured with slices of citron, the whole enclosed in a silver filagree basket, frozen and sprinkled with jasmine buds preserved in sugar.

“ Such were the pies that Denis d’Espagnet prized above all sweetmeats ; he even began to write verses in their honour, but was too lazy to do more than the first line.

“ He lived in this manner for several years after his father died. His fortune diminished through neglect, but he did not care, for he still had ample for his food, and his person became fat and round, so that a piece the shape of a half-moon had to be cut out of the table at the place at which he sat ; but he made no trouble of that, and lamented not at all his lost comeliness, but lived contentedly until one day (a fatal day for him !) a fellow-merchant, who had been one of his father’s friends, came to visit him, and Denis made a feast, and the hundred cooks worked all day and all night, for the other merchant was not wholly free

from the deadly sin of Gluttony. After the feast, which lasted three hours, the master cook himself brought in the citron pies, and Denis placed two of them on the plate of his friend and waited with proud confidence, for he believed there was no excelling these dainties in the length and breadth of the world.

“The friend tasted them.

“There was a pause.

“Denis still waited for the usual sigh of rapture ; he waited so long that the master cook paled, thinking he had forgotten one of the ingredients.

“‘Well enough,’ said the merchant at length. ‘But not like those I have eaten at the Court of the Khan of Barbary.’

“Denis trembled like the quince jelly before him, and the master cook burst into tears ; it was the first time either of them had heard such heresy.

“‘Something is lacking,’ continued the friend. ‘I know not what—nay, I cannot fix the flavour—but something is hopelessly wrong. If you were to taste those made for the Khan—ah, then you would know the difference !’

“So the feast ended dismally, and that night Denis could not sleep for thinking of the citron pies made at the Court of the Khan of Barbary.

“And the next day, before his friend departed, Denis begged and besought him by some means to procure for him the recipe of these same tarts.

“But the friend laughed, and said that the only Christian who had ever gone into the Khan’s kitchen had come out as a pie himself—a great pie which had been served at the supper of the Prince’s lampreys.

“After this life was spoiled for Denis ; he could think

of nothing but those pies, more perfect than his own, being eaten daily at the Court of the Khan.

"The master cook, too, fell into a melancholy and became careless, and once a pheasant came to table with the upper side browner than the under, and a peach was served with a speck in the skin.

"Denis began to take no pleasure in his food. He



" 'SOMETHING IS LACKING,' . . . "

brooded, and at last he resolved to go to Barbary himself, visit the Khan, and taste the pies with his own lips and tongue.

"Greatly he groaned at the exertion, for never yet had he left Marseilles, but his ruling sin conquered; one of his galleons was prepared; he took the master cook with five under him, great store of food and wine, two friends,

a skilful captain, and a sturdy crew, and set sail for Barbary.

“ Now he had hardly got to sea before his troubles began, for the rolling of the ship begot in him a sickness, so that he groaned and cried for very unhappiness, and all the captain could do with the telling of witty tales did not serve to cheer him.

“ The cooks were ill, too, and there was nothing to eat save the ordinary ship’s rations which the sailors could prepare ; but for once (for the first time, indeed) Denis did not think of food.

“ The captain told stories of the journey to Samarkand, and of the tomb of Timour Beg built of stone green like water ; of the camels crossing the desert with nets hung with silver bells over their packs ; of the wild and curious beasts he had himself seen, such as the manchora, whose teeth fit into one another like combs put together, that has a blue body, the feet of an ox, the face of a man, and a trumpet-shaped tail whereon he blows, making a fearsome noise. Denis, however, gave no heed to these marvels, but lay and lamented.

“ But on the tenth day they sailed into smoother waters that were clear as an emerald, and one leaning over the ship’s side could see the terrible sea-beasts at play, and the pearl and coral and amber ready for the gathering up.

“ Denis had no taste for these things, and begged the captain to put back to Marseilles ; but his friends overruled him, saying that they might get to Barbary as soon as they might get to France.

“ Yet it had been well for Denis if he had had his way, for on the twelfth day up came a great sea-rover with black sails, and quickly made captive the French galleon.

“ Now, it chanced that this rover was from Barbary, and

the Marseilles captain explained that they were peaceful people and honest traders, and that his master was on a visit to the Khan himself.

“ But this availed them nothing, for the Barbary captain told them that his Prince was so vexed by the attacks of the King of France upon various heathen Princes who were in league with him that he had himself declared war against all Christians.

“ Whereupon Denis proclaimed his name, which was a great name, and well respected in the East ; and when he heard it the heathen leapt for joy, ‘ For,’ said he, ‘ it is well known that that is the name of the Christian who lent the King of France money that he might war against the Mussulman, and the Khan will be greatly rejoiced to have him as a prisoner.’

“ Denis with tears and cries declared that he was not responsible for his father’s work, and that he had never lent a coin to a single soul—but what availed that ?

“ He and his friends and the cooks, the captain and the crew, were bound and put in the hold, and the rover made all haste to Barbary, where he delivered his captives to the Khan.

“ The cooks (alas for the frailty of human nature !) turned Mussulmans, and so were taken as slaves into the houses of rich heathens ; but Denis and his friends and captain were staunch to the true faith, for they were never asked to forsake it ; they were lodged in the royal prison, and the crew were sent to the royal galley ; it is quite plain that the blessing of Heaven was not on that voyage.

“ These unfortunate Christians were cast into a miserable dungeon that looked into the Khan’s garden. The window was no bigger than two hands put together, the walls were rough and the floor was damp, and once a day

bread and water were given to them, so that they sat and bewailed themselves.

“But his guardian angel had not forsaken Denis, and still contrived to give him a chance to save his soul alive and die in penitence.

“The Khan’s daughter was in the garden among the lilies when the captives were taken to their prison, and she chanced to fall in love with Denis, who had become comely again, his flesh having shrunk from lack of food and misery.

“Stout he still was, but fat is admired amongst these heathen, and the maiden herself was named Full Moon, because she was round and white, having been fed on butter to make her plump and bleached to make her fair.

“Now the Khan went away hunting, and on his return intended to have the prisoners impaled to celebrate his birthday; but the maid was cunning enough, and with tricks and bribes she got the sentries away from the prison, and down she came one evening, veiled, scented with geranium and wearing a petticoat of gold silk, another of white satin, trousers of silver gauze, and all manner of gems and chains of gold and silver, and she put her face to the window and cried softly, ‘Denis!’ (for she had found out his name), ‘Denis!’

“He, hearing the voice and fearing some heathenish trick, desired the others to answer, but they would not; and presently he went himself, trembling with fear.

“But when he fixed his face in the window and saw the Khan’s daughter he smiled, and she lifted her veil and sighed.

“Denis, being desperate, made love to the lady. He praised her figure and her face and her kindness (it is true that she was much to his taste), and presently he asked for some food.

"She stood on tiptoe and kissed the end of his chin (she could reach no farther, neither could he get his head out of the window), and promised to return with meat and drink.

"And now the other prisoners clamoured to know who it was, for they could see nothing; and Denis, willing to keep his good fortune to himself (for what is food for one shared among four?), said it was the sentry telling him the Khan was away, and that when he returned they would all be impaled; then, when they were again asleep, he went to the window and waited for the Princess.

"Faithfully she came, and brought with her a basket, and handed up to him baked meats and roast game and almond cakes, fruit and iced sherbet, till the tears of joy ran down his face.

"And while he ate she told him that she had a scheme for his escape; that she would become a Christian for his sake, and they could fly away together to his country. Meanwhile she promised to come every night and bring him food.

"And so she did, and never a drop or a crumb did this glutton, for lust of his sin, share among the others, though he got daily fatter and fatter as they got thinner and thinner.

"Strange looks they began to cast on him, 'For,' they said, 'it is strange that he on bread and water should become again fat and round and soft, even as he was at Marseilles.'

"But he declared it was the grace of God sustaining him because he said the Pater Noster every night, and, as his guardian angel saw to it that the Princess came only when they were asleep, they were forced to believe this, though no flesh grew on their bones even if they said their Pater Noster thrice over.

“ One day Denis recalled the whole aim and purport of his visit, and, quivering with excitement, asked Full Moon to bring him some citron pies such as were served at her father’s table.

“ The next night she brought them—twelve of them on little plates of saffron yellow porcelain. . . .

“ And Denis admitted that they were indeed better than those made by the master cook, and every day he ate them and became fatter still, for the pies were full of cream and butter and egg.

“ So things went for a month, and then the Princess told Denis that all was arranged. She had contrived to steal the keys of the prison and of the garden ; she had swift horses prepared to carry them to the sea ; and she had his galleon, all manned with Christians, ready to take them to France.

“ To celebrate the news Denis ate five-and-thirty citron pies.

“ Now the next night, while the others slept, he sat waiting for the maiden to open the door, and never a thought did he give to these unfortunates, who were in mortal danger of death through him and his gluttony.

“ The time passed ; the ivory moonlight was pouring into the cell ; the *bulbul*¹ was singing outside ; the rustle of the tamarisk and the pepper tree filled the air ; and presently the door was softly unlocked, and the Khan’s daughter stood before him, wrapped in a black veil, and carrying such of her father’s jewels as she could find, tied in a scarlet cloth.

“ Up sprang Denis, and she whispered to him to haste ! haste ! for the Khan was returning that very night.

“ Haste he made indeed, but nothing did it avail him ;

¹ Bulbul (pronounced *boöl-bül*) = Eastern song-thrush.

for see the horrid consequences of this ugly sin of Gluttony, see the judgment of Heaven on this wretched sinner ! . . .

" He could not pass the door.

" Yea, so fat and large and gross and heavy had he become that there was no getting him through that narrow door, either sideways or frontways or backways. The



" HE COULD NOT PASS THE DOOR."

Princess stepped into the garden and pulled, he heaved and pushed till the sweat ran down his face, but it was useless ; not even half of him would pass.

" His groans and moans awoke the others, who quickly dragged him back into the cell and stepped into liberty themselves.

“ The Princess, seeing this, began to shake with fear, and would have run back to the palace had not at that moment one of her slaves come panting up, saying the Khan was home.

“ Then the maiden, realising how desperate the case was, and being vexed with the great fatness of Denis, besought the three other Christians to escape with her, telling them of all her preparations.

“ Whereat they came right gladly. The captain and the Princess mounted on one horse, and the two friends on the other, and they thundered through the white town and the blue night down to the sea, where they found the Christian vessel and so were saved, together with the other poor souls, to the great glory of God.

“ Full Moon married the captain, who came into all the possessions of Denis, for he, in the great fear and terror of his first days at sea, had made a will leaving all his money to the captain if he brought him safe to land ; and, sure enough, the captain said, ‘ I did bring him safely, or would have done if the heathen had not captured us.’

“ Meanwhile Denis groaned and moaned in the prison and struggled to get out of the door—but what was the use ? His guardian angel was tired of this sinner.

“ The Khan heard these cries and came to the prison. . . . Ah, he was a wrathful heathen when he found that his daughter had escaped with all the Christians in his dominions.

“ No use were the cries and entreaties of Denis ; the Khan’s master cook entered the cell and dispatched him, and in several portions they conveyed him away to the kitchens ; flavoured with bamboo shoots and mustard, he fed the Khan’s lampreys for a week.”

Source : *The Seven Deadly Sins.*

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

Story-building :

1. Study the *introduction*. What does it lead you to expect ?
2. Study the *chain of events*—do they make a good *narrative* ?
3. Point out two short sentences that mark a *turn in the story*.
4. Show that the words "leapt for joy" indicate an important *turn*.
5. How is the *climax* of the story expressed ?
6. Is the *conclusion* fitting, satisfying ?
7. Is this story interesting ? Give reasons for your answer.

Note.—A story may be interesting on account of its *plot*, or its *characters*, or its *incidents*, or its *style*. How many of the four are marked in the above story ? Give examples of each.

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

1. *Nouns*.—contempt, porcelain, delicacies, ingredients, melancholy.
Verbs.—sufficeth, clamoured, realising.
Adjectives.—noticeable, courteous, succulent.

2. Explain the following :

"a very personable young man"; "a wise and thrifty merchant";
 "generous and courteous withal"; "lamented not at all his lost comeliness."

III. COMPOSITION

1. The King of France is referred to on page 24. Where is he again mentioned, and how did the second reference affect the fate of Denis ?
2. What were the four characteristics of the father of Denis ?
3. Point out all the references that show this to be a tale of old time.
4. What were the likenesses between a pig and Denis ?
5. Show any likeness that you think exists between this story and Tolstoy's.
6. The two stories can be summarised in one word for each. Suggest the two words that will serve.
7. Point out the *similes* used in paragraph 1.

IV. GRAMMAR

1. Study the adjectives used in this story ; point out six of the most striking with the noun to which each is attached.
2. Note certain adjectival endings :
ble in noticeable ; *ous* in courteous ; *lent* in succulent.
 Make adjectives from these nouns : gluttony, contempt, fraud, misery, notice, excellence, rapture, violent.

Other adjectival suffixes are : *ful*, *ish*, *less*, *like*, *al*, *ary*, *ine*—give two illustrations of the use of each of these.

The Banner of England

Sir Walter Scott

INTRODUCTORY.—For a note on Sir Walter Scott (the “Wizard of the North”) and his work, see *A Royal Progress*, page 42.

The *Talisman* is one of the most popular of his novels, dealing as it does with the third Crusade and the lion-hearted Richard I’s share in it. Mr. Andrew Lang, a noted critic, said, “Written in a gallant manner, *The Talisman* has ever been a favourite with the young. It glows with bright impossibilities, it is written in the true spirit of old romance.”

At the point in the book where our selection occurs, some of the leaders of the Crusade including Conrade of Montserrat, jealous of Richard, had decided to try to break up the League of Princes in order to further their own ambition. To this end they determined to bring about a quarrel between the Grand Duke Leopold of Austria and King Richard, whilst the latter was supposed to be weak from fever. The result is described below.

You will not find this extract easy reading perhaps, but “When you come to a good book you must ask yourself, ‘Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order?’ The metal you are in search of is the author’s meaning, his words are the rock you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. Your pickaxes are your own care and wit; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author’s meaning without those tools and that fire.”—*Ruskin*.

THE critical hour had arrived at which the physician had predicted that his royal patient might be awakened with safety, and the sponge had been applied for that purpose; and the leech had not made many observations ere he assured the Baron of Gilsland that the fever had entirely left his sovereign, and that, such was the happy strength of his constitution, it would not even be necessary, as in most cases, to give a second dose of the powerful medicine.

Richard himself seemed to be of the same opinion, for, sitting up and rubbing his eyes, he demanded of

De Vaux what present sum of money was in the royal coffers.

"It matters not," said Richard; "be it great or small, bestow it all on this learned leech, who hath, I trust, given me back again to the service of the Crusade."

"Be it known to you, great Prince," answered the Arabian physician, "that the divine medicine of which you have partaken would lose its effects in my unworthy hands, did I exchange its virtues for either gold or diamonds."

"Thomas de Vaux," said Richard, "I tell thee that this Moor, in his independence, might set an example to the flower of knighthood."

"It is reward enough for me," said the Moor, "that so great a king as the Melech Ric¹ should thus speak of his servant. But now, let me pray you again to compose yourself on your couch."

"I must obey thee, Hakim," said the king; "yet, my bosom feels so free from the wasting fire, which for so many days hath scorched it, that I care not how soon I expose it to a brave man's lance. But hark! What mean these shouts, and the distant music, in the camp? Go, Thomas de Vaux, and make enquiry."

"It is the Archduke Leopold," said De Vaux, returning after a minute's absence, "who makes with his pot-companions some procession through the camp."

"The drunken fool!" exclaimed King Richard. "Can he not keep within the veil of his pavilion, that he must needs show his shame to all Christendom? What say you, Sir Marquis?" he added, addressing himself to Conrade of Montserrat, who at this moment entered the tent.

¹ Melech Ric was the Arab's name for King Richard.

“What the Archduke does,” said Conrade, “is of little consequence to any one, least of all to himself, since he probably knows not what he is acting—yet, to say truth, it is a gambol I should not like to share in, since he is pulling down the banner of England from St. George’s Mount in the centre of the camp yonder, and displaying his own in its stead.”

“What say’st thou?” exclaimed the King, in a tone which might have waked the dead.

“Nay,” said the Marquis, “let it not chafe your Highness, that a fool should act according to his folly——”

“Speak not to me,” said Richard, springing from his couch, and casting on his clothes with a despatch which seemed marvellous—“speak not to me, Lord Marquis! He that breathes but a syllable is no friend to Richard Plantagenet. Hakim, be silent, I charge thee!”

All this while the King was hastily clothing himself, and, with the last word, snatched his sword from the pillar of the tent, and without any other weapon, or calling any attendance, he rushed out of his pavilion. Conrade, holding up his hands, as if in astonishment, Sir Thomas pushed past him, and, calling to one of the royal equerries, said hastily, “Fly to Lord Salisbury’s quarters, and let him get his men together, and follow me instantly to St. George’s Mount. Tell him the King’s fever has left his blood, and settled in his brain.”

The alarm went through the nearest quarter of the camp, and men of all the various nations assembled, flew to arms. The handful of Scots were quartered in the vicinity of St. George’s Mount, nor had they been disturbed by the uproar. But the King’s person, and his haste, were both remarked by the Knight of the Leopard, who, aware that danger must be afoot, and hastening to share in it, snatched

his shield and sword, and united himself to De Vaux, who with some difficulty kept pace with his impatient, fiery master.

The King was soon at the foot of St. George's Mount, the sides as well as platform of which were now surrounded and crowded, partly by those belonging to the Duke of Austria's retinue, who were celebrating, with shouts of jubilee, the act which they considered as an assertion of national honour.

Through this disorderly troop Richard burst his way, like a goodly ship under full sail, which cleaves her forcible passage through the rolling billow, and heeds not that they unite after her passage and roar upon her stern.

In the midst of the circle was Leopold himself, still contemplating with self-satisfaction the deed he had done and still listening to the shouts of applause which his friends bestowed with no sparing breath, Richard burst into the circle, attended, indeed, only by two men, but in his own headlong energies an irresistible host.

"Who has dared," he said, laying his hands upon the Austrian standard, and speaking in a voice like the sound which precedes an earthquake—"who has dared to place this paltry rag beside the banner of England?"

The Archduke wanted not personal courage, and it was impossible he could hear the question without reply. Yet so much was he troubled and surprised by the unexpected arrival of Richard, that the demand was twice repeated, in a tone which seemed to challenge heaven and earth, ere the Archduke replied, with such firmness as he could command, "It was I, Leopold of Austria."

"Then shall Leopold of Austria," replied Richard, "presently see the rate at which his banner and his pretensions are held by Richard of England." So saying,

he pulled up the standard-spear, splintered it to pieces, threw the banner itself upon the ground, and placed his foot upon it.

“ Thus,” said he, “ I trample on the banner of Austria ! Is there a knight dare impeach my deed ? ”

There was a momentary silence ; then “ I ! ” and “ I ! ” and “ I ! ” was heard from several knights of the Duke’s followers, and he himself added his voice.

“ Why do we dally thus ? ” said the Earl Wallenrode, a gigantic warrior from the frontier of Hungary. “ Brethren, and noble gentlemen, this man’s foot is on the honour of your country. Let us rescue it from violation, and down with the pride of England ! ”

So saying, he drew his sword, and struck at the King a blow which might have proved fatal, had not the Scot intercepted and caught it upon his shield.

“ I have sworn,” said King Richard—and his voice was heard above all the tumult, which now waxed wild and loud—“ never to strike one whose shoulder bears the Cross ; therefore live, Wallenrode—but live to remember Richard of England.” As he spoke, he grasped the tall Hungarian round the waist, and hurled him backwards with such violence that the man flew, as if discharged from a military engine, not only through the ring of spectators, but over the edge of the mount itself, down the steep side of which Wallenrode rolled headlong, until, pitching at length upon his shoulder, he dislocated the bone, and lay like one dead.

This display of strength did not encourage the Duke or any of his followers to renew the contest. Those who stood farthest back did indeed clash their swords and cry out, “ Cut the island mastiff to pieces ! ” Those who stood nearer though veiled their personal fears under an affected

regard for order and cried for the most part, "Peace! Peace! The peace of the Cross!"

The various cries of the assailants, contradicting each other, showed their irresolution; while Richard, his foot still on the archducal banner, glared round him, with an eye that seemed to seek an enemy, and from which the angry nobles shrank appalled, as from the threatened



"... HURLED HIM . . . OVER THE MOUNT . . ."

grasp of a lion. De Vaux and the Knight of the Leopard kept their places beside him; and it was plain that they were prompt to protect Richard's person to the very last, and their size and remarkable strength plainly showed the defence would be a desperate one. Salisbury and his attendants were also now drawing near.

At this moment, King Philip of France, attended by one

or two of his nobles, came on the platform to inquire the cause of the disturbance, and made gestures of surprise at finding the King of England raised from his sick-bed, and confronting their common ally the Duke of Austria, in such a menacing and insulting posture.

“What means this unseemly broil betwixt the sworn brethren of the Cross—the royal Majesty of England and the princely Duke Leopold? How is it possible that those who are the chiefs and pillars of this holy expedition —”

“A truce with thy remonstrance, France,” said Richard. “This duke, or prince, or pillar, if you will, hath been insolent, and I have chastised him—that is all.”

“Majesty of France,” said the Duke, “I appeal to you and every sovereign prince against the foul indignity which I have sustained. This King of England hath pulled down my banner—torn and trampled on it.”

“Because he had the audacity to plant it beside mine,” said Richard.

“Nay, but patience, brother of England,” said Philip, “and I will presently show Austria that he is wrong in this matter. Do not think, noble Duke,” he continued, “that, in permitting the standard of England to occupy the highest point in our camp, we, the independent sovereigns of the Crusade, acknowledge any inferiority to the royal Richard. But as sworn brethren of the Cross who are hewing with our swords the way to the Holy Sepulchre, I myself, and the other princes, have renounced to King Richard, from respect to his high renown, that precedence which elsewhere would not have been yielded.”

The Duke answered sullenly that he would refer his quarrel to the General Council of the Crusade.

Richard, retaining the same careless attitude, listened,

and then said aloud, "I am drowsy—this fever hangs about me still. Brother of France, know, therefore, at once, I will submit a matter touching the honour of England, neither to Prince, Pope, nor Council. Here stands my banner—whatsoever pennon shall be reared within three butts' length of it shall be treated as that dishonoured rag—ay, were it the Oriflamme."¹

Philip answered calmly, "I came not hither to awaken fresh quarrels, contrary to the oath we have sworn. The only strife between the Lions of England and the Lilies of France shall be, which shall be carried deepest into the ranks of the infidels."

"It is a bargain, my royal brother," said Richard, stretching out his hand with all the frankness which belonged to his rash but generous disposition; "and soon may we have the opportunity to try this gallant wager."

"Let this noble Duke also partake in the friendship of this happy moment," said Philip.

"I think not of fools, nor of their folly," said Richard, carelessly; and the Archduke, turning his back on him, withdrew from the ground.

Richard looked after him as he retired. "There is a sort of glow-worm courage," he said, "that shows only by night. I must not leave this banner unguarded in darkness—by daylight the look of the Lions will alone defend it. Here, valiant Scot," he added, addressing Sir Kenneth, "I owe thee a boon, and will pay it richly. There stands the banner of England! Watch it as a novice does his armour on the night before he is dubbed. Stir not from it three spears' length, and defend it with thy body against injury or insult. Sound thy bugle if thou art assailed by

¹ The ancient royal standard of France.

more than three at once. Dost thou undertake the charge ? ”

“ Willingly,” said Kenneth ; “ and will discharge it upon penalty of my head. I will but arm me, and return hither instantly.”

Source : *The Talisman*.

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

Study the order of the narrative. Note the quiet introduction ; the unexpected but purposeful appearance of Conrade the plotter and its immediate result. Note how rapidly the action develops. The coming of the King of France stills matters somewhat, but the fire is smouldering not extinguished, and the last paragraph hints at trouble coming. Read Chapter XII and after in *The Talisman* to see the result.

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

1. *Nouns*.—constitution, independence, inquiry, procession, despatch, equerries, vicinity, assertion, pretensions, violation, assailants, irresolution, gestures, indignity, inferiority, precedence, disposition.

Verbs.—predicted, contemplating, intercepted.

Adjectives.—critical, impatient, momentary, menacing.

2. Explain the following :

“ Be it known . . . or diamonds,” paragraph 2, page 38 ; “ casting on his clothes with a despatch which seemed marvellous ” ; “ celebrating the act which they considered as an assertion of national honour ” ; “ the mass flew as if discharged from a military engine ” ; “ The various cries of the assailants, contradicting each other, showed their irresolution ” ; “ Philip made gestures . . . insulting posture,” lines 2-5, page 43 ; “ ‘ A truce with thy remonstrance, France,’ said Richard ” ; “ Do not think . . . would not have been yielded,” paragraph 5, page 43 ; “ Watch it as a novice does his armour on the night before he is dubbed.”

III. COMPOSITION

1. What do you learn of the characters of Richard, Conrade, and Philip of France from the extract ?

2. Where on page 39 is the *key* to the main interest of the story given ? Do you think the entrance of Conrade the traitor was accidental ?

3. Let King Richard or a spectator tell the story.

4. *Opponent, rival, enemy, adversary, antagonist, foe.*
Study the exact meaning of these words in a dictionary and use each in a sentence. Illustrate them from history if you can, or from any stories you have read or seen acted.

IV. GRAMMAR

"Fit words are better than *fine* ones, but they are not easy to find. They will cause both sweat and rubbing of the brains."—*Old writer.*

Study the extract and note the use of verbs that fit. See "chafe" (page 39); "snatched," "rushed," "fly," "flew" (page 39); "cleaves" (page 40). Find other examples in the selection.

Here is a list of adverbs: angrily, stealthily, proudly, swiftly, aimlessly, timidly, cautiously, fearlessly, lightly, wearily, carefully. Put each in a sentence with a fitting verb from this list: march, stride, prowl, roam, trudged, bound, strode, stalk, advanced, crept, crawled.

Saxon and Viking

Lord Lytton

INTRODUCTORY.—Lord Lytton was one of the most popular novelists of the nineteenth century. He wrote many fine stories, some of them are historical and give interesting pictures of old times; among them are *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Harold*, and *The Last of the Barons*. Get them from the library to see if you like them.

AND now, the last and most renowned of the sea kings, Harold Hardrada,¹ entered his galley, the tallest and strongest of a fleet of three hundred sail, that peopled the seas round Solundir. And a man named Gyrdir, on board the King's ship, dreamed a dream. He saw a great witch-wife standing on an isle of the Sulen, with a fork in one hand and a trough in the other. He saw her pass over the whole fleet; by each of the three hundred ships he saw her; and a fowl sat on the stern of each ship, and that fowl was a raven.

But Harold Hardrada scorned witch-wife and dream, and his fleets sailed on. Tostig joined him off the Orkney

¹ Hardrada (that is, *Stern-in-Counsel*) was King of Norway.

Isles, and this great armament soon came in sight of the shores of England.

Then the fleet sailed up the Humber and Ouse, and landed at Richall, not far from York; but Morcar, the Earl of Northumbria, came out with all his forces—all the stout men and tall of the great race of the Anglo-Dane.

Then Hardrada advanced his flag, called Land-Eyda, the “Ravager of the World,” and, chanting a war stave, led his men to the onslaught.

The battle was fierce but short. The English troops were defeated, they fled into York; and the Ravager of the World was borne in triumph to the gates of the town.

The camp of the Norsemen was at Stamford Bridge, and that day it was settled that they should formally enter York. Their ships lay in the river beyond; a large portion of the armament was with the ships. The day was warm, and the men with Hardrada had laid aside their heavy mail and were “making merry,” talking of the plunder of York, jeering at Saxon valour—when suddenly between them and the town rose and rolled a great cloud of dust. High it rose, and fast it rolled, and from the heart of the cloud shone the spear and the shield.

Nearer and nearer came the force, and the shine of the arms was like the glancing of ice.

“Advance the World Ravager!” cried Harold Hardrada, “draw up and to arms!”

Then picking out three of his briskest youths, he despatched them to the force on the river with orders to come up quick to the aid. For already, through the cloud and amidst the spears, was seen the flag of the English King.

Meanwhile, in the English army King Harold cast his

eye over the closing lines, and then, turning to his brother Gurth, who rode by his side, said :

“Take one man from yon hostile army, and with what joy should we charge the Northmen !”

“I understand thee,” answered Gurth mournfully, “and the same thought of that one man makes my arm feel palsied.”

The King mused, and drew down the nasal bar of his helmet.

“Thegns,” said he suddenly to the score of riders who grouped round him, “follow !” And shaking the rein of his horse, King Harold rode straight to that part of the hostile front from which rose, above the spears, the Northumbrian banner of Tostig. Wondering, but mute, the twenty thegns followed him. Before the grim array, and hard by Tostig’s banner, the King checked his steed and cried :

“Is Tostig, the son of Godwin and Githa, by the flag of the Northumbrian earldom ?”

With his helmet raised, and his Norwegian mantle flowing over his mail, Earl Tostig rode forth at that voice, and came up to the speaker.

“What wouldst thou with me, daring foe ?”

The Saxon horseman paused, and his deep voice trembled tenderly, as he answered slowly :

“Thy brother, King Harold, sends to salute thee. Let not the sons of the same mother war in the soil of their fathers.”

“What will Harold the King give to his brother ?” answered Tostig. “Northumbria already he hath bestowed on the son of his house’s foe.”

The Saxon hesitated, and a rider by his side took up the word.

“If the Northumbrians will receive thee again, Northumbria shalt thou have, and the King will bestow his late earldom of Wessex on Morcar; if the Northumbrians reject thee, thou shalt have all the lordships which King Harold hath promised to Gurth.”

“This is well,” answered Tostig, and he seemed to pause as in doubt—when, made aware of this parley, King



“WHAT WOULDST THOU WITH ME, DARING FOE?”

Harold Hardrada, on his coal-black steed, with his helmet all shining with gold, rode from the lines, and came into hearing.

“Ha!” said Tostig, then turning round, as the giant form of the Norse King threw its vast shadow over the ground.

“And if I take the offer, what will Harold, son of

Godwin, give to my friend and ally, Hardrada of Norway?"

The Saxon rider reared his head at these words, and gazed on the large front of Hardrada, as he answered, loud and distinct:

"Seven feet of land for a grave, or, seeing that he is taller than other men, as much more as his corpse may demand!"

"Then go back and tell Harold, my brother, to get ready for battle; for never shall the Scalds and the warriors of Norway say that Tostig lured their king in his cause, to betray him to his foe. Here did he come, and here came I, to win as the brave win, or die as the brave die!"

A rider of younger and slighter form than the rest here whispered the Saxon King:

"Delay no more, or thy men's hearts will fear treason."

"The tie is rent from my heart, O Haco," answered the King, "and the heart flies back to our England."

He waved his hand, turned his steed, and rode off. The eye of Hardrada followed the horseman.

"And who," he asked calmly, "is that man who spoke so well?"

"King Harold!" answered Tostig briefly.

"How!" cried the Norseman, reddening, "how was not that made known to me before? Never should he have gone back—never told hereafter the doom of this day!"

With all his ferocity, his envy, his grudge to Harold, and his treason to England, some rude notions of honour still lay confused in the breast of the Saxon, and he answered stoutly:

"Imprudent was Harold's coming, and great his danger,

but he came to offer me peace and dominion. Had I betrayed him, I had not been his foe, but his murderer ! ”

The Norse King smiled approvingly, and, turning to his chiefs, said drily :

“ That man was shorter than some of us, but he rode firm in his stirrups.”

Meanwhile the Saxon phalanx came on, slow and firm, and in a few minutes the battle began. It commenced first with the charge of the English cavalry, but the double palisade of the Norman spears formed an impassable barrier, and the horsemen, recoiling from the frieze, rode round the iron circle without other danger than the spear and javelin could effect.

The air was now literally darkened with the flights of arrows and spears ; and in a war of missiles the Saxons were less skilled than the Norsemen. Still King Harold restrained the ardour of his men, who, sore harassed by the darts, yearned to close on the foe. He himself, standing on a little eminence, more exposed than his meanest soldier, deliberately eyed the sallies of the horse, and watched the moment he foresaw, when, encouraged by his own suspense and the feeble attacks of the cavalry, the Norsemen would lift their spears from the ground, and advance themselves to the assault.

“ To your axes, and charge ! ” cried Harold ; and passing at once from the centre to the front, he led on the array.

The impetus of that artful phalanx was tremendous ; it pierced through the ring of the Norwegians ; it clove into the rampart of shields, and King Harold’s battle-axe was the first to strike within the innermost circle that guarded the Ravager of the World.

Then forth, from under the shade of that great flag, came, himself also on foot, Harold Hardrada : shouting

and chanting, he leapt with long strides into the thick of the onslaught. He had flung away his shield and, swaying with both hands his enormous sword, he hewed down man after man till space grew clear before him; and the English, recoiling in awe before an image of height and strength that seemed superhuman, left but one form standing firm, and in front, to oppose his way.

Calm and alone, his eye watching, his axe lifted, his foot ready to rush or for spring—but firm as an oak against flight—stood the Last of the Saxon Kings.

Down bounded Hardrada, and down shore his sword; King Harold's shield was cloven in two, and the force of the blow brought himself to his knee. But as swift as the flash of that sword, he sprang to his feet; and while Hardrada still bowed his head, not recovered from the force of his blow, the axe of the Saxon came so full on his helmet, that the giant reeled, dropped his sword, and staggered back; his Scalds and his chiefs rushed around him.

That gallant stand of King Harold saved his English from flight; and now, as they saw him almost lost in the throng, yet still cleaving his way—on, on—to the raven standard, they rallied with one heart, and shouting forth: “Out, out, Holy Cross!” forced their way to his side, and the fight now waged hot and equal, hand to hand.

Meanwhile Hardrada, borne a little apart, and relieved from his dented helmet, recovered the shock of the weightiest blow that had ever dimmed his eye and numbed his hand. Tossing the helmet on the ground, his bright locks glittering like sunbeams, he rushed back to the *mêlée*. Again helm and mail went down before him; again through the crowd he saw the arm that had smitten him; again he sprang forward to finish the war with a blow—

when a shaft from some distant bow pierced the throat which the casque now left bare ; a sound like the wail of a death-song murmured brokenly from his lips, and tossing up his arms wildly, he fell to the ground, a corpse. At that sight, a yell of such terror, and woe, and wrath all commingled, broke from the Norsemen, that it hushed the very war for the moment !

“ On ! ” cried the Saxon King ; “ let our earth take its spoiler ! On to the standard, and the day is our own ! ”

“ On to the standard ! ” cried Haco, who, his horse slain under him, now came to the King’s side. Grim and tall rose the standard, and the streamer shrieked and flapped in the wind as if the raven had voice, when, right before Harold, right between him and the banner, stood Tostig his brother, known by the splendour of his mail, the gold work on his mantle—known by the fierce laugh, and the defying voice.

“ What matters ! ” cried Haco ; “ strike, O King, for thy crown ! ”

Harold’s hand gripped Haco’s arm convulsively ; he lowered his axe, turned round, and passed shuddering away.

By this time the Norwegian reinforcements had arrived from the ships, and this for a short time rendered the conflict, that immediately ensued, uncertain and critical. But Harold’s generalship was now as perfect as his valour had been daring. He kept his men true to their line. Even if fragments splintered off, each fragment threw itself into the form of the resistless wedge.

One Norwegian, standing on the bridge of Stamford, long guarded that pass, and no less than forty Saxons are said to have perished by his arm. To him the English King sent a generous pledge, not only of safety for the life, but

honour for the valour. The viking refused to surrender, and fell at last by a javelin from the hand of Haco.

As if in him had been embodied the unyielding war-god of the Norsemen, in that death died the last hope of the vikings. They fell literally where they stood; many, from



"ONE NORWEGIAN . . . LONG GUARDED THAT PASS."

sheer exhaustion and the weight of their mail, died without a blow. And in the shades of nightfall, Harold stood amidst the shattered rampart of shields, his foot on the corpse of the standard-bearer, his hand on the Ravager of the World.

Source : *Harold*.

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS EXERCISES

I. APPRECIATION

1. Study first the *introduction* to this fine extract, then the *chain of events* leading to the striking *climax* of the last paragraph.

2. Use this selection as a study in *emphasis*. Take for instance, paragraphs 2 and 4, page 52, and note how the writer secures his desired effect:

i. By *inversion*.—Contrast the force of “Hardrada bounded down and his sword shore down,” with “Down bounded Hardrada, and down shore his sword.” Find other examples.

ii. By *repetition*.—*Again* helm and mail went down; *again*, etc. See paragraph 4, pages 52-3, and note the effect.

iii. By *selection of verbs*.—reeled, dropped and staggered, tossing, rushed, sprang, etc.

iv. By *figurative language*.—glittering like sunbeams; like the wail of a death song.

v. By *climax*.—Note how the writer works up to “hushed the very war,”—7th line on page 53.

(Can you by moving the position of three words increase the force of the last sentence in that paragraph?)

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

1. *Nouns*.—armament, valour, ferocity, phalanx, palisade, missiles, impetus, casque, javelin, exhaustion.

Adjectives.—renowned, palsied, imprudent, impassable, critical.

Adverbs.—approvingly, deliberately, convulsively.

2. Explain the following:

“Wondering but mute”; “With all his ferocity . . . breast of the Saxon” (paragraph 11, page 50); “Imprudent was . . . his murderer!” (pages 50-1); “the double palisade of spears formed an impassable barrier”; “recoiling in awe”; “Let our earth take its spoiler!”; “uncertain and critical” (paragraph 5, page 53).

III. COMPOSITION

1. Write a summary of the extract.

2. After a close study of the style of this selection write a description of the fall of Harold at Senlac. Try to picture the *bissing* of the arrow—such words, too, as “reel,” “stagger,” “fell—dead,” may be useful. After you have tried it, read Lytton’s account in Chapter LXXXIII of *Harold*.

3. Write the story of the sinking of the *White Ship*, or the *Royal George*, or the *Titanic*: or the fall of Wolfe; or the death of Nelson. In each case compare your attempt with an original account—see your School Library.

IV. GRAMMAR

Write paragraphs i-v, pages 46-7, in the *present tense*.

A Galley-Slave

Lewis Wallace

INTRODUCTORY.—The following is taken from a very popular novel written by an American, a general in the American Civil War. The characters in the extract are: Ben-Hur, a galley-slave, No. 60; Quintus Arrius, a Roman admiral; the Hortator, an officer over the slaves—he who *exborted* (i.e. compelled) them to work.

“**K**NOWEST thou the man just come from yon bench?”
 at length asked Arrius of the hortator.

A relief was going on at the moment.

“From number sixty?” returned the chief.

“Yes.”

The chief looked sharply at the rower then going forward.

“As thou knowest,” he replied, “the ship is but a month from the maker’s hand, and the men are as new to me as the ship.”

“He is a Jew,” Arrius remarked, thoughtfully.

“The noble Quintus¹ is shrewd.”

“He is very young,” Arrius continued.

“But our best rower,” said the other. “I have seen his oar bend almost to breaking.”

“Of what disposition is he?”

“He is obedient; further I know not. Once he made request of me.”

“For what?”

“He wished me to change him alternately from the right to the left.”

“Did he give a reason?”

“He had observed that the men who are confined to one

¹ Note the form of address. “The noble Quintus,” more respectful than the use of the second person—“Thou art, etc.”

side become misshapen. He also said that some day of storm or battle there might be sudden need to change him, and he might then be unserviceable."

"*Perpol!*¹ The idea is new. What else hast thou observed of him?"

"He is clearly above his companions."



"HE IS A JEW."

"In that he is Roman," said Arrius, approvingly. "Have you nothing of his history?"

"Not a word."

The tribune reflected awhile, and turned to go to his own seat.

"If I should be on deck when his time is up," he paused to say, "send him to me. Let him come alone."

¹ *Perpol* = by *Pollux*! *Pollux* was a Roman god.

About two hours later Arrius beheld the rower approaching.

"The chief called thee the noble Arrius, and said it was thy will that I should seek thee here. I am come."

Arrius surveyed the figure, tall, sinewy, glistening in the sun, and tinted by the rich red blood within; yet the manner was not without effect upon him: there was in the voice a suggestion of life at least partly spent under refining influences; the eyes were clear and open, and more curious than defiant. To the shrewd, demanding, masterful glance bent upon it, the face gave back nothing to mar its youthful comeliness—nothing of sullenness or menace, only the signs which a great sorrow long borne imprints. In tacit acknowledgment of the effect, the Roman spoke as an older man to a younger, not as a master to a slave.

"The hortator tells me thou art his best rower."

"The hortator is very kind," the rower answered.

"Hast thou seen much service?"

"About three years."

"At the oars?"

"I cannot recall a day of rest from them."

"The labour is hard; few men bear it a year without breaking, and thou—thou art but a boy."

"The noble Arrius forgets that the spirit hath much to do with endurance. By its help the weak sometimes thrive, when the strong perish."

"From thy speech, thou art a Jew."

"My ancestors further back than the first Roman were Hebrews."

"The stubborn pride of thy race is not lost in thee," said Arrius, observing a flush upon the rower's face.

"Pride is never so loud as when in chains."

"What cause hast thou for pride?"

"That I am a Jew."

Arrius smiled.

"I have not been to Jerusalem," he said; "but I have heard of its princes. I knew one of them. He was a merchant, and sailed the seas. He was fit to have been a king. Of what degree art thou?"

"I must answer thee from the bench of a galley. I am of the degree of slaves. My father was a prince of Jerusalem, and, as a merchant, he sailed the seas. He was known and honoured in the guest-chamber of the great Augustus."¹

"His name?"

"Ithamar, of the house of Hur."

The tribune raised his hand in astonishment.

"A son of Hur—thou?"

After a silence, he asked:

"What brought thee here?"

Judah² lowered his head, and his breast laboured hard. When his feelings were sufficiently mastered, he looked the tribune in the face, and answered:

"I was accused of attempting to assassinate Valerius Gratus, the procurator."³

"Thou!" cried Arrius, yet more amazed, and retreating a step. "Thou that assassin! All Rome rang with the story."

The two regarded each other silently.

"I thought the family of Hur blotted from the earth," said Arrius, speaking first.

A flood of tender recollections carried the young man's pride away; tears shone upon his cheeks.

¹ Augustus, Emperor of Rome.

² i.e. Ben-Hur.

³ i.e. the ruler of a province.

“Mother—mother! And my little Tirzah! Where are they? O tribune,¹ noble tribune, if thou knowest anything of them”—he clasped his hands in appeal—“tell me all thou knowest. Tell me if they are living—if living, where are they? And in what condition? Oh, I pray thee, tell me!”

He drew nearer Arrius, so near that his hands touched the cloak where it dropped from the latter's folded arms.

“The horrible day is three years gone,” he continued—“three years, O tribune, and every hour a whole lifetime of misery. If only I could hide from that scene—my sister torn from me, my mother's last look! I have felt the plague's breath, and the shock of ships in battle; I have heard the tempest lashing the sea, and laughed, though others prayed: death would have been a riddance. Bend the oars—yes, in the strain of mighty effort trying to escape the haunting of what that day occurred. Think what little will help me. Tell me they are dead, if no more, for happy they cannot be while I am lost. I have heard them call me in the night; I have seen them on the water walking. Oh, never anything so true as my mother's love! And Tirzah—her breath was as the breath of white lilies. She was the youngest branch of the palm—so fresh, so tender, so graceful, so beautiful! She made my day all morning. She came and went in music. And mine was the hand that laid them low! I——”

“Dost thou admit thy guilt?” asked Arrius, sternly.

The change that came upon Ben-Hur was wonderful to see, it was so instant and extreme. The voice sharpened; the hands arose tight-clenched; every fibre thrilled; his eyes flamed.

“Thou hast heard of the God of my fathers,” he said;

¹ i.e. a Roman commander.

“of the infinite Jehovah. By His truth and almightiness, and by the love with which He hath followed Israel from beginning, I swear I am innocent ! ”

The tribune was much moved.

“ O noble Roman ! ” continued Ben-Hur, “ give me a little faith, and into my darkness, deeper darkening every day, send a light ! ”

Arrius turned away, and walked the deck.

“ Didst thou not have a trial ? ” he asked, stopping suddenly.

“ No ! ”

The Roman raised his head, surprised.

“ No trial—no witnesses ! Who passed judgment upon thee ? ”

“ They bound me with cords, and dragged me to a vault in the Tower. I saw no one. No one spoke to me. Next day soldiers took me to the seaside. I have been a galley-slave ever since.”

“ What couldst thou have proven ? ”

“ I was a boy, too young to be a conspirator. Gratus was a stranger to me. If I had meant to kill him, that was not the time nor the place. He was riding in the midst of a legion, and it was broad day. I could not have escaped. I was of a class most friendly to Rome. My father had been distinguished for his services to the emperor. We had a great estate to lose. Ruin was certain to myself, my mother, my sister. I had no cause for malice, while every consideration—property, family, life, conscience, the Law—to a son of Israel as the breath of his nostrils—would have stayed my hand, though the foul intent had been ever so strong. I was not mad. Death was preferable to shame ; and, believe me, I pray, it is so yet.”

"Who was with thee when the blow was struck?"

"I was on the house-top—my father's house. Tirzah was with me—at my side—the soul of gentleness. Together we leaned over the parapet to see the legion pass. A tile gave way under my hand, and fell upon Gratus. I thought I had killed him. Ah, what horror I felt!"

"Where was thy mother?"



"A TILE . . . FELL UPON GRATUS."

"In her chamber below."

"What became of her?"

Ben-Hur clenched his hands, and drew a breath like a gasp.

"I do not know. I saw them drag her away—that is all I know. Out of the house they drove every living thing, even the dumb cattle, and they sealed the gates.

The purpose was that she should not return. I, too, ask for her. Oh for one word ! She, at least, was innocent. I can forgive—but I pray thy pardon, noble tribune ! A slave like me should not talk of forgiveness or of revenge. I am bound to an oar for life.”

Arrius listened intently. He brought all his experience with slaves to his aid. If the feeling shown in this instance were assumed, the acting was perfect ; on the other hand, if it were real, the Jew’s innocence might not be doubted ; and if he were innocent, with what blind fury the power had been exercised ! A whole family blotted out to atone an accident ! The thought shocked him.

For once the tribune was at loss, and hesitated. His power was ample. He was monarch of the ship. His prepossessions all moved him to mercy. His faith was won. Yet, he said to himself, there was no haste—or, rather, there was haste for the ship. The best rower could not then be spared ; he would wait ; he would learn more ; he would at least be sure this was the prince Ben-Hur, and that he was of a right disposition. Ordinarily, slaves were liars.

“ It is enough,” he said aloud. “ Go back to thy place.”

Ben-Hur bowed, looked once more into the master’s face, but saw nothing for hope. He turned away slowly, looked back, and said :

“ If thou dost think of me again, O tribune, let it not be lost in thy mind that I prayed thee only for word of my people—mother, sister.”

He moved on.

Arrius followed him with admiring eyes.

“ Perpol ! ” he thought. “ With teaching, what a man for the arena ! What a runner ! Ye gods ! what an arm for the sword ! Stay ! ” he said aloud.

Ben-Hur stopped, and the tribune went to him.

“ If thou wert free, what wouldst thou do ? ”

“ The noble Arrius mocks me ! ” Judah said, with trembling lips.

“ No ; by the gods, no ! ”

“ Then I will answer gladly. I would give myself to duty the first of life. I would know no other. I would know no rest until my mother and Tirzah were restored to home.”

The answer was unexpected by the Roman.

“ If thy mother and sister were dead, or not to be found, what wouldst thou do ? ”

A distinct pallor overspread Ben-Hur's face, and he looked over the sea. There was struggle with some strong feeling. When it was conquered, he turned to the tribune.

“ What pursuit would I follow ? ” he asked.

“ Yes.”

“ Tribune, I will tell thee truly. Only the night before the dreadful day of which I have spoken I obtained permission to be a soldier. I am of the same mind yet ; and as in all the earth there is but one school of war thither I would go.”

“ The palæstra ! ” ¹ exclaimed Arrius.

“ No ; a Roman camp.”

Source : *Ben-Hur : A Tale of the Christ*.

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I APPRECIATION

Study this extract as an example of a story told almost entirely in conversation, almost in question and answer. It is taken from one of the most widely read books of the last century. If you cannot read the whole book try

¹ The training school for wrestlers.

to read how Ben-Hur, some time after the above scene, saves the life of Arrius and is adopted by him as his son. Then read the account of a great chariot race in Chapter XXXI.

1. Suggest a reason for Arrius retreating a step (paragraph 14, page 59); and for turning away (line 8, page 61).
2. What brought to Ben-Hur's mind the thought of his mother and sister?
3. What Law is meant (last paragraph, page 61)?
4. Study last paragraph on page 61 for expressions of deep feeling and eager pleading—short sentences, simple words.
5. Where on page 63 did Arrius show prudence?

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

1. *Nouns*.—disposition, tribune, suggestion, menace, hortator, endurance, ancestors, recollections, conspirator, malice, pallor.

Verbs.—reflected, assassinate.

Adverb.—alternately.

Adjectives.—unserviceable, sinewy, defiant, tacit, infinite, preferable.

2. Explain the following:

“Of what disposition is he?”; “To the shrewd . . . long borne imprints” (paragraph 3, page 58); “I was accused of attempting to assassinate Valerius Gratus”; “I had no cause . . . ever so strong” (last paragraph, page 61).

3. *To forgive*. *To pardon*. What idea is common to these two words?

“I can forgive—but I pray thy pardon” (line 3, page 63).

Forgive is a common term; *pardon* is more serious and less used.

A man may *forgive* those who have offended him; he *pardons* those whom he has the right to punish.

Individuals *forgive* each other's personal offences, but a king or other superior may *pardon* those who have committed an offence against the law.

III. COMPOSITION

1. Write a few lines on the characters of Arrius and Ben-Hur, as shown in the extract.

2. Write a few lines about the interview between the tribune and the slave.

3. Point out where in the story these feelings are shown: *love, sorrow, pride, interest, sympathy, admiration, surprise*.

Two Sisters of Mercy

Stanley J. Weyman

INTRODUCTORY.—Stanley Weyman was a well-known writer of historical novels. Among the most popular are: *The Red Cockade*, *A Gentleman of France*, and *Under the Red Robe*. Try to get them from the library.

The book from which the chapter below is taken is a story of the days of Queen Mary, when spies and informers were many and burning and hanging not uncommon.

Francis Cludde's father is a spy in the pay of Bishop Gardiner, Queen Mary's Chancellor. When the lad learns this he is thunder-struck, and when Gardiner tries to force him into the same service, he determines to escape the disgrace by leaving his uncle's home at Coton End in Worcestershire where he lives, and where the Bishop is visiting. Francis sets out secretly to make his way to London, but the Chancellor sends one Pritchard in pursuit to arrest him. The villagers of Stratford help the lad to escape by ducking Pritchard and urging Francis to fly on Pritchard's horse!

Try to get the book to read—there is much in it of love and adventure to interest both girls and boys, told by one of the best writers of his day.

A YOUNGER generation has often posed me finely by asking, "What, Sir Francis! Did you not see *one* bishop burned? Did you not know *one* of the martyrs? Did you *never* come face to face with Queen Mary?" To all which questions I have one answer, No, and I watch small eyes grow large with astonishment. But the truth is, a man can only be in one place at a time. And though, in this very month of February, 1555, Prebendary Rogers—a good, kindly man, as I have heard, who had a wife and nine children—was burned in Smithfield in London for religion, and the Bishop of Gloucester suffered in his own city, and other inoffensive men were burned to death, and there was much talk of these things and in thousands of breasts a smouldering fire was kindled which blazed high enough by-and-by—why, I was at Coton End,

or on the London Road, at the time, and learned such things only dimly and by hearsay.

But the rill joins the river at last ; and oftentimes suddenly and at a bound, as it were. On this very day, while I cantered easily southwards with my face set towards St. Albans, Providence was at work shaping a niche for me in the lives of certain people, who were at the time as unconscious of my existence as I was of theirs. In a great house in the Barbican in London there was much stealthy going and coming on this February afternoon and evening. Behind locked doors, and in fear and trembling, mails were being packed and bags strapped, and fingers almost too delicate for the task were busy with nails and hammers, securing this and closing that. The packers knew nothing of me, nor I of them. Yet but for me all that packing would have been of no avail ; and but for them my fate might have been very different. Still, the sound of the hammer did not reach my ears, or, doing so, was covered by the steady tramp of the roadster ; and no visions, so far as I ever heard, of a dusty youth riding Londonwards came between the secret workers and their task.

I had made up my mind to sleep at St. Albans that night, and for this reason, and for others relating to the Sheriff of Buckinghamshire, in which county Stony Stratford lies, I pushed on briskly. I presently found time, however, to examine the packet ¹ of letters of which I had made spoil. On the outer wrapper I found there was no address, only an exhortation to be speedy. Off this came, therefore, without ceremony, and was left in the dirt. Inside I found two sealed epistles, each countersigned on the wrapper, "Stephen Winton." ²

¹ This had been dropped by Pritchard.

² Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

“Ho ! ho !” said I. “I did well to take them.”

Over the signature on the first letter—it seemed to be written on parchment—were the words, “Haste ! haste ! haste !” This was the thicker and heavier of the two, and was addressed to Sir Maurice Berkeley at St. Mary Overy’s, Southwark, London. I turned it over and over in my hands, and peeped into it with hesitation. Twice I muttered, “All is fair in love and war !” And at last, with curiosity fully awake, and a glance behind me to make sure that the act was unobserved, I broke the seal. The document proved to be as short and pithy as it was startling. It was an order commanding Sir Maurice Berkeley forthwith, in the Queen’s name, and by the authority of the Council, and so on, and so on, to arrest Katherine Willoughby de Eresby, Duchess of Suffolk, and to deliver her into the custody of the Lieutenant of the Tower, “These presents to be his warranty for the detention of the said Duchess of Suffolk until her Grace’s pleasure in the matter be known.”

When it was too late I trembled to think what I had done. To meddle with matters of State might be more dangerous a hundred times than stealing horses, or even than ducking the Chancellor’s messenger ! Seeing at this moment a party of travellers approach, I crammed the letter into my pocket, and rode by them with a red face and a tongue that stuttered so feebly that I could scarcely return their greetings. When they had gone I pulled out the warrant again, having it in my mind to tear it up without a moment’s delay—to tear it into the smallest morsels, and so get rid of a thing most dangerous. But the great red seal dangling at the foot of the parchment caught my eye, and I paused to think. It was so red, so large, so imposing, it seemed a pity to destroy it. It

must surely be good for something. I folded up the warrant again, and put it away in my safest pocket. Yes, it might be good for something.

I took out the letter. It was bound with green ribbon and sealed with extreme care, being directed simply to Mistress Clarence—there was no address. But over Gardiner's signature on the wrapper were the words, "These, on your peril, very privately."

I turned it over and over, and said the same thing about love and war, and even repeated to myself my old proverb about a sheep and a lamb. But somehow I could not do it. The letter was a woman's letter; the secret, her secret; and though my fingers itched as they hovered about the seals, my cheek tingled too. So at last, with a muttered "What would Petronilla say?" I put it away, unopened, in the pocket where the warrant lay. The odds were immense that Mistress Clarence would never get it; but at least her secret should remain hers, and my honour mine!

It was dark when I rode, thoroughly jaded, into St. Albans. I was splashed with mud up to the waist, and wetted by a shower, and looked, I have no doubt, from the effect of my journeying on foot and horseback, as disreputable a fellow as might be. The knowledge too that I was without a penny, and the fear lest, careful as I had been to let no one outstrip me, the news of the riot at Stratford might have arrived, did not tend to give me assurance, as I walked into the inn. I poked my head timidly into the great room, hoping that I might have it to myself. To my disgust it was full of people. Half-a-dozen travellers and as many townsfolk were sitting round the fire, talking briskly over their evening draught. Yet I had no choice. I was hungry, and the thing had to be

done, and I swaggered in, something of the sneak, no doubt, peeping through my bravado. I remarked, as I took my seat by the fire and set to drying myself, that I was greeted by a momentary silence, and that two or three of the company began to eye me suspiciously.

There was one man, who sat on the settle in the warmest corner of the chimney, who seemed in particular to resent my damp neighbourhood. His companions treated him with so much reverence and he snubbed them so regularly, that I wondered who he was ; and presently, listening to the conversation which went round me, I had my curiosity satisfied. He was no less a personage than the Bailiff of St. Albans, and his manner befitted such a man, for it seemed to indicate that he thought himself heir to all the powers of the old Abbots under whose broad thumbs his father and grandfather had groaned.

My conscience pricking me, I felt some misgiving when I saw him, after staring at me and whispering to two or three of his neighbours, beckon the landlord aside. His big round face and burly figure gave him a general likeness to bluff King Hal, and he appeared to be aware of this himself, and to be inclined to ape the stout King's ways, which, I have heard my uncle say, were ways heavy for others' toes. For a while, however, seeing my supper come in, I forgot him. The bare-armed girl who brought it to me, and in whom my draggled condition seemed to provoke feelings of a different nature, lugged up a small table to the fire. On this she laid my meal, not scrupling to set aside some of the smug dry townsfolk. Then she set a chair for me well in the blaze, and with looks of interest and wonder watched me fall to. I did so with a will, and with each mouthful of beef and draught of ale spirit and strength came back to me. The cits round me

might sneer and shake their heads, and the travellers smile at my appetite. In five minutes I cared not a whit! I could give them back joke for joke, and laugh with the best of them.

Indeed, I had clean forgotten the Bailiff, when he stalked back to his place. But the moment our eyes met I guessed there was trouble afoot. The landlord came with



“ . . . I WAS IN A TIGHT PLACE . . . ”

him and stood looking at me, sending off the wench with a flea in her ear; and I felt under his eye an uncomfortable consciousness that my purse was empty. Two or three late arrivals, to whom I suppose Master Bailiff had confided his suspicions, took their stand also in a half-circle, and scanned me queerly. Altogether it struck me suddenly that I was in a tight place, and had need of my wits.

"Ahem!" said the Bailiff, abruptly, taking skilful advantage of a lull in the talk. "Where from last, young man?" He spoke in a deep choky voice, and, if I was not mistaken, winked one of his small eyes in the direction of his friends, as though to say, "Now see me pose him!"

I only put another morsel in my mouth. For a moment indeed the temptation to reply "Towcester," seeing that such a journey over a middling road was something to brag of before the Highway Law came in, almost overcame me. But in time I bethought me of Stephen Gardiner's maxim, "Be slow to speak!" and I put another morsel in my mouth.

The Bailiff's face grew red, or rather, redder. "Come, young man, did you hear me speak?" he said pompously. "Where from last?"

"From the road, sir," I replied, turning to him as if I had not heard him before. "And a very wet road it was."

A man who sat next me chuckled, being apparently a stranger like myself. But the Bailiff puffed himself into a still more striking likeness to King Henry, and including him in his scowl shouted at me, "Sirrah! don't bandy words with me! Which way did you come along the road, I asked?"

It was on the tip of my tongue to answer saucily, "The right way!" But I reflected that I might be stopped; and to be stopped might mean to be hanged at worst, and something very unpleasant at best. So I controlled myself, and answered—though the man's arrogance was provoking enough—"I have come from Stratford, Master Bailiff, and I am going to London. Now you know as much as I do."

"Do I?" he said, with a sneer and a wink at the landlord.

"Yes, I think so," I answered patiently.

"Well, I don't!" he retorted, in vulgar triumph. "I don't. It is my opinion that you have come from London."

I went on with my supper.

"Do you hear?" he asked pompously, sticking his arms akimbo and looking round for sympathy. "You will have to give an account of yourself, young man. We will have no penniless rogues and sturdy vagabonds wandering about St. Albans."

"Penniless rogues do not go a-horseback," I answered. But it was wonderful how my spirits sank again under that word "penniless." It hit me hard.

"Wait a bit," he said, raising his finger to command attention for his next question. "What is your religion, young man?"

"Oh!" I replied, putting down my knife, and looking open scorn at him, "you are an inquisitor, are you?" At which words of mine there was a kind of stir. "You would burn me as I hear they burned Master Sandars at Coventry last week, would you? They were talking about it down the road."

"You will come to a bad end, young man!" he retorted viciously, his outstretched finger shaking as if the palsy had seized him. For this time my taunt had gone home, and more than one of the listeners standing on the outer edge of the group, and so beyond his ken, had muttered shame. More than one face had grown dark. "You will come to a bad end!" he repeated. "If it be not here, then somewhere else! It is my opinion that you have come from London, and that you have been in trouble. There is a hue-and-cry out for a young fellow just your age, and a cock of your hackle, I judge, who is wanted for heresy. A Londoner too. You do not leave here until

you have given an account of yourself, Master Jack-a-Dandy!" The party had all risen round me, and some of the hindmost had got on benches to see me the better. Among these, between two bacon flitches, I caught a glimpse of the serving-maid's face as she peered at me, pale and scared, and a queer impulse led me to nod to her—a reassuring little nod. I found myself growing cool and confident, seeing myself so cornered.

"Easy! easy!" I said; "let a man finish his supper and get warmed in peace."

"Bishop Bonner will warm you!" cried the Bailiff.

"I dare say—as they warm people in Spain!" I sneered.

"He will be Bishop Burner to you!" shrieked the Bailiff, almost beside himself with rage at being so bearded by a lad.

"Take care!" I retorted. "Do not you speak evil of dignitaries, or you will be getting into trouble!"

He fairly writhed under this rejoinder.

"Landlord!" he spluttered, "I shall hold you responsible! If this person leaves your house, and is not forthcoming when wanted, you will suffer for it!"

The landlord scratched his head, being a good-natured fellow; but a bailiff is a bailiff, especially at St. Albans. And I was muddy and travel-stained, and quick of my tongue for one so young, which the middle-aged never like, though the old bear it better. He hesitated.

"Do not be a fool, Master Host!" I said quietly. "I have something here"—and I touched my pocket, which happened to be near my sword-hilt—"that will make you rue it if you interfere with me!"

"Ho! ho!" cried the Bailiff, in haste and triumph. "So that is his tone! We have a tavern-brawler here, have we! A young swashbuckler! His tongue will not

run so fast when he finds his feet in the stocks. Master Landlord, call the watch! Call the watch at once, I command you!"

"You will do so at your peril!" I said sternly. Then, seeing that my manner had some effect upon all save the angry official, I gave way to the temptation to drive the



"DO YOU SEE THIS, YOU BOOBY?"

matter home and secure my safety by the only means that seemed possible. It is an old story that one deception leads inevitably to another. I drew out Pritchard's white staff.¹ "Look here!" I continued, waving it.

¹ The white staff was Pritchard's sign of office. He dropped it with the letters in the ducking episode, and Francis secured it with the packet of letters.

"Do you see this, you booby? I am travelling in the Queen's name, and on her service. By special commission, too, from the Chancellor! Is that plain speaking enough for you or do you need to see my commission? And let me tell you, Master Bailiff," I added, fixing my eye upon him, "that my business is private, and that my Lord of Winchester will not be best pleased when he hears how I have had to declare myself. Do you think the Queen's servants go always in cloth of gold, you fool? The stocks indeed!"

I laughed out loudly and without effort, for there never was anything so absurd as the change in the Bailiff's visage. His colour fled, his cheeks grew pendulous, his lip hung loose. He stared at me, gasping like a fish out of water, and seemed unable to move toe or finger. The rest enjoyed the scene, as people will enjoy a marvellous sudden stroke of fortune. It was as good as a stage pageant to them. They could not take their eyes from the pocket in which I had replaced my wand, and continued, long after I had returned to my meal, to gaze at me in respectful silence. The crestfallen Bailiff presently slipped out, and I was left cock of the walk, and for the rest of the evening enjoyed the fruits of victory.

They proved to be more substantial than I had expected, for, as I was on my way upstairs to bed, the landlord preceding me with a light, a man accosted me, and beckoned me aside mysteriously.

"The Bailiff is very much annoyed," he said, speaking in a muffled voice behind his hand, while his eyes peered into mine.

"Well, what is that to me?" I replied, looking sternly at him. I was tired and sleepy after my meal. "He should not have made such a fool of himself."

“Tut, tut, tut, tut ! You misunderstand me, young sir,” the man answered, plucking my sleeve as I turned away. “He regrets the annoyance he has caused you. A mistake, he begs me to say, a pure mistake, and he hopes you will have forgotten it by morning.” Then, with a skilful hand which seemed not unused to the task, he slid two coins into my palm.

I looked at them, for a moment not perceiving his drift. Then I found that they were two gold angels, and I began to understand. “Ahem !” I said, fingering them uneasily. “Yes. Well, well, I will look over it, I will look over it ! Tell him from me,” I continued, gaining confidence as I proceeded with my new rôle, “that he shall hear no more about it. He is zealous—perhaps over-zealous !”

“That is it !” the envoy muttered, eagerly ; “that is it, my dear sir ! You see perfectly how it is. He is zealous. Zealous in the Queen’s service !”

“To be sure ; and so I will report him. Tell him that so I will report him. And here, my good friend, take one of these for yourself,” I added magnificently giving him back half my fortune—young donkey that I was. “Drink to the Queen’s health ; and so good night to you.”

He went away, bowing to the very ground, and, when the landlord likewise had left me, I was very merry over this, being in no mood for weighing words. The world seemed—to be sure, the ale was humming in my head, and I was in the landlord’s best room—easy enough to conquer, providing one possessed a white staff. The fact that I had no right to mine only added—be it remembered I was young and foolish—to my enjoyment of its power. I went to bed in all comfort with it under my pillow, and

slept soundly, untroubled by any dream of a mischance. But when did a lie ever help a man in the end ?

When I awoke, which I seemed to do on a sudden, it was still dark. I wondered for a moment where I was, and what was the meaning of the shouting and knocking I heard. Then, discerning the faint outline of the window, I remembered the place in which I had gone to bed, and I sat up and listened. Someone, nay, several people were drumming and kicking against the wooden doors of the inn-yard, and shouting besides, loud enough to raise the dead. In the next room to mine I caught the grumbling voices of persons disturbed, like myself, from sleep. And by-and-by a window was opened and I heard the landlord ask what was the matter

“In the Queen’s name !” came the loud, impatient answer, given in a voice that rose above the ring of bridles and the stamping of iron hoofs on the road way. “Open ! and that quickly, Master Host. The watch are here, and we must search.”

I waited to hear no more. I was out of bed, and huddling on my clothes, and thrusting my feet into my boots, like one possessed. My heart was beating as fast as if I had been running in a race, and my hands were shaking with the shock of the alarm. The impatient voice was Master Pritchard’s, and it rang with all the vengeful passion which I should have expected that gentleman, duped, ducked, and robbed, to be feeling. There would be little mercy to be had at his hands. Moreover, my ears, grown as keen for the moment as the hunted hare’s, distinguished the tramping of at least half a dozen horses, so that it was clear that he had come with a force at his back. Resistance would be useless. My sole chance lay in flight—if flight would still be possible.

Even in my haste I did not forsake the talisman which had served me so well, but stayed an instant to thrust it into my pocket. The Cluddes have, I fancy, a knack of keeping cool in emergencies, getting, indeed, the cooler the greater the stress.

By this time the inn was thoroughly aroused. Doors were opening and shutting on all sides of me, and questions were being shouted in different tones from room to room. In the midst of the hubbub I heard the landlord come out muttering, and go downstairs to open the door. Instantly I unlatched mine, slipped through it stealthily, sneaked a step or two down the passage, and then came plump in the dark against someone who was moving as softly as myself. The surprise was complete ; and I should have cried out at the unexpected collision had not the unknown laid a cold hand on my mouth, and gently pushed me back into my room.

Here there was now a faint glimmer of dawn, and by this I saw that my companion was the serving-maid. "Hist !" she said, speaking under her breath. "Is it you they want ?"

I nodded.

"I thought so," she muttered. "Then you must get out through your window. You cannot pass them. They are a dozen or more, and armed. Quick ! knot this about the bars. It is no great distance to the bottom, and the ground is soft from the rain."

She tore, as she spoke, the coverlet from the bed, and twisting it deftly into a kind of rope helped me to secure one corner of it about the window-bar. "When you are down," she whispered, "keep along the wall to the right until you come to a haystack. Turn to the left there—you will have to ford the water—and you will soon be clear of

the town. Look about you then, and you will see a horse-track, which leads to Elstree, running in a line with the London Road, but a mile from it and through woods. At Elstree any path to the left will take you to Barnet, and not two miles lost."



"IT IS NO GREAT DISTANCE TO THE BOTTOM . . ."

"Heaven bless you!" I said, turning from the gloom, the dark sky, and driving scud without, to peer gratefully at her. "Heaven bless you for a good woman!"

"And God keep you for a bonnie boy," she whispered.

I kissed her, forcing into her hands—a thing the remembrance of which is very pleasant to me to this day—my last piece of gold.

A moment more, and I stood unhurt, but almost up to my knees in mud, in an alley bounded on both sides, as far as I could see, by blind walls. Stopping only to indicate by a low whistle that I was safe, I turned and sped away as fast as I could run in the direction which she had pointed out. There was no one abroad, and in a shorter time than I had expected I found myself outside the town, travelling over a kind of moorland tract bounded in the distance by woods.

Here I picked up the horse-track easily enough, and without stopping, save for a short breathing space, hurried along it, to gain the shelter of the trees. So far, so good ! I had reason to be thankful. But my case was still an indifferent one. More than once in getting out of the town I had slipped and fallen. I was wet through, and plastered with dirt owing to these mishaps ; and my clothes were in a woeful plight. For a time excitement kept me up, however, and I made good way, warmed by the thought that I had again baffled the great Bishop. It was only when the day had come, and grown on to noon, and I saw no sign of any pursuers, that thought got the upper hand. Then I began to compare, with some bitterness of feeling, my present condition—wet, dirty, and homeless—with that which I had enjoyed only a week before ; and it needed all my courage to support me. Skulking, half-famished, between Barnet and Tottenham, often compelled to crouch in ditches or behind walls while travellers went by, and liable each instant to have to leave the highway and take to my heels, I had leisure to feel ; and I did feel more keenly, I think, that afternoon than at any later time, the bitterness of fortune. I cursed Stephen Gardiner a dozen times, and dared not let my thoughts wander to my father. I had said that I would build

my house afresh. Well, truly I was building it from the foundation.

It added very much to my misery that it rained all day, a cold, half-frozen rain. The whole afternoon I spent in hiding, shivering and shaking in a hole under a hedge near Tottenham:¹ being afraid to go into London before nightfall, lest I should be waited for at the gate and be captured. Chilled and bedraggled as I was and weak through want of food which I dared not go out to beg, the terror of capture got hold of my mind and presented to me one by one every horrible form of humiliation, the stocks, the pillory, the cart-tail. So that even Master Pritchard, could he have seen me and known my mind, might have pitied me; so that I loathe to this day the hours I spent in that foul hiding-place. Between a man's best and worse, there is little but a platter of food.

The way this was put an end to, I well remember. An old woman came into the field where I lay hid to drive home a cow. I had had my eyes on this cow for at least an hour, having made up my mind to milk it for my own benefit as soon as the dusk fell. In my disappointment at seeing it driven off, and also out of a desire to learn whether the old dame might not be going to milk it in a corner of the pasture, in which case I might still get an after-taste, I crawled so far out of my hole that, turning suddenly, she caught sight of me. I expected to see her hurry off, but she did not. She took a long look, and then came back towards me, making, however, as it seemed to me, as if she did not see me. When she had come within a few feet of me, she looked down abruptly, and our eyes met. What she saw in mine I can only guess. In hers I read divine pity. "Oh, poor lad!" she murmured;

¹ On the outskirts of London.

"oh, you poor, poor lad!" and there were tears in her voice.

I was so weak—it was almost twenty-four hours since I had tasted food, and I had come twenty-four miles in the time—that at that I broke down, and cried like a child.

I learned later that the old woman took me for just the same person for whom the Bailiff at St. Albans had mistaken me, a young apprentice named Hunter, who had got into trouble about religion, and was at this time hiding up and down the country, Bishop Bonner having clapped his father into gaol until the son should come to hand. But her kind heart knew no distinction of creeds. She took me to her cottage as soon as night fell, and warmed, and dried, and fed me. She did not care to keep me under her roof for longer than an hour or two, neither would I have stayed to endanger her. But she sent me out a new man, with a crust, moreover, in my pocket. A hundred times between Tottenham and Aldersgate I said, "God bless her!" And I say so now.

So twice in one day, and that the gloomiest day of my life, I was succoured by a woman. I have never forgotten it. I have tried to keep it always in mind; remembering, too, a saying of my uncle's—"There is nothing on earth so merciful as a good woman, or so pitiless as a bad one."

Source: *The Story of Francis Cludde.*

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

Study the strikingly simple language of this extract, fitting the thoughts of a young man, for example, "But the rill joins the river at last"; "The letter was a woman's letter; the secret her secret." Point out other examples, then

compare it with the language used in *The Banner of England* extract (pages 37-45) and account for the difference.

Note how in this selection the length of the sentence is skilfully varied—long sentences for calm descriptive matter, short for times of excitement and quick thought. Study the long smooth sentences in paragraph 1, page 67. Note how they change in the next paragraph, where speed is expressed. The short sentences in paragraphs 2-3, page 69, are followed by the longer descriptive thoughts in the paragraphs on page 70.

Study the conversation on pages 71-5; note the use of *said*, *replied*, *answered*, *retorted*, *asked*, *cried*, *sneered*, and mark how each word exactly fits its place.

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

1. *Nouns*.—exhortation, arrogance, inquisitor, dignitaries, deception, pageant, emergencies, distinction.

Verbs.—scrupling, discerning, succoured.

Adjectives.—disreputable, momentary, pendulous.

Adverbs.—suspiciously, inevitably.

2. Explain the following:

“an exhortation to be speedy”; “I swaggered in, something of the sneak, no doubt, peeping through my bravado”; “the man’s arrogance was provoking”; “Do not you speak evil of dignitaries”; “one deception leads inevitably to another”; “a man accosted me and beckoned me aside mysteriously.”

III. COMPOSITION

1. Give a list of the most striking “word-pictures” in the selection.
2. Point out the various “surprises” in the story.
3. Write a short paragraph giving what you think is the most interesting part of the story.
4. Write a summary of the extract.

IV. GRAMMAR

Sentence Study:

A sentence may take the form of an *assertion*, a *command*, a *question*, or an *exclamation*. In each form of sentence there is a normal order of the parts forming it. In the assertive sentence the usual order is: subject, verb, object, complement, extension. In the other types the subject and predicate are normally inverted. When the normal order is departed from, the words or phrases displaced are given an additional force by their unusual position (see page 55 in this book). Illustrate this from the extract.

The Reaping Race

Liam O'Flaherty

INTRODUCTORY.—The following is a fine example of the short story by an Irish writer of repute. It is original in theme, for though races and contests of many kinds have been described, surely a *reaping* race has never before been the subject of a story. Now read and note how cleverly the writer has turned this interesting but common piece of country work into a dramatic contest.

At the end of paragraph 1, page 88, stop, and think, select the probable winner, then read on.

AT dawn the reapers were already in the rye field. It was the big rectangular field owned by James McDara, the retired engineer. The field started on the slope of a hill and ran down gently to the sea-road that was covered with sand. It was bound by a low stone fence, and the yellow heads of the rye-stalks leaned out over the fence, all round in a thick mass, jostling and crushing one another as the morning breeze swept over them with a swishing sound.

McDara himself, a white-haired old man in grey tweeds, was standing outside the fence on the sea-road, waving his stick and talking to a few people who had gathered even at that early hour. His brick-red face was all excitement, and he waved his blackthorn stick as he talked in a loud voice to the men about him.

"I measured it out yesterday," he was saying, "as even as it could be done. Upon my honour there isn't an inch in the difference between one strip and another of the three strips. D'ye see? I have laid lines along the length of the field so they can't go wrong. Come here and I'll show ye."

He led the men along from end to end of the field and showed how he had measured it off into three even parts and marked the strips with lines laid along the ground.

"Now, it couldn't be fairer," cried the old man, as excited as a schoolboy. "When I fire my revolver they'll all start together, and the first couple to finish their strip gets a five-pound note."

The peasants nodded their heads and looked at old McDara seriously, although each one of them thought he was crazy to spend five pounds on the cutting of a field



"EACH HAD HIS WIFE WITH HIM . . ."

that could be cut for two pounds. They were, however, almost as excited as McDara himself, for the three best reapers in the whole island of Inverara had entered for the competition. They were now at the top of the field on the slope of the hill ready to begin. Each had his wife with him to tie the sheaves as they were cut and bring food and drink.

They had cast lots for the strips by drawing three pieces

of seaweed from McDara's hat. Now they had taken up position on their strips awaiting the signal. Although the sun had not yet warmed the earth and the sea breeze was cold, each man had stripped to his shirt. The shirts were open at the chest and the sleeves were rolled above the elbow. They wore grey woollen shirts. Around his waist each man had a multi-coloured "crios," a long knitted belt made of pure wool. Below that they wore white frieze drawers with the ends tucked into woollen stockings that were embroidered at the tops. Their feet were protected by raw-hide shoes. None of them wore a cap. The women all wore red petticoats, with a little shawl tied around their heads.

On the left were Michael Gill and his wife, Susan. Michael was a long wiry man, with fair hair that came down over his forehead and was cropped to the bone all round the skull. He had a hook nose, and his lean jaws were continually moving backwards and forwards. His little blue eyes were fixed on the ground, and his long white eyelashes almost touched his cheek-bones, as if he slept. He stood motionless, with his reaping-hook in his right hand and his left hand in his belt. Now and again he raised his eyelashes, listening for the signal to commence. His wife was almost as tall as himself, but she was plump and rosy-cheeked. A silent woman, she stood there thinking of her eight-months-old son whom she had left at home in charge of her mother.

In the middle Johnny Bodkin stood with his arms folded and his legs spread wide apart, talking to his wife in a low serious voice. He was a huge man, with fleshy limbs and neck, and black hair that had gone bald over his forehead. His forehead was very white and his cheeks were very red. He always frowned, twitching his black

eyebrows. His wife, Mary, was short, thin, sallow-faced, and her upper teeth protruded slightly over her lower lip.

On the right were Pat Considine and his wife, Kate. Kate was very big and brawny, with a freckled face and a very marked moustache on her upper lip. She had a great mop of sandy-coloured hair that kept coming undone. She talked to her husband in a loud, gruff, masculine voice, full of good humour. Her husband, on the other hand, was a small man, small and slim, and beginning to get wrinkles in his face, although he was not yet forty. His face had once been a brick-red colour, but now it was becoming sallow. He had lost most of his front teeth. He stood loosely, grinning towards McDara, his little loose, slim body hiding its strength.

Then McDara waved his stick. He lifted his arm. A shot rang out. The reaping race began. In a moment the three men sank to their right knees like soldiers on parade at musketry practice. Their left hands in the same movement closed about a bunch of rye-stalks. The curved reaping-hooks whirled in the air, and then there was a crunching sound, the sound that hungry cows make eating long fresh grass in spring. Then three little slender bunches of rye-stalks lay flat on the dewy grass beneath the fence, one bunch behind each reaper's bent left leg. The three women waited in nervous silence for the first sheaf. It would be an omen of victory or defeat. One, two, three, four bunches . . . Johnny Bodkin, snorting like a furious horse, was dropping his bunches almost without stopping. With a loud cheer he raised his reaping-hook in the air and spat on it, crying "First sheaf!" His wife dived at it with both hands. Separating a little bunch of stalks, she encircled the head of the sheaf and then bound it with amazing rapidity, her long, thin fingers

moving like knitting needles. The other reapers and their wives had not paused to look. All three reapers had cut their first sheaves and their wives were on their knees tying.

Working in the same furious manner in which he had begun, Bodkin was soon far ahead of his competitors. He was cutting his sheaves in an untidy manner, and he was leaving hummocks behind him on the ground owing to the irregularities of his strokes, but his speed and strength were amazing. His great hands whirled the hook and closed on the stalks in a ponderous manner, and his body hurtled along like the carcass of an elephant trotting through a forest, but there was a rhythm in the never-ending movement of his limbs that was not without beauty. And behind came his wife, tying, tying speedily, with her hard face gathered together in a serious frown like a person meditating on a grave decision.

Considine and his wife were second. Considine, now that he was in action, showed surprising strength and an agility that was goat-like. When his lean, long, bony arms moved to slash the rye, muscles sprang up all over his bent back like an intricate series of springs being pressed. Every time he hopped on his right knee to move along his line of reaping he emitted a sound like a groan cut short. His wife, already perspiring heavily, worked almost on his heels, continually urging him on, laughing and joking in her habitual loud hearty voice.

Michael Gill and his wife came last. Gill had begun to reap with the slow methodic movements of a machine driven at low pressure. He continued at exactly the same pace, never changing, never looking up to see where his opponents were. His long lean hands moved noiselessly, and only the sharp crunching rush of the teeth of his

reaping-hook through the yellow stalks of the rye could be heard. His long drooping eyelashes were always directed towards the point where his hook was cutting. He never looked behind to see had he enough for a sheaf before beginning another. All his movements were calculated beforehand, calm, monotonous, deadly accurate. Even his breathing was like, and came through his nose like one who sleeps healthily. His wife moved behind him in the same manner, tying each sheaf daintily, without exertion.

As the day advanced people gathered from all quarters watching the reapers. The sun rose in the heavens. There was a fierce heat. Not a breath of wind. The rye-stalks no longer moved. They stood in perfect silence, their heads a whitish colour, their stalks golden. Already there was a large irregular gash in the rye, ever increasing. The bare patch, green with little clover plants that had been sown with the rye, was dotted with sheaves, already whitening in the hot sun. Through the hum of conversation the regular crunching of the reaping-hooks could be heard.

A little before noon Bodkin had cut half his strip. A stone had been placed on the marking line at half-way, and when Bodkin reached the stone he stood up with the stone in his hand and yelled: "This is a proof," he cried, "that there was never a man born in the island of Inverara as good as Johnny Bodkin." There was an answering cheer from the crowd on the fence, but big Kate Considine humorously waved a sheaf above her head and yelled in her rough man's voice: "The day is young yet, Bodkin of the soft flesh!" The crowd roared with laughter, and Bodkin fumed, but he did not reply. His wits were not very sharp. Gill and his wife took no notice. They did not raise their eyes from the reaping.

Bodkin's wife was the first to go for the midday meal. She brought a can full of cold tea and a whole oven cake of white flour, cut in large pieces, each piece coated heavily with butter. She had four eggs, too, boiled hard. The Bodkin couple had no children, and on that account they could afford to live well, at least far better than the other peasants. Bodkin just dropped his reaping-hook and ravenously devoured three of the eggs, while his wife, no less hungrily, ate the fourth. Then Bodkin began to eat the bread and butter and drink the cold tea with as much speed as he had reaped the rye. It took him and his wife exactly two minutes and three-quarters to finish that great quantity of food and drink. Out of curiosity, Gallagher, the doctor, counted the time down on the shore-road. As soon as they had finished eating they set to work again as fiercely as ever.

Considine had come level with Bodkin just as Bodkin resumed work, and instead of taking a rest for their meal, Considine and his wife ate in the ancient fashion current among Inverara peasants during contests of the kind. Kate fed her husband as he worked with buttered oaten cake. Now and again she handed him the tea-can and he paused to take a drink. In that way he was still almost level with Bodkin when he had finished eating. The spectators were greatly excited at this eagerness on the part of Considine, and some began to say that he would win the race.

Nobody took any notice of Gill and his wife, but they had never stopped to eat, and they had steadily drawn nearer to their opponents. They were still some distance in the rear, but they seemed quite fresh, whereas Bodkin appeared to be getting exhausted, handicapped by his heavy meal, and Considine was obviously using up the

reserves of his strength. Then, when they reached the stone at half-way, Gill quietly laid down his hook and told his wife to bring the meal. She brought it from the fence, buttered oaten bread and a bottle of new milk, with oatmeal in the bottom of the bottle. They ate slowly, and then rested for a while. People began to jeer at them when they saw them resting, but they took no



"... THE GILL COUPLE RESUMED WORK AT GREAT SPEED."

notice. After about twenty minutes they got up to go to work again. A derisive cheer arose, and an old man cried out: "Yer a disgrace to me name, Michael." "Never mind, father," called Michael, "the race isn't finished yet." Then he spat on his hands and seized the hook once more.

Then, indeed, excitement rose to a high pitch, because

the Gill couple resumed work at a great speed. Their movements were as mechanical and regular as before, but they worked at almost twice the speed. People began to shout at them. Then betting began among the gentry. Until now the excitement had not been intense because it seemed a foregone conclusion that Bodkin would win since he was so far ahead. Now, however, Bodkin's supremacy was challenged. He was still a long way ahead of Gill, but he was visibly tired, and his hook made mistakes now and again, gripping the earth with its point. Bodkin was lathered with sweat. He now began to look behind him at Gill, irritated by the shouts of the people.

Just before four o'clock Considine suddenly collapsed, utterly exhausted. He had to be carried over to the fence. A crowd gathered around, and the rector, Mr. Robertson, gave him a swig from his brandy flask that revived him. He made an effort to go back to work, but he was unable to rise. "Stay there," said his wife angrily, "you're finished. I'll carry on myself." Rolling up her sleeves farther on her fat arms, she went back to the reaping-hook, and with a loud yell began to reap furiously. "Bravo," cried McDara, "I'll give the woman a special prize. Gallagher," he cried, hitting the doctor on the shoulder, "after all . . . the Irish race . . . ye know what I mean . . . man alive."

But all centred their attention on the struggle between Bodkin and Gill. Spurred by rage, Bodkin had made a supreme effort, and he began to gain ground once more. His immense body, moving from left to right and back again across his line of reaping, seemed to swallow the long yellow rye-stalks, so quickly did they fall before it. And as the sheaf was complete his lean wife grabbed it up and tied it. But still, when Bodkin paused at five

o'clock to cast a look behind him, there was Gill coming with terrible regularity. Bodkin suddenly felt all the weariness of the day overcome him.

It struck him first in the shape of an intense thirst. He sent his wife up to the fence for their extra can of tea. When she came back with it he began to drink. But the more he drank the thirstier he became. His friends in the crowd of spectators shouted at him in warning, but his thirst maddened him. He kept drinking. The shore-wall and victory were very near now. He kept looking towards it in a dazed way as he whirled his hook. And he kept drinking. Then his senses began to dull. He became sleepy. His movements became almost unconscious. He only saw the wall, and he fought on. He began to talk to himself. He reached the wall at one end of his strip. He had only to cut down to the other end and finish. Three sheaves more, and then . . . Best man in Inverara . . . Five pound note . . .

But just then a ringing cheer came to his ears, and the cry rose on the air: "Gill has won!" Bodkin collapsed with a groan.

Source: *Short Stories*.

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

Study the plan of this story and express it as on page 6.

Point out what is told you about the three rivals prior to page 90 that points to the possible winner.

Show how the writer wins your interest, maintains it, and then finally works your interest up to excitement.

Point out some striking specimens of word-painting, and show how clearly he portrays the characters of the six people.

Where do you consider the climax of the story is reached?

Indicate what you consider to be the reasons for the failure of Bodkin and Considine, and the victory of Gill and his wife.

THE REAPING RACE

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

1. *Nouns*.—completion, moustache, practice, rapidity, irregularities, rhythm, agility, opponents, exertion, supremacy.

Verbs.—protruded, meditating.

Adverbs.—humorously, obviously.

Adjectives.—rectangular, embroidered, masculine, intricate, habitual, methodic, monotonous, derisive, mechanical, unconscious.

III. COMPOSITION

1. Write a summary of the story.

2. Tell the part of the story that follows the first meal.

The Invisible Man

G. K. Chesterton

INTRODUCTORY.—G. K. Chesterton is one of the most brilliant writers of the twentieth century. His work includes essays, history, novels, poetry. His detective stories are original and striking. The following is an extract from one, taken so fully that the plot and its unravelling by Father Brown can be easily followed by the reader.

Two young men, Isidore Smythe and James Welkin, propose to Laura Hope. Smythe is undersized, Welkin has a squint. To spare their feelings she tells each of them that she will only marry a man who has made a career. After a time Smythe writes that he has made a fortune by inventing mechanical substitutes for servants. As she is reading the letter she hears the voice of Welkin: "He shan't have you, though." Yet she can see no one. Smythe calls at her house and finds a threat written on stamp-edging stuck on the window by which she is sitting. He explains that threatening letters in the same handwriting have been mysteriously left in his flat. Angus, a friend of Laura's, accompanies him home, where, in spite of the assurances of the commissionaire and the porter that no one had gone upstairs, they find a threat to kill Smythe that day. Angus, first warning a caretaker, the commissionaire, a chestnut-seller, and a policeman to watch the stairs and the entrance, goes to consult Flambeau, a detective who lives close by. With him he finds Father Brown.

FLAMBEAU received him in an artistic den behind his office.

"This is my friend Father Brown," said Flambeau.

"I've often wanted you to meet him. Splendid weather, this ; a little cold for Southerners like me."

"Yes, I think it will keep clear," said Angus, sitting down on a violet-striped Eastern ottoman.

"No," said the priest quietly, "it has begun to snow."

"Well," said Angus heavily. "I'm afraid I've come on business, and rather jumpy business at that. The fact is, Flambeau, within a stone's throw of your house is a fellow who badly wants your help ; he's perpetually being haunted and threatened by an invisible enemy—a scoundrel whom nobody has ever seen." As Angus proceeded to tell the whole tale of Smythe and Welkin, beginning with Laura's story, and going on with his own, the supernatural laugh at the corner of two empty streets, the strange distinct words spoken in an empty room, Flambeau grew more and more vividly concerned, and the little priest seemed to be left out of it, like a piece of furniture. When it came to the scribbled stamp-paper pasted on the window, Flambeau rose, seeming to fill the room with his huge shoulders.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I think you had better tell me the rest on the nearest road to this man's house. It strikes me, somehow, that there is no time to be lost."

"Delighted," said Angus, rising also, "though he's safe enough for the present, for I've set four men to watch the only hole to his burrow."

They turned out into the street, the small priest trundling after them with the docility of a small dog. He merely said, in a cheerful way, like one making conversation, "How quick the snow gets thick on the ground."

As they threaded the steep side streets already powdered with silver, Angus finished his story ; and by the time they reached the crescent with the towering flats, he had

leisure to turn his attention to the four sentinels. The chestnut seller, both before and after receiving a sovereign, swore stubbornly that he had watched the door and seen no visitor enter. The policeman was even more emphatic. He said he had had experience of crooks of all kinds, in top hats and in rags ; he wasn't so green as to expect suspicious characters to look suspicious ; he looked out for anybody, and, so help him, there had been nobody. And when all three men gathered round the gilded commissionaire, who still stood smiling astride of the porch, the verdict was more final still.

"I've got a right to ask any man, duke or dustman, what he wants in these flats," said the genial and gold-laced giant, "and I'll swear there's been nobody to ask since this gentleman went away."

The unimportant Father Brown, who stood back, looking modestly at the pavement, here ventured to say meekly, "Has nobody been up and down stairs, then, since the snow began to fall ? It began while we were all round at Flambeau's."

"Nobody's been in here, sir, you can take it from me," said the official, with beaming authority.

"Then I wonder what that is ?" said the priest, and stared at the ground blankly like a fish.

The others all looked down also ; and Flambeau used a fierce exclamation and a French gesture. For it was unquestionably true that down the middle of the entrance guarded by the man in gold lace, actually between the arrogant, stretched legs of that colossus, ran a stringy pattern of grey footprints stamped upon the white snow.

"God !" cried Angus, involuntarily, "the Invisible Man !"

Without another word he turned and dashed up the

stairs, with Flambeau following ; but Father Brown still stood looking about him in the snow-clad street as if he had lost interest in his query.

Flambeau was plainly in a mood to break down the door with his big shoulder ; but the Scotsman, with more reason, if less intuition, fumbled about on the frame of the door till he found the invisible button ; and the door swung slowly open.

It showed substantially the same crowded interior ; the hall had grown darker, though it was still struck here and there with the last crimson shafts of sunset, and one or two of the headless machines had been moved from their places for this or that purpose, and stood here and there about the twilit place. The green and red of their coats were all darkened in the dusk ; and their likeness to human shapes slightly increased by their very shapelessness. But in the middle of them all, exactly where the paper with the red ink had lain, there lay something that looked very like red ink spilt out of its bottle. But it was not red ink.

With a French combination of reason and violence Flambeau simply said " Murder ! " and, plunging into the flat, had explored every corner and cupboard of it in five minutes. But if he had expected to find a corpse he found none. Isidore Smythe simply was not in the place, either dead or alive. After the most tearing search the two men met each other in the outer hall, with streaming faces and staring eyes. " My friend," said Flambeau, talking French in his excitement, " not only is your murderer invisible, but he makes invisible also the murdered man."

Angus looked round at the dim room full of dummies, and in some Celtic corner of his Scotch soul a shudder started. One of the life-size dolls stood immediately overshadow-

ing the blood-stain, summoned, perhaps, by the slain man an instant before he fell. One of the high-shouldered hooks that served the thing for arms was a little lifted, and Angus had suddenly the horrid fancy that poor Smythe's own iron child had struck him down. Matter had rebelled, and these machines had killed their master. But, even so, what had they done with him ?



“ . . . WHAT HAD THEY DONE WITH HIM ? ”

“ Eaten him ? ” said the nightmare at his ear ; and he sickened for an instant at the idea of rent, human remains absorbed and crushed into all that clockwork.

He recovered his mental health by an emphatic effort, and said to Flambeau, “ Well, there it is. The poor fellow has evaporated like a cloud and left a red streak on the floor. The tale does not belong to this world.”

"There is only one thing to be done," said Flambeau, "whether it belongs to this world or the other, I must go down and talk to my friend."

They descended, passing the man with the pail, who again declared that he had let no intruder pass, down to the commissionaire and the hovering chestnut-man, who rigidly reasserted their own watchfulness. But when Angus looked round for his fourth confirmation he could not see it, and called out with some nervousness, "Where is the policeman?"

"I beg your pardon," said Father Brown; "that is my fault. I just sent him down the road to investigate something—that I thought worth investigating."

"Well, we want him back pretty soon," said Angus, abruptly, "for the wretched man upstairs has not only been murdered, but wiped out."

"How?" asked the priest.

"Father," said Flambeau, after a pause, "upon my soul I believe it is more in your department than mine. No friend or foe has entered the house, but Smythe is gone, as if stolen by the fairies. If that is not supernatural, I——"

As he spoke they were all checked by an unusual sight; the big blue policeman came round the corner of the crescent, running. He came straight up to Brown.

"You're right, sir," he panted, "they've just found poor Mr. Smythe's body in the canal down below."

Angus put his hand wildly to his head. "Did he run down and drown himself?" he asked.

"He never came down, I'll swear," said the constable, "and he wasn't drowned either, for he died of a great stab over the heart."

"And yet you saw no one enter?" said Flambeau in a grave voice.

"Let us walk down the road a little," said the priest.

As they reached the other end of the crescent he observed abruptly, "Stupid of me ! I forgot to ask the policeman something. I wonder if they found a light brown sack."

"Why a light brown sack ?" asked Angus.

"Because if it was any other coloured sack, the case must begin over again," said Father Brown ; "but if it was a light brown sack, why the case is finished."

"I am pleased to hear it," said Angus with hearty irony. "It hasn't begun, so far as I am concerned."

"You must tell us all about it," said Flambeau with a strange heavy simplicity, like a child.

Unconsciously they were walking with quickening steps down the long sweep of road on the other side of the high crescent, Father Brown leading briskly, though in silence. At length he said with an almost touching vagueness, "Well, I'm afraid you'll think it so prosy. We always begin at the abstract end of things, and you can't begin this story anywhere else.

"Have you ever noticed this—that people never answer what you say ? They answer what you mean—or what they think you mean. Suppose one lady says to another in a country house, 'Is anybody staying with you ?' the lady doesn't answer 'Yes ; the butler, the three footmen, the parlourmaid, and so on,' though the parlourmaid may be in the room, or the butler behind her chair. She says, 'There is *nobody* staying with us,' meaning nobody of the sort you mean. But suppose a doctor inquiring into an epidemic asks, 'Who is staying in the house ?' then the lady will remember the butler, parlourmaid, and the rest. All language is used like that ; you never get a question answered literally, even when you get it answered truly. When those four quite honest men

said that no man had gone into the Mansions, they did not really mean that *no man* had gone into them. They meant no man whom they could suspect of being your man. A man did go into the house, and did come out of it, but they never noticed him."

"An invisible man?" inquired Angus, raising his red eyebrows.

"A mentally invisible man," said Father Brown.

A minute or two after he resumed in the same unassuming voice, like a man thinking his way: "Of course, you can't think of such a man until you do think of him. That's where his cleverness comes in. But I came to think of him through two or three little things in the tale Mr. Angus told us. First, there was the fact that this Welkin went for long walks. And then there was the vast lot of stamp paper on the window. And then, most of all, there were the two things the young lady said—things that couldn't be true. Don't get annoyed," he added hastily, noting a sudden movement of the Scotsman's head; "she thought they were true all right, but they couldn't be true. A person *can't* be quite alone in a street a second before she receives a letter. She can't be quite alone in a street when she starts reading a letter just received. There must be somebody pretty near her; he must be mentally invisible."

"Why must there be somebody near her?" asked Angus.

"Because," said Father Brown, "barring carrier-pigeons, somebody must have brought her the letter."

"Do you really mean to say," asked Flambeau, "that Welkin carried his rival's letters to his lady?"

"Yes," said the priest. "Welkin carried his rival's letters to his lady. You see, he had to."

"Oh, I can't stand much more of this," exploded

Flambeau. "Who is this fellow? What does he look like? What is the usual get-up of a mentally invisible man?"

"He is dressed rather handsomely in red, blue, and gold," replied the priest promptly with precision, "and in this striking, and even showy, costume he entered Himalaya Mansions under eight human eyes; he killed Smythe



"HE TOOK THREE QUICK STRIDES FORWARD . . ."

in cold blood, and came down into the street again carrying the dead body in his arms——"

"Reverend sir," cried Angus, standing still, "are you raving mad, or am I?"

"You are not mad," said Brown, "only a little unobservant. You have not noticed such a man as this, for example."

He took three quick strides forward, and put his hand on

the shoulder of an ordinary passing postman who had hustled by them unnoticed under the shade of the trees.

"Nobody ever notices postmen somehow," he said thoughtfully; "yet they have passions like other men, and even carry large bags where a small corpse can be stowed quite easily."

The postman, instead of turning naturally, had ducked and tumbled against the garden fence. He was a lean, fair-bearded man of very ordinary appearance, but as he turned an alarmed face over his shoulder, all three men were fixed with an almost fiendish squint.

Flambeau went back to his sabres, purple rugs, and Persian cat, having many things to attend to. John Turnbull Angus went back to the lady at the shop, with whom that imprudent young man contrives to be extremely comfortable. But Father Brown walked those snow-covered hills under the stars for many hours with a murderer, and what they said to each other will never be known.

Source : *The Innocence of Father Brown*.

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

Consider how the answer, "There's been nobody to ask since this gentleman went away" (paragraph 1, page 97) prove the truth of the remarks made by Father Brown in paragraph 8, pages 101-2. Then point out all the instances in the story that showed Father Brown to be an observant, thoughtful man. Now say what it was that helped the postman so much to carry out his scheme.

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

I. *Nouns*.—crescent, commissionaire, official, colossus, intuition, combination, simplicity, epidemic, precision.

Verb.—investigate.

Adjectives.—artistic, supernatural, emphatic, arrogant, serried, unobservant, imprudent.

Adverbs.—perpetually, unquestionably, involuntarily, substantially.

2. Explain the following:

"He's perpetually being haunted and threatened by an invisible enemy"; "Flambeau used a fierce exclamation and a French gesture"; "With a French . . . said 'Murder!'" (paragraph 3, page 98); "He recovered . . . an emphatic effort" (paragraph 2, page 99); "a mentally invisible man."

III. COMPOSITION

1. Write a short summary of the story.

2. If there are any points that puzzle you in the selection point them out.

IV. VOCABULARY (*continued*)

Prefixes.—*un, in, im, il, ig* = not.

Give two illustrations (from the story where possible) of the use of each prefix, and use each word in a sentence of your own.

super = above; *subter* = beneath.

Find six words in your dictionary, each with a different root, in which these prefixes are used—three examples for each prefix—and make sentences using the words.

The Loosing of the Lion's Whelps

Being the Story of the Boy with the Violet Eyes, and the Mutiny on Christmas Eve.

John Oxenham

INTRODUCTORY.—John Oxenham, the author of the story below, stands high among the best-known writers of to-day. In addition to some short stories, he has written many novels that you may read later. Try to get his book

The Hidden Years from the library.

It is interesting to know that Mr. John Oxenham said, when asked about this story, "The mutiny march was described to me by the Captain of a Training Ship in answer to a question of mine asking him had he ever any trouble with his flock."

THE Captain had just emerged from the doorway under the poop, and a thousand and one restless eyes focused themselves upon him and upon the small boy who stood before him.

The Captain had just had his lunch and a cigarette and black coffee, and was feeling good towards himself and the world generally. Not that he was in the habit of feeling very much otherwise. But with five hundred of the most skittish young monkeys in the world under his supreme control, for every one of whom he was answerable to the powers that be, the Captain found a tight hand on the reins as necessary to his position as the heavily worked gold peak to his cap, or the row of broad gold bands round his cuffs.

There was no more genial face aboard than the Captain's, and no keener eye for a loose and sloppy carriage at drill, or a button a-missing from a jumper when kit inspection came round.

To those five hundred brands plucked from the burning—or, to be more correct, waifs picked from the gutters—the Captain was God. A magnificent being who dwelt in a mysterious heaven under the poop, furnished with mirrors and pictures and rugs and couches and cigars and silver dishes and china and ladies and collie-dogs and Persian kittens, and all kinds of wonderful things: who condescended to walk among them and know them, whose omniscience kept the ship right side up, morally and physically and in every sense of the word; whose all-seeing eye they occasionally preferred not to meet; and who was to be regarded at all times with reverence and awe. And yet who evidently acknowledged some higher authority than his own, for during service and when grace was sung before meals he took off his cap.

In front of the Captain stood a small boy in a suit of cheap brown ready-mades, and behind the small boy stood a lady in the dainty blacks and whites and dove colours of a Nurse. The Nurse looked at the Captain, the Captain

looked at the small boy, the small boy looked at the Captain's boots.

"H'm! under the standard measurements, you say, Miss Patten?"

"Yes, Captain, *and* smokes fags!" said the Nurse, with a twinkling eye.



"AND YOU WANT TO BE A SAILOR, YOUNGSTER?"

"Fags!" said the Captain. "Bad! Very bad! What do you mean by smoking fags, you young ruffian?"

The young ruffian twiddled his cap uncomfortably, and shifted his feet in distress, but wisely said nothing.

A thousand and one eyes bored through him like gimlets, gloating over his discomfort as young bull-pups over a succulent rat.

"And you want to be a sailor, youngster?"

"Yessir!" and the boy flashed up a bright look at the gold-peaked cap above him.

The face below the peak was not very terrible. He took a good look at it, and the Captain took a good look at him.

"What's your name?"

"Charley Devil, sir!"

"What?" said the Captain sternly, scenting impudence.

"That is the name on the docket, Captain," interposed the Nurse.

"Call him Smith," said the Captain, "Charles D. Smith. Let him be entered so. We have enough of the Devil aboard without introducing him by name."

"Had any dinner?"

"No, sir."

"Good gracious, Miss Patten, he's starving. All right, we'll take him. Perhaps you will be so good as to take him along to the infirmary, and feed him, and disinfect him, and send him back here next week."

The Nurse sailed away with the small boy close on her heels, and cut a swath through the clustering masses of other small boys in blue, who rolled themselves back upon their fellows at her approach and left the path to the gangway clear. The front ranks closed up as they passed, and the rear ranks levied tribute on the new-comer in the shape of sly punches and grabs and pinches by way of showing him what a good time he would have when his week of probation in the infirmary was over.

But the Captain had mounted the poop ladder slowly and thoughtfully, and through all the exercises that followed, though his keen eyes failed not to note every slip, and his voice rang out swift and sharp on the instant, his mind was ranging back through the mazes of the past,

and he was saying to himself, "Who the deuce does that boy remind me of? And whose eyes are those?"

For they were very remarkable eyes—of a blue so deep as to be almost black—velvety soft and full of intelligence, and they struck some chord in the Captain's memory, and set it vibrating in a way that would give him no peace till the clue was found.

In his sixty years the Captain had served in every part of the world and mingled with men and women of all degrees. The sleuth hounds of his brain had therefore a mazy back-trail to follow, and the Captain had a deuce of a time of it.

"Charley Devil! Charley Devil!" he said to himself as he paced the poop with his hands behind him. "Now who the devil is Charley Devil, and who was his father, or . . . who was his mother? I've met those eyes before somewhere and somewhen. Where? . . . When?"

A week later Charley came off with the Chaplain in the first boat from the shore, and climbed briskly aboard, as clean and smart a little sailor in embryo as the whole five hundred could show. The Captain was taking his morning walk on deck. The Chaplain joined him, and Charley saluted gallantly, chin up, back like a ramrod.

"Ah!" said the Captain, regarding him with six days' unsatisfied puzzlement in his eyes, "there you are, boy!"

"Yes, sir!" and he wondered why the Captain stared so.

"Let me see, what's your name?"

"Smith, sir! Charley Dev—Smith, sir!"

"Right! Mr. Collins," to one of the quarter-masters, "will you take him in hand and show him his bearings?"

"Do you know, Captain, that's a very remarkable boy," said the Chaplain.

"Why?"

"Unless I'm very much mistaken there is a strain of unusually fine blood in him. You couldn't help noticing his eyes. But did you notice his chin, his nose, his forehead, the general cast of his features and head? He comes out of the gutter and is smirched with it, but he's not of it. There's a wonderful individuality about him, and he'll go far—either up or down. He's as keen as a razor, and I'll bet—I'll wager, I mean—he knows more than any boy on this ship. Where he picked it all up I can't make out, but he's fascinatingly clever. He has brains, and he knows how to use them. There's no position that boy might not rise to."

"Or fall to," said the Captain.

"We must see to that. I never had such a boy in my hands before. It'll be a pleasure to see what we can make of him."

And the Captain resumed his walk and the consideration of his conundrum.

Charley settled down quietly among the others and gave no such undue signs of brilliance as would have brought down upon him the wrath of his fellows. But he swam two lengths of the big bath the second time he was in it, though he had never swum a stroke before, and when, the second day after his arrival, No. 75—a big loose-limbed fellow named Rafferty, with a tendency towards undue coercion and the taking of liberties with boys smaller than himself—attempted something of the kind with No. 502, it was "one—two—three," and Master Rafferty was spitting out blood and a tooth before he knew what had struck him.

In all his classes he absorbed knowledge in a way that was simply extraordinary, and perhaps even more remarkable still was the self-repression and tact which kept him from making any parade of his cleverness. He "wanted to know," and was never happy till he knew all about it, but the satisfaction of his craving for knowledge seemed to suffice him. He seemed, in fact, satisfied to learn for the simple pleasure of knowing, without any thought of position or reward.

His genial good-humour, enlivened by an occasional fiery outbreak of wrath, made him a general favourite, and, small as he was, the influence he acquired over his chums was remarkable. They felt somehow that he was of different fibre from themselves, and instead of ostracising him, as might have been the case, they felt themselves dominated by the big spirit of the small boy.

The simple fact that, new-comer and small boy as he was, he very soon became the leading spirit of the whole five hundred, speaks more for him than a multitude of words.

His great fault—he had many, but they did not root deep—was a reckless impulsiveness which jumped him into things on the spur of the moment, utterly regardless of consequences.

With equal lack of self-consideration he dropped sixty feet from the yard to the rescue of a drowning mate, whose eye he had blackened that very morning, and who had slipped overboard while skylarking in one of the boats—and flung his tin plate of meat and potatoes at the head of his *vis-à-vis* at table for some fancied insult. These two typical incidents happened on one day, and for the latter he duly suffered punishment, while the former in due course brought him a silver medal from the R.H.S.

But both were the simple outcroppings of his nature. He took to himself no credit for the one, and felt no blame for the other. He simply "couldn't help it."

And, while the months rolled by, the Captain's eye singled him out of the whole five hundred at drill and at play, and dwelt upon him in musing abstraction.

The strongly marked face, with its fine curves and its great violet eyes, possessed for him all the piquancy of an unsolved enigma, and in course of time somewhat of the irritation. So that after one of his musing fits the Captain would turn away and scratch his right temple with his forefinger and say to himself:

"Hang it all, who the devil is Charley Devil?"

But, well as he got on, Master Charley's course was not all smooth sailing.

The Instructors were mostly old sailors, navy pensioners with plenty of practical knowledge but deficient in some cases in the skill and tact to impart it. And one or two of these old sea dogs, remembering the bitter days of their own training, and recognising only too painfully their own deficiencies in many respects, and the brightness of the spirit that was in their hands for the moulding, took a spite at him and conceived it their duty to take him down a peg or two.

So they bore heavily on him, and harried him, and instead of breaking, it but hardened and brightened him, as much hammering tempers the blade in the making.

But since it is not in the nature of any boy to balance present discomfort by thought of future benefit accruing therefrom, Charley Devil carried anything but angelic feelings towards some of his masters.

Mr. Tompion, the gunnery instructor, especially gave him no peace. He was a small thing, red-haired, pock-

marked, voice like a file, temper of a bear—a gunner to the finger-tips, but nothing else—scarcely even a man.

At gun-drill it is usual to make the boys occasionally change places, so that by degrees each shall get to know his neighbour's work as well as his own. That is all right, but when day after day, "Now You, No. 16" was harshly ordered to replace No. 2, and then No. 1, and then No. 3, and 4, 5, 6, and so on right up to his own original number, it became in the mind of No. 16 an injustice, and that is how Charley Devil came to hate Mr. Tompion the gunner, and that is how this story came to be written.

No. 16 of No. 2 gun never grumbled, never flinched, and did his work right well, but he hated his task-master with all his bright little soul, and after gun-drill he was fagged out and snappish, and his chums came to understand that he preferred being left alone till it wore off.

But, quite unintentionally on Tompion's part, the effect on the crew of No. 2 gun was excellent. They beat No. 1 all into fits, and could dismantle and refit in three seconds less than Whale Island's best record.

All the same, Charley Devil hated Mr. Tompion the gunner.

Twice during the summer the youngster got away in the ship's cruising tender, the brigantine *Dreadnought*, for a week's practical seamanship, to the extreme delight, and expansion almost to bursting, of his soul.

He learned much in those two glorious weeks and enjoyed them to the utmost. Mr. Tompion was left behind, and Charley Devil, released from torment, gathered in knowledge from truck to keelson, and seemed to be all over the ship at once.

Then back to bondage and the truculent Tompion, and so at last to Christmas Eve and Judgment Day.

The Captain and his wife and daughter were to spend their Christmas Eve on board the *Impregnable*, which was lying off Thames Haven, ten miles downstream, and whose Captain was a very old friend of theirs.

The Officers of the *Impregnable* were giving a ball that night, and had invited their friends from far and near, and for the conveyance of himself and his wife and daughter our Captain had chartered a small steam-launch from a ship-yard up the river.

He set his house in order, gave strict instructions to his Officers as to the care of the ship during his absence, patted the collie-dog's head and tickled the ear of the Persian kitten, and soon the launch was chuff-chuffing merrily away against the tide, with a rising wind astern.

The boys were in the highest of spirits. Much as they liked their Captain, his temporary absence superinduced in their minds a feeling of laxity of restraint akin to that proverbially experienced by the household mice when the cat is away.

Next day was Christmas Day—whole holiday—roast beef and plum-pudding—and a jollification at night, in preparation for which the band was even then blowing itself black in the face down in the orlop¹ deck.

And for his sins the Fates ordained that the Officer on duty at supper-time that night should be—Mr. Tompion.

He prowled about among the tables, sourly, rattily, with a venomous look on his hairy little face, finding fault right and left, with reason and without.

Whose hand flung the first missile will never be known. It is one of the mysteries of history akin to that of the Man in the Iron Mask and the Tichborne Claimant. I know

¹ Orlop = the deck on which cables, sails, etc., are stowed.

whose hand it was not, but whose hand it was has never been revealed.

But in a moment the 'tween-deck dimness was dark with flying chunks of bread and tin pannikins of cocoa, full and empty, and blatant with shrill whistles and cat-calls, the hammering of tin on wood, and the stamping of a thousand frenzied feet.

And Tompion of the rat face and small soul was flying for his life, and pandemonium had broken loose.

And ten miles away down-stream the dear old Captain was dilating to Lord Charles Ellesmere, Rear-Admiral and Junior Lord of the Admiralty, on the goodness of his boys and the pitch of perfection to which he had brought their discipline.

When Tompion escaped from the jungle-tangle of out-stretched legs and the hurtling shower of missiles, and burst into the Officers' mess-room, they say his hair was pale straw colour.

His face at all events was blanched, and he gasped out his story and fell in a spent heap on the floor.

"Serve you right, Tompion, you always were a brute. Hope it'll be a lesson to you, if you haven't made the little devils break loose altogether," said the Drill-master.

Then the other Officers sprang up to deal with the matter, and Tompion panted along in the rear.

The boys heard them coming.

"Out lights!" sang out one, and as the heavy steps of the law and order descended the ladder they descended into a darkness and silence palpitating with panting breaths and pregnant with the uttermost possibilities.

"Now, boys, what's all this?" sang out the Drill-master, and to those behind—"Lights, there!"

Then, lights procured, swinging lamp in hand the Officers marched down the room.

Every boy was in his place, motionless, looking straight before him, but the tables were bare and the floor was strewn with pannikins and chunks of bread.

"This is disgraceful conduct," said the Drill-master.



"YOU WHELP! YOU GUTTER-SCUM! I'LL TEACH YOU!"

"Who started it? Who threw first? I must know or I must punish you all."

No answer.

"You any idea, Mr. Tompion? Who are the ring-leaders?"

"That boy Smith. He threw first, I think."

"That is a lie," said Charley Devil.

"A lie!" roared Tompion, bold in numbers. "You say I lie?"

"Yes!" said Charley Devil.

"You whelp! You gutter-scum! I'll teach you!" and at the word he dashed at the boy, and had him by the collar, and was dragging him to the gangway leading below.

The others closed round, more than doubtful of Tompion's accuracy, but bound to uphold his action and show a bold front before the boys.

The prisoner was marched to the Black Hole, the ship's prison, and securely locked therein.

And then the fat was in the fire, and as the Officers' heads appeared up the ladder again it blazed up in a mighty flame—metaphorically speaking, of course. Actually, 'tween decks was as dark as Erebus. But as the heads appeared, silhouetted by the flickering lamps behind, a hailstorm of tin cups and every other missile the boys could lay hands on burst upon them, and drove them back.

They tried hard to stand up against the storm, but it was impossible. They bent their heads and tried to breast it. Tin cups, dishes, crusts swept them like grape. They wavered—broke, and all was over.

The boys felt their power. They sprang up roaring like the Lion's Whelps they were. They flung themselves down the ladder upon the Officers in dozens and scores and hundreds. They bore them to the deck by sheer weight of numbers, and danced on them.

A score of Charley Devil's special chums wrenched up a bench and dashed in the door of the Black Hole with it, and yelled with joy as they dragged him out.

He blinked at the light of the single lamp, for the darkness of the Black Hole was a thing to be cut with a knife.

“Where are the Officers?” was Charley’s first question.

The mutineers pointed gleefully to divers writhing, struggling heaps of humanity, like so many football mêlées. Under each heap was an Officer, or what had been an Officer five minutes before. Now he was only a man, and a bruised and beaten man at that.

“We’re in for it, you fellows,” said Charley, “and there’s only one way out. We must cut. No good going ashore here, we’d be caught in no time. I’m off in the *Dreadnought*. Who goes?”

It took their breath away for a moment. The wind was whistling loud through the rigging, and the whole ship hummed with it. They could hear the waves leaping and thrashing at the ship’s sides, although the reach they were in was comparatively sheltered. It would be a black night outside.

“Can we manage her?” asked one.

“We’ve got to. We’ve gone too far here. The sooner we’re away the better. Who goes?”

A score of them consented to the venture.

“You six get all the prog you can from the cook’s galley, and a keg of water. Boyce, get a sheet of paper from the library. We’ll make these fellows as safe as we can before we leave. The Officers we’ll tie up in their cabins. Now boys!—steady! ’tention! Leave him to me.”

He went up to the nearest pile of small boys and managed at length to disintegrate it and to disinter the Officer. It was the Drill-master Robbins.

“Sorry, Mr. Robbins,” said Charley, “but we’ve got to tie you up.”

Robbins made a heave, but the body-guard flung themselves on him and he was borne down again. Then

with lengths of thin rope they lashed him round and round till he could not move hand or foot.

"Stretcher?" said Charley.

Four boys trotted off and were back in a moment with the brown canvas stretcher they used at gun-drill. The Drill-master was rolled on to it and borne away to his cabin.

The rest were served the same way, and the boys were in full possession of the ship.

Then they gathered round Charley, and, his big eyes blazing and his finely cut little face all aflame, he said:

"This is a bad night's work for some of us. It's gone further than we meant it to. These other fellows," indicating his chosen band, "and me are going to stand the racket, and if you do no further mischief, you'll get off light. I'm going to leave a paper for the Captain and we're all going to sign it, saying it was us made all the trouble. Then we're going to bolt. If any of you touches anything in the Captain's cabins he'll know it's you did it, not us."

And with a stub of pencil he hurriedly wrote out a round robin on the sheet of paper Boyce had brought from the library.

"DEAR CAPTAIN.—It was all Tompion's fault. We could not stand him any longer. Then the other Officers interfered and we had to serve them all the same. Nothing has been touched in your rooms and no damage done the ship up to time of leaving. We take all the blame. Good-bye.

"Yours dutifully. . . ."

The writing was in a circle in the middle of the sheet, and the chosen twenty carefully inscribed their names and

numbers, radiating from it like the spokes of a cart-wheel.

He marched to the door of the Captain's cabin under the poop, the rest streaming after him like the tail of a comet. He pinned it on with four tacks and then sped to the gangway, waved his cap and was gone, with the twenty at his heels.

The wind howled shrill and cold, the black waves flung the boats about and showed white teeth. Some of them would have liked to go back, but it was too late.

"Out oars—shove off!" and in five minutes they were bumping alongside the *Dreadnought*.

They tumbled aboard, pitched in the provisions, fitted the handles to the windlass and hove her up inch by inch towards the leaping buoy. It was awful work against wind and tide, and they nearly burst their hearts over it, but it had to be done and at last the plunging barrel was close under the bows.

Charley sang out for half-a-dozen of them to cast loose a bit of the jib and haul it tight, and ran off himself to the wheel. The brigantine got a bit of way on her, and tugged at the buoy as though she would haul it up bodily, moorings and all. He gave the wheel half a turn, she eased round to the buoy for a moment, a dozen eager hands cast her loose, the wheel spun round, and the *Dreadnought* swung off towards mid-stream.

Then Captain Charley dropped a treble-reefed square-sail, and, with half a gale astern and a heavy tide, the little ship ran swiftly down towards the sea.

The lights on shore dropped past them, and the bobbing flickers of the ships lying at anchor, and once they shot silently past, and perilously close to, a great liner that was bellowing her way up-stream. And the boys clustered

silently together and wondered what would be the end of it all.

On board the *Impregnable* the last dance had been danced—Lord Charles Ellesmere dancing with the Captain's daughter—fifth dance they had danced together that night—the band had played “God Save the King”—farewells had been said, and our Captain, having stowed away his wife and daughter in the dancing little launch, was standing on the dripping grating at the foot of the gangway waiting for Charles Ellesmere. The men above, whose guest he had been, would hardly let him go. But he had allowed himself to be persuaded by the Captain to return with him to his ship, so that he might inspect the boys and be inspected by them, before going back to London in the morning. And perhaps, remembering those five dances, and the fact that an inspection of the training-ship would allow him a few more hours in the company of the Captain's daughter, he was not very difficult to persuade.

Charles Ellesmere, twenty years before, had served as midddy on the Captain's first command. Since then he had gone far and high, and made a world-wide reputation, and the Captain was proud of him, and nothing would do but he must introduce the magnificent Sea Lion to his own Lion's Whelps. And, with the Captain's daughter in his eye, the Sea Lion laughingly consented.

And so at last Lord Charles ran down the gangway, and the steam launch cast loose from Leviathan and set its black nose up-stream into the teeth of half a gale and a racing tide.

It was heavy work, and they won the lights on shore one by one with strain and stress that made the engineer regard his little engines anxiously.

The gale increased, and in the long stretch of Gravesend Reach the waves got bigger. Still they made headway, and it was only a question of time and staying-power.

Time they had in plenty, staying-power sufficient for their requirements, but floating wreckage and such-like accidents were beyond their control.

The ladies had made themselves as snug as circumstances permitted in the little astern cabin. The two men sat near the engineer amidships, and chewed their cigars, because the gale would not let them smoke them.

The white foam rolled up in furrows from the throbbing nose of the launch, and came slatting over them in drenching sheets.

It was heavy work, though the engines were thrashing away at high pressure, and they picked up the shore lights so slowly that at times they seemed to make no headway at all.

Then suddenly a series of sharp blows and bumps, a grinding along the side—*crack!* *crack!* *gr-r-r-r!* *bz-z-z-z-z!*

The launch shivered, fell off, and broached to, broadside to the waves. The engines raced madly for a moment till the engineer shut off steam and sent it hissing through the 'scape-pipes.

"Screw's smashed," he shouted into their ears. Then a wave leaped the side, flooded them to the knees and put out the fire, and the crippled launch drifted like a log down towards the sea.

"Keep her before the wind," shouted Ellesmere to the steersman, "we shall be pooped. Any oars aboard?—sweeps—anything?"

"No," bawled the man, "never carry 'em!"

They were drifting fast. The three miles they had won

so hardly in their half-hour's fight since leaving the ship were already lost. The lights of the *Impregnable* wobbled past to port, dim and blurred with the flying spume.

"Shout!—all together!" cried Ellesmere again, and they shouted their best through their hollowed hands.

But the gale cut their voices off short, and carried their hail uselessly down the wind.

The boat, moving slower than the tide, kept falling away, and each time the waves came tumbling in, and now and again the white-capped racers behind leaped the stern and dashed, foaming and creaming against the bolted doors of the cabin.

"This won't do," said Ellesmere. He was a man of resource, and in a quarter of an hour, scrambling about at risk of his life, he rigged up a jury-mast and sail by means of the flagstaff from the stern and a boat-hook inserted in the arms of his overcoat.

It sufficed to give the boat steerage way and kept her ahead of the hungry waves behind, but nothing more.

He had hoped to edge her in towards Thames Haven, but found it impossible, and the boat swept on towards the sea.

It was towards daylight when, with a shock that flung them all off their feet, the boat ran headlong into a bank, half mud, half sedge, and the waves leaped savagely over her.

It seemed to Ellesmere and the Captain that the end was come.

No shore was visible, nothing but muddy white waves racing over miles of hideous, half-submerged flats, with deep channels in between.

The wind and waves forced the boat over the bank, she slipped into deep water again, and drove headlong on to

another bank, shuddering and quivering, and strained in every plank.

It was bitterly cold, they were all soaked to the skin, and the faces of the men were bleached and sodden with the whipping of the wind and the salt.

The Captain and Lord Charles debated the idea of quitting the launch and making an effort to struggle to shore with the ladies. But the risks were too great. There was nothing for it but to stop where they were and hope to be seen from the shore or by some passing ship.

The tide had turned and was rising rapidly in spite of the gale.

The launch leaked like a sieve after her straining overnight.

She would sink as soon as the water rose high enough. It was only a question of time with them—and Providence.

The tide rose, and the launch remained fast and waterlogged on the mud-bank. They hoisted the ladies on to the precarious roof of the cabin and clung around it themselves.

They peered through the gale with aching eyes for something to heave in sight. And at last :

“Thank God !” cried Ellesmere, “here comes something ! Shout !—again ! All together !—Something to wave !—something white !”

He looked desperately round, tore off his coat and waved his white arms. And then, into his despairing hands the Captain's daughter thrust a white underskirt.

“God bless you !” he cried, and held it high in the wind. “That will save us. Hurrah ! they're coming-to ! . . . Now what can they be up to, and how will they get us off ? No boat can live across those flats. A hawser and cradle might do it, but they're not likely to have one.

Ah, there goes the anchor, and she rides to it. A brigantine."

"It's the *Dreadnought*," said the Captain. "Good lads! They've come after their Captain. Macnaughten will manage it somehow. He's got a head on him."

"Here comes someone," cried Ellesmere, and a little



"SHOUT!—AGAIN! ALL TOGETHER!"

black head was seen bobbing like a cork over the waves.

"A life-line, I'll be bound."

"She carries cradle and hawser and the lads are well up to it," said the Captain.

The black head came nearer and nearer. Now head and naked chest rose high out of the water as the swimmer struck a mud-flat and staggered over it, then into deep water again, and so at last to the launch, and hung there

by one hand, panting, and dashing the water out of mouth and eyes with the other.

"Charley Devil! Charley Devil!" cried the Captain, salt not of the sea filling his eyes. "God give you good for this, lad! You save our lives."

The boy turned up a blue, cold-pinched face and laughed up at them from his chattering teeth a wild laugh that was half a sob, then scrambled in over the bulwarks and hung on to the cabin roof.

And at the Captain's word Ellesmere whirled round on him and gripped his arm with so fierce a grip that the marks showed for a week. His mouth opened but no word came, and still gripping the Captain's arm he looked down into the big violet eyes of the boy, and then he fell a-trembling as with an ague.

"Mr. Macnaughten aboard?" queried the Captain, as he loosed the life-line from the boy's naked body.

"No, sir! no one but us boys."

Then, as the Captain was going to waste precious time asking questions, he panted:

"Tell you later. Haul on the line now. Hawser—cradle ready—no time to lose."

And they hauled in the life-line gingerly, till a thicker rope came to hand, then hauled on to that with a will, and so at last to the hawser.

Ellesmere worked like a giant, but his usually bright open face was twisted and knitted in spite of the clenching of his jaw, which showed through the tense skin.

Hauling again, the cradle came to hand, and they sent off the engineer in it to test it. A red flag waved aboard, and they hauled back the empty cradle. Then the Captain's wife made the journey, and his daughter. Then the remaining members of the launch's crew. Then,

much against his will, Lord Charles. Then Charley Devil, muffled against the cutting wind in the Captain's daughter's beautiful white underskirt. And last of all the Captain.

And the Captain wore a very grave face, for while they sat alone together on the roof of the cabin of the launch Charley Devil had explained the situation to him, and the



" THEN THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE MADE THE JOURNEY . . . "

situation was a grave one indeed, and the Captain's heart was sore.

"If we hadn't run on a mud-flat miles up-stream we should have been off Holland by this time, but I'm glad we stuck, Captain, and we'll just take our lickings like little men," was Charley Devil's epilogue.

But the Captain's heart was heavy, for he doubted if their outbreak could be satisfied by any amount of lickings.

Charley Devil's body was clothed, and his face was filling out to its natural curves by the time the Captain was hauled aboard and Lord Charles Ellesmere could not keep his eyes off him.

This was no time for explanations, however. They were all weather-worn, water-soaked, and weary, and with as little delay as possible they hauled up the anchor, got sail on her, and made long and short tacks for Thames Haven.

It was just after lunch that same day.

Lord Charles Ellesmere and the Captain were sitting in the Captain's snugery with coffee and cigars.

Ellesmere had been very silent all the morning, and his face still bore that strange, strained look of anxious thought that had come over it so suddenly on the cabin roof of the launch.

Now in the privacy of the Captain's room he spoke.

"Will you tell me all you know about that boy, Captain? Charley—what was it you called him?"

"Charley Devil! He's a fine little fellow and ought to have been a credit to us. Now I'm afraid he's broken himself. Do you know the young devils mutinied last night and tied up all my Officers, and these twenty on the *Dreadnought* were bolting when they came across us."

"Never mind all that for a moment, if you don't mind. Tell me all you know about Charley Devil."

"He came to us a year ago——"

"Where from?"

"Let's see," said the Captain, hauling out a red-bound ledger. "Here you are. Here's his record."

Ellesmere bent forward and read the record carefully and thoughtfully. Then he leaned back in his chair, and the

smoke rolled up in ragged clouds from his fiercely bitten cigar.

He drummed nervously on the long arm of his chair for a moment, and then said :

“ Do you remember Carlotta Deville ? ”

And the Captain's open palm came down on the table with a bang that made the ladies in the adjoining cabin say that the shore boys were shooting at the gulls again.

“ Good God ! ” he said, “ that's my missing clue. I knew I ought to know his eyes, and I've ransacked my memory for them. And—and—— ” he began. “ You—my God ! I thought I had saved you from that connection ? ”

“ I married her. She left me eighteen months later, taking the child with her. I heard of her death seven years ago, but I could get no trace of the boy. That is my boy, Captain ! . . . Look here ! ” he added, opening a gold locket which hung inside his vest.

And, bending down, the Captain looked into the great violet eyes of Carlotta Deville, and on the other side he gazed with amazement into the face of Charley Devil.

“ But how—— ? ” he began, pointing to the boy's face.

“ That is myself at the age of twelve. I always hoped to come across my boy, and that he would be like what I was. Charley Devil was the name she always called me. When you called the boy that on the launch this morning my heart stopped beating, and when I looked into his eyes I knew that I had found my boy ! ”

The Captain lay back in his chair and gazed at his friend with astonishment.

“ And what will you do now ? ” he asked at length.

Lord Charles did not answer him at once. He smoked musingly, and then said quietly :

“For the boy’s own sake I must get the proofs as clear as possible. For myself I am satisfied.”

The Captain nodded, and they smoked in silence.

“And you, Captain, what is your next step? What are you going to do with your young scamps? Swishings all round?—Bread and water for a week?—Black Hole in turns?”

“I’ve not made up my mind yet. The idea of caning five hundred boys is absurd. Bread and water for a week means a full hospital for a month. I don’t hold with hitting a boy in the stomach. They’ve not any too much stamina yet. Half of them would be down with something in no time.”

“Had they any real cause for the outbreak?”

“I fear they had. Still, it was utterly inexcusable.”

“That of course. Mutiny is mutiny. You must bring it home to them somehow in a way they won’t forget.”

“You bet I will! Suppose we hold a Court-martial before you leave.”

“All right! Glad to be of any service to you.”

They constituted themselves a Court of Enquiry on the spot. They examined the Officers one by one, carefully and searchingly—Tompion last of all—and arrived at a very fair idea of the facts of the case.

“That fellow’s at the bottom of your trouble,” said Lord Charles, as Tompion quitted the room. “I know the type. He always makes trouble. Now send for Charley Devil.”

Charley’s bright face appeared at the door, clouded with a look of anxiety.

He saluted, and stood before the two men, straight and slim and bright as a bird.

“Now, Charley,” said the Captain, “let us have your account of this unfortunate matter again.”

And bit by bit he drew it all out of the boy.

Ellesmere never took his eyes off him, and the Captain, glancing from face to face, was more and more impressed with the wonderful likeness between them.

"Now tell me," said the Captain finally, "were you the first to throw?"

"No, sir, I was not."

"Do you know who it was?"

The boy shifted uneasily from foot to foot, and twirled his cap round and round, while Lord Charles eyed him anxiously.

"I think you must not ask me that, sir," he said at last.

"All right, my boy, that will do."

Charley saluted briskly and turned to go.

"Carol, Carol, mon petit diable! Sharley Deville, Sharley Devil!" said Ellesmere quietly, as if to himself.

The boy wheeled quickly, and brought his hand to the salute again, passed it confusedly over his brow and said dreamily:

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Maman!" Then—like one awakening—"Beg pardon, sir!"—saluted again, and stepped out.

Ellesmere dropped his head into his hands.

"That proves it beyond all question," he said at last, with deep emotion. "I have heard his mother say that to him hundreds of times before he could understand it, and he remembers her."

After a while the two men laid their heads together and discussed punishment plans.

"Will you stop and see it through?" asked the Captain, when they had come to a decision.

"If you will keep me. I shall be interested to see how they take it, and I want to see how my boy behaves."

The ship was quiet very early that night, and sleep was sound and deep, but the occupant of the hammock next to Charley Smith heard him murmuring strange and uncouth words in his sleep, and surmised that he had "gone a bit batty in the steeple."

Next morning at half-past nine the Captain and his visitor stood at the poop-railing, the focus of five hundred pairs of anxious eyes.

The boys were drawn up in four parallel lines on each side of the deck, awaiting sentence, and there was no need for the bugler to sound for silence.

In the open space between the lines of boys walked the Officers, each armed with a stout cane. Mr. Tompion was not there.

Lord Charles leaned his strong brown hands on the railing, and said in a voice that rang along the deck like a silver trumpet:

"Boys! I have served my country in most parts of the world, and I have always had reason to be proud of the lads who served under me. I have had to come back to England to find English boys to be ashamed of. Will you read me this motto? Read it aloud each one of you!" He pointed to the ornamental scroll that ran along the edge of the poop. "Louder! I want to hear you!"

A murmurous growl rose and swelled along the lines of the Lion's Whelps which purported to be "England expects every man to do his duty."

"Now!" said Lord Charles as the growl died away. "Boys! do you know where you would be at this moment if you were men in the service? I'll tell you! You would be lying, every one of you, in chains on the lower deck under sentence of death."

A visible shiver passed along the ranks of the Whelps.

“ Now you have got to take your punishment. Take it like men, and learn this lesson and let it last you all your lives. The first thing of all is—OBEDIENCE ! ”

Then the Captain spoke to them gravely and sorrowfully.

When he had ended there was a pause, and the unhappy Whelps twisted their fingers tight behind their backs and wondered whether they were to be hanged or shot.

For a long half-hour they stood in cold fear while the Captain and Lord Charles paced the quarter-deck.

Then the Captain signalled to his bugler, and the thousand anxious eyes flashed back to the railing.

“ Attention ! ” cried the Captain. “ Left wheel !—March ! ” and the deck was thunderous with the tread of a thousand lively feet.

Round and round the long deck they went, lines even, steps regular as clock-work. And in the open space in the centre walked the Officers with their canes.

The Whelps started off at a good brisk pace and rather enjoyed it after the dreary wait.

They did over four miles in the first hour.

In the second hour they did slightly under the four miles.

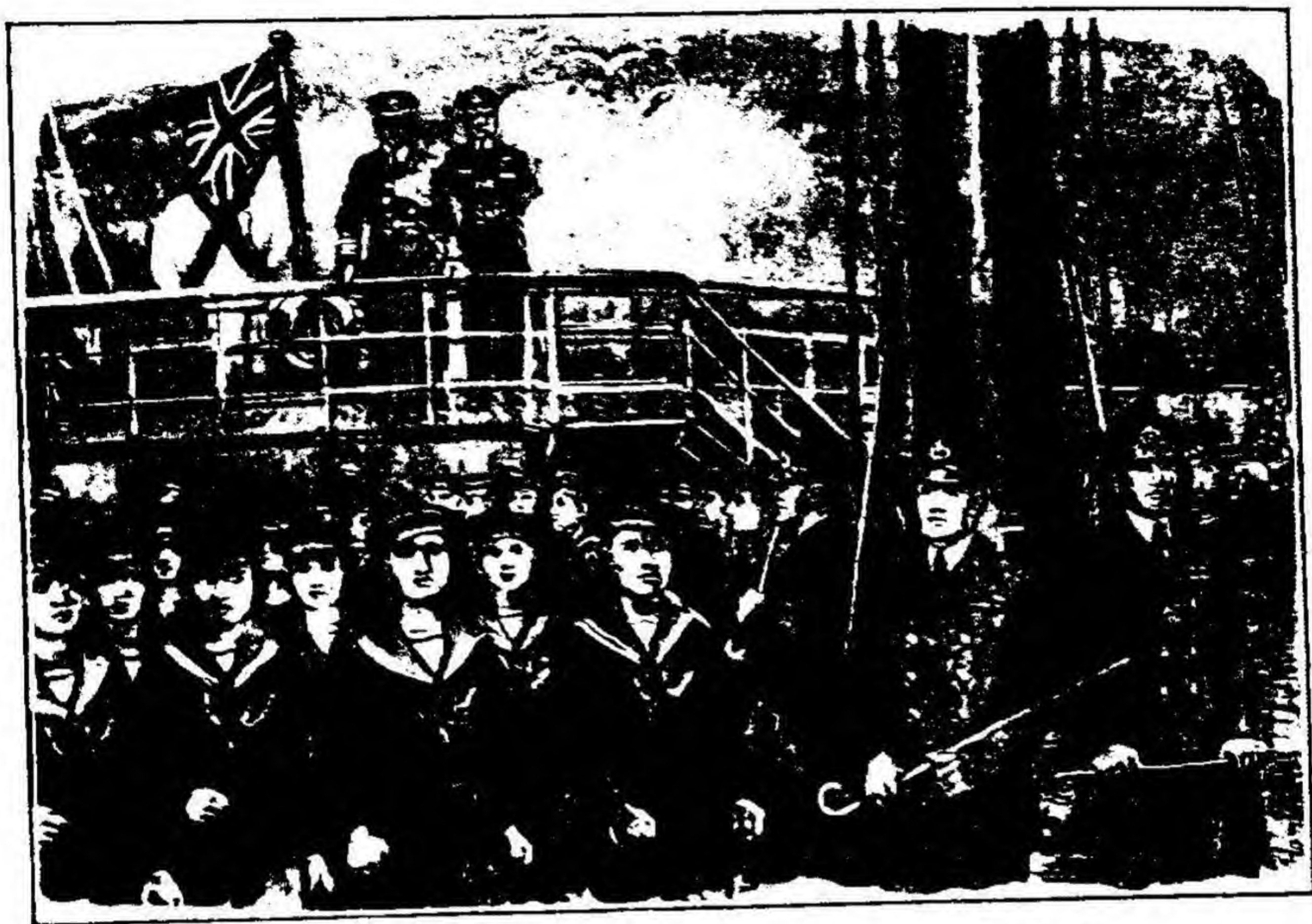
In the third hour they began to find it monotonous, and one-eyed Rafferty (he had lost his eye on the ship or he wouldn't have been there), who had chuckled all through the first hour at the simplicity of the Captain's idea of punishment, found it advisable now to keep his mouth closed and say his swears away down in his stomach instead of giving his neighbours the benefit of them in whispers.

In the fourth hour the pace fell off and the lines became irregular.

The Whelps began to experience unusual pains in their hind legs.

Some of them commenced to limp. Their faces were mostly mottled red and white in patches.

In the fifth hour the pace became dogged and heavy. No boy looked at his neighbour's face, but each hung his eyes desperately on to the head of his front file man. Their faces were white, and their breathing short and



"THEY DID OVER FOUR MILES IN THE FIRST HOUR."

panting. Occasionally a boy fell out of the ranks, dead beat. The Officers' canes stung him back into his place again.

The sixth hour was martyrdom. It was a scotched snake that wriggled painfully round the deck at a funeral pace, and the Officers had a busy time of it.

The seventh hour finished them—and their punishment.

The bugle pealed, and three-fourths of them dropped like logs.

Never ship held a more un-mutinous set of mutineers. But they have never forgotten it, and the tradition of it has been handed down from generation to generation, and the "Mutiny March" is still spoken of with bated breath on board, and is described with gusto and grand exaggeration in many a ship throughout the world.

Charley Devil had walked it out, but when the bugle sounded, his knees wobbled as though they were fitted with ball-bearings. He kept up, however, and managed to stagger to his hammock.

Whenever throughout that weary twenty-five mile tramp the boy had looked up at the quarter-deck it seemed to him that the keen eye of Lord Charles Ellesmere was fixed upon him. As soon as his file wheeled round towards the poop he got into the way of looking for that eye, and it was always waiting for him and never seemed to leave him, and, in some way that he could not understand, it braced him up and put new life into him.

Many and many a time since then have Lieutenant Charles Ellesmere and his father, the Admiral, laughed over the Mutiny and the Mutiny March.

Source : *The Loosing of the Lion's Whelps.*

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

Study the introduction to this fine story; it presents to you the Captain, the 500 boys, and the "small boy."

The second and third paragraphs further introduce the Captain, while the seventeen short paragraphs that follow place the "small boy" before you again, and the paragraph beginning "The Nurse sailed away," gives you a glimpse of the 500.

Pages 109 and 110 keep the Captain and the boy to the front. Pages 110-113 are devoted to Charley, but the Captain returns to the picture on

page 114. On page 113 a disturbing element—the Instructors—is brought in and “Mr. Tompion” begins to play a part. From that moment serious trouble is developed, leading to the mutiny. Further interest is aroused by the appearance of Lord Charles Ellesmere, and then the story passes rapidly to an unexpected climax.

Read the story again and note where and why the writer uses long and short sentences.

Study the language of the story, such as the verbs in paragraph 7, page 112; or those in paragraph 3, page 114—“They tried to stand against the storm, etc.”; “They bent their heads and tried to breast it”; “Tin cups, etc., swept them like grape”; “They wavered—broke, and all was over.” Point out other instances of the author’s striking choice of words.

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

1. *Nouns*.—omniscience, infirmary, individuality, coercion, repression, abstraction, piquancy, enigma, irritation, deficiencies, pandemonium, epilogue.

Verbs.—focused, condescended, vibrating, ostracising, palpitating, silhouetted, disintegrate.

Adjectives.—succulent, typical, truculent, venomous, pregnant, inexcusable, murmurous, monotonous.

Adverbs.—physically, fascinatingly, unintentionally, proverbially, metaphorically.

2. Explain the following:

“Whose omniscience kept the ship right side up, morally and physically”; “There’s a wonderful individuality about him, and he’ll go far—either up or down”; “In all his classes . . . of his cleverness” (paragraph 1, page 111); “His general good-humour . . . was remarkable” (paragraph 2, page 111); “utterly regardless of consequences”; “Much as they liked . . . when the cat is away” (paragraph 4, page 114).

III. COMPOSITION

1. Show how the boy was marked out from the others even at the beginning, and then show how he became the leading spirit of the 500.

2. Write a summary of the story.

IV. VOCABULARY (continued)

Suffixes :

The suffixes *ary*, *ory*, *ry*, *er* are used to indicate where people or things, etc., are kept. Thus *infirmary* (paragraph 10, page 108) is a place where the sick or “infirm” are treated.

Explain the following words: aviary, apiary, sanctuary, granary, armoury, depository, dormitory, larder, pantry.

The suffixes *er, ier, eer, ary* denote a worker, a craftsman, someone employed. Explain these words: officer, mariner, archer, butcher, brigadier, engineer, lapidary, antiquary, butler, carpenter, farrier, premier. The suffixes *ence, ance* are often used as "noun makers" and indicate *state* or *condition*; see *impudence*, paragraph 5, page 108. There are many other examples in the story, find them.

Fairy Land

John Galsworthy

INTRODUCTORY.—John Galsworthy ranks among the most famous writers of the twentieth century. He was awarded the Nobel prize for Literature in 1932. His novels are fine studies of life in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; you may read them later. Some short stories in one of his books called *Caravan* may interest you even now.

IT was about three o'clock, this November afternoon, when I rode down into "Fairylane," as it is called about here. The birch trees there are more beautiful than any in the world; and when the clouds are streaming over in rain-grey, and the sky soaring above in higher blue, just seen, those gold and silver creatures have such magical loveliness as makes the hearts of mortals ache. The fairies, who have been driven off the moor, alone watch them with equanimity, if they be not indeed the birch trees themselves—especially those little very golden ones which have strayed out into the heather on the far side of the glen.

"Revenge!" the fairies cried, when a century ago those for whom they do not exist just to amuse made the new road over the moor, cutting right through the home of twilight, that wood above the "Falls," where till then they had always enjoyed inviolable enchantment. They trooped forthwith in their multitudinous secrecy down into the

glen, to swarm about the old road. In half a century or so they had it almost abandoned, save for occasional horsemen and harmless persons seeking beauty, for whom the fairies have never had much feeling of aversion. And now, after a hundred years, it is all theirs ; the ground so goldened with leaves and bracken that the old track is nothing but a vague hardness beneath a horse's feet, nothing but a runnel for the rains to gather in.

There is everywhere that glen scent of mouldering leaves, so sweet when the wind comes down and stirs it and the sun frees and livens it. Not very many birds, perhaps because hawks are fond of hovering here. This was once the only road up to the village, the only communication with all that lies to the south and east. For the fairies have got it indeed, they have witched to skeletons all the little bridges across the glen stream ; they have mossed and thinned the gates to wraiths. With their dapple-gold revelry in sunlight, and their dance of pied beauty under the moon, they have made all their own.

I have ridden many times down into this glen, and slowly up among the beeches and oaks into the lanes again, hoping and believing that, some day, I should see a fairy take shape to my thick mortal vision ; and to-day, at last, I have seen.

I heard it first about half-way up the wood, a silvery voice piping out very true what seemed like mortal words, not quite to be caught. Resolved not to miss it this time, I got off quietly and tied my mare to a tree. Then, tiptoeing in the damp leaves which did not rustle, I stole up till I caught sight of it from behind an oak.

It was sitting in yellow bracken as high as its head, under a birch tree which had a few branches still gold-feathered. It seemed to be clothed in blue and to be

swaying as it sang. There was something in its arms, as it might be a creature being nursed. Cautiously I slipped from that tree to the next till I could see its face, just like a child's, fascinating, very, very delicate, the little open mouth poised and shaped ever so neatly to the words it was singing; the eyes wide apart and ever so wide open, fixed on nothing mortal. The song, and the little body, and the spirit in the eyes, all seemed to sway—sway together, like a soft wind that goes "sough-sough," swinging, in the tops of the ferns. And now it stretched out one arm and now the other, beckoning in to it those to which it was singing, so that one seemed to feel the invisible ones stealing up closer and closer.

These were the words which came so silvery and slow through that little mouth: "Chil-dren, chil-dren! Hus-s-h!"

It seemed as if the very rabbits must come and sit up there, the jays and pigeons settle above, everything in all the wood gather. Even one's own heart seemed to be drawn in by those beckoning arms, the slow enchantment of that tinkling voice, and the look in those eyes, which, lost in the unknown, were seeing no mortal glen, but only that mazed wood where friendly wild things come, who have no sound to their padding, no whirr to the movement of their wings; whose gay whisperings have no noise, whose eager shapes no colour—the fairy dream-wood of the unimaginable.

"Chil-dren, chil-dren! Hus-s-h!"

For just a moment I could see that spirit company—ghosts of the ferns and leaves, of butterflies and bees and birds, and four-footed things innumerable, ghosts of the wind, the sunbeams, and the raindrops, and tiny flickering ghosts of moon-rays. For just a moment saw what

the fairy's eyes were seeing, without knowing what they saw.

And then my mare trod on a dead branch and all



“ . . . I COULD SEE THAT SPIRIT COMPANY . . . ”

vanished. My fairy was gone, and there was only little “Connemara,” as we call her, nursing her doll, and smiling up at me from the fern, where she had come to practise her new school-song.

Source : *Tatterdemalion*.

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

Read this enchanting sketch two or three times to try to catch its spirit. The first few lines in paragraph 1 show you the mood of the writer as he “rode down into Fairyland.” He saw fairy-work and fairy-loveliness all round him—the birch trees were fairies transformed; the work of time (see paragraph 3) he calls the revenge of the fairies; the silvery voice he hears coming from the

yellow bracken *must* be that of a fairy. Such thoughts as these perhaps led Shakespeare to write:

“ Tell me where is fancy bred
Or in the heart or in the head? ”

The vision, the motion, the song, inspired the charmed spectator to write those wonderful paragraphs on pages 138-9. Read them again and again.

Study the delicate choice of words shown by the writer:

“ Clouds *streaming* over in *rain-grey* ”; “ ground so *golden*ed with leaves and bracken ”; “ that *glen* scent of mouldering leaves ”; “ *witched* to *skeletons* and *thinned* to *wraiths*. ”

There are many more fine examples; find a few and write them out.

Which paragraph reads almost like verse?

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

1. *Nouns*.—equanimity, secrecy, aversion, revelry.

Adjectives.—magical, inviolable, multitudinous, occasional, fascinating, unimaginable, innumerable.

2. Explain the following:

“ . . . where till then they had always enjoyed inviolable enchantment ”; “ They trooped forth in their multitudinous secrecy ”; “ for whom the fairies have never had much feeling of aversion ”; “ the fairy dream-wood of the unimaginable ”; “ They have witched . . . the gates to wraiths, ” paragraph 1, page 138.

III. COMPOSITION

Write a few “ word-pictures ” from the sketch that are particularly striking.

From

THE LITERATURE OF DESCRIPTION

The Battle of Crécy

Froissart. Translated by Johnes

INTRODUCTORY.—Sir John Froissart, from whose *Chronicles* this story is taken, was born in France, but came to England and was attached to the English Court. He is the most famous writer on the Hundred Years' War.

FOR a time the King of England avoided as much as he could any open engagement with the army of France, and contented himself with plundering the country through which he passed. The two armies, however, now arrived near to Crécy, and it was told Edward that the King of France desired to give him battle.

“Let us post ourselves here,” said King Edward to his people, “I have good reason to wait for the enemy on this spot; I am now on the lawful inheritance of my lady-mother, which was given her as her marriage portion, and I am resolved to defend it against Philip of Valois.”

As Edward had not more than an eighth part of the forces which the King of France had, he was of course anxious to fix on the best position; and after he had carefully disposed his forces, he lost no time in sending scouts towards Abbeville to learn if the King of France meant to take the field that day. These, however, soon returned saying that they saw no appearance of it; upon which the King dismissed his men to their quarters with orders to be

in readiness betimes in the morning, and to assemble at the same place.

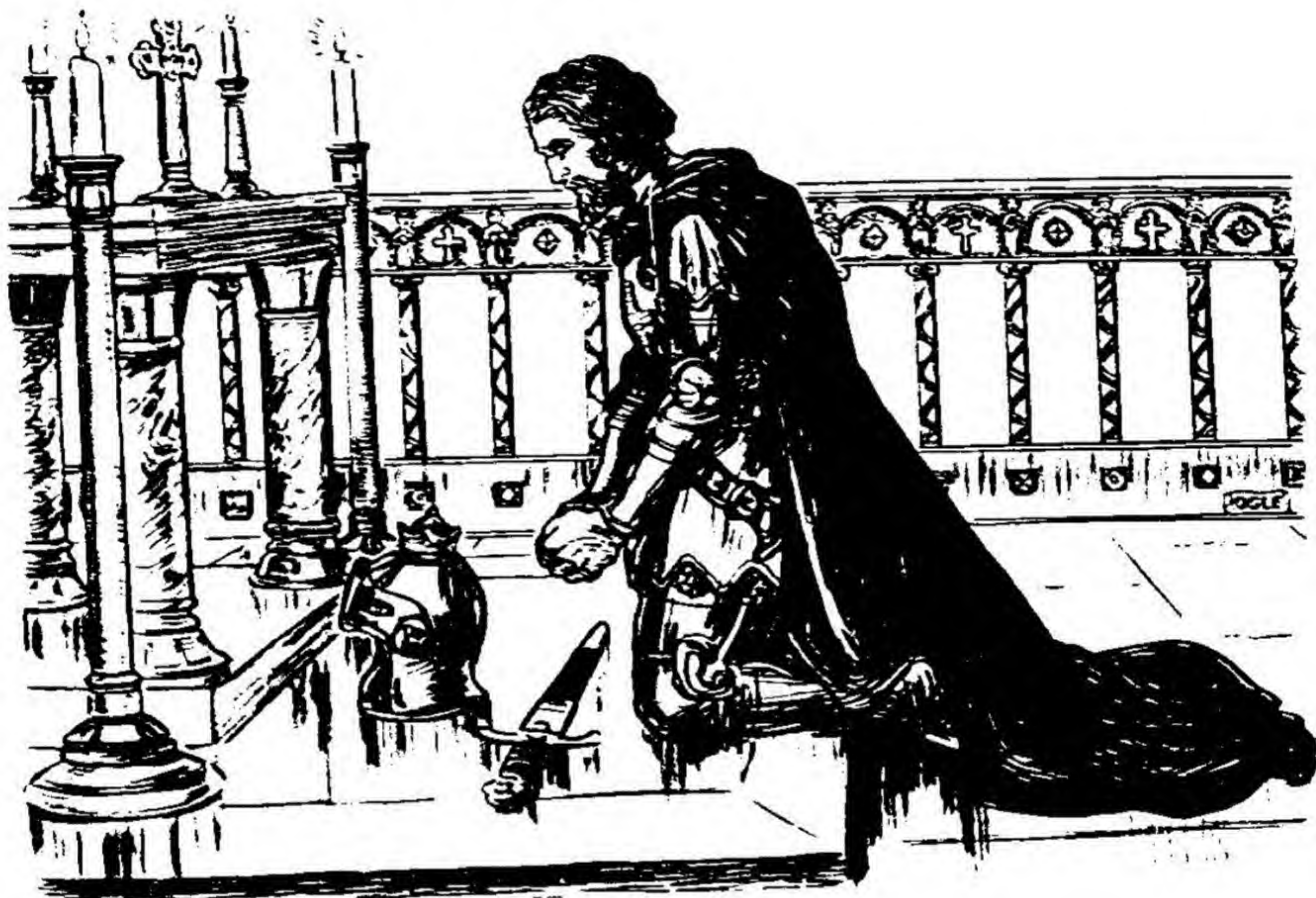
The King of France remained all Friday at Abbeville, waiting for more troops; during the day he sent his marshals out of the town to examine the country and get some certain intelligence respecting the English. They returned about vespers with information that the English were encamped on the plain.

That night the King of France entertained at supper all the princes and chief lords of his army. There was much talk concerning the war; and after supper the King entreated his princes and lords always to remain in friendship with each other; "to be friends without jealousy, and courteous without pride." All the French forces had not yet arrived, for the King was still expecting the Earl of Savoy, who ought to have been there with a thousand lances, as he had been well paid for them three months in advance.

That same evening the King of England also gave a supper to his earls and barons, and when it was over he withdrew to his private chapel where, falling on his knees before the altar, he prayed to God that if he should combat his enemies on the morrow, he might come off with honour. About midnight he retired to rest, and rising early the next day, he and the Prince of Wales heard mass. The greater part of his army did the same. After mass the King ordered his men to arm themselves and assemble on the ground which he had before fixed upon.

There was a large park near a wood, on the rear of the army, which King Edward enclosed, and in it placed all his baggage, waggons, and horses; for his men-at-arms and archers were to fight on foot. He afterwards ordered that the army should be divided into three battalions. In

the first, he placed the young Prince of Wales, and with him the Earls of Warwick and Oxford, and certain other lords of his army. There might be, in this first division, about 800 men-at-arms, 2,000 archers, and 1,000 Welshmen; all of whom advanced in regular order to their ground, each lord under his own banner and pennon and in the centre of his men.



“ . . . HE PRAYED TO GOD . . . ”

In the second battalion were the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, the Lords Ross, Basset, Lascels, and many others amounting in the whole to about 800 men-at-arms, and 1,200 archers.

The third battalion was commanded by the King in person, and was composed of about 700 men-at-arms, and 2,000 archers. The King was mounted on a small palfrey,

having a white wand in his hand, and attended by his two marshals. In this manner he rode at a foot's pace through all the ranks, encouraging the army and entreating that they would guard his honour and defend his rights ; so sweetly and with such a cheerful countenance did he speak that all who had been before dispirited were directly comforted by hearing him.

By the time he had thus visited all the battalions it was nearly ten o'clock. He then retired to his own division, having ordered the men to regale themselves, after which all returned to their own battalions, according to the marshals' orders, and seated themselves on the ground, placing their helmets and bows before them, in order that they might be the fresher when their enemy should arrive.

That same Saturday the King of France also rose betimes, heard mass in the monastery of St. Peter's in Abbeville, where he lodged ; and having ordered his army to do the same, left that town after sunrise. When he had marched about two leagues from Abbeville and was approaching the enemy, he was advised to form his army in order of battle, and to let those on foot march forward that they might not be trampled on by the horses. This being done he sent off four knights who rode so near the English that they could clearly distinguish their position. The English plainly perceived that these knights came to reconnoitre ; however, they took no notice of it, but suffered them to return unmolested.

When the King of France saw them coming back, he halted his army, and the knights pushing through the crowds came near to the King, who said to them, " My lords, what news ? "

Neither chose to speak first—at last the King addressed himself personally to the Lord Moyne, who said, " Sir, I

will speak since it pleases you to order me, but under correction of my companions. We have advanced far enough to reconnoitre your enemies. Know then, that they are drawn up in three battalions, and are waiting for you. I would advise for my part (submitting, however, to your better counsel) that you halt your army here and quarter them for the night; for, before the rear shall come up, and the army be properly drawn up, it will be very late, and your men will be tired and in disorder, whilst they will find your enemies fresh and properly arrayed. On the morrow you may draw up your army more at your ease, and may at leisure decide on what part it will be best to begin the attack, for be assured they will wait for you."

The King commanded that it should so be done; and the two marshals rode, one to the front and the other to the rear, crying out, "Halt, banners, in the name of God and St. Denis." Those that were in front halted; but those that were behind said they would not halt until they were as forward as the front. When the front felt the rear pressing on, they pushed forward; and as neither the King nor the marshals could stop them, they marched on without any order until they came in sight of their enemies. As soon as the foremost rank saw the English they fell back at once in great disorder, which alarmed those in the rear, who thought they had been fighting. All the roads between Abbeville and Crécy were covered with common people, who, when they were come within three leagues of their enemies, drew their swords, bawling out, "Kill, kill!" and with them were many lords eager to make a show of their courage.

There is no man, unless he had been present, that can imagine or describe truly the confusion of that day, especially the bad management and disorder of the French,

whose troops were out of number. What I know, and shall relate in this book, I have learnt chiefly from the English, and from those attached to Sir John of Hainault, who was always near the person of the King of France.

The English, who, as I have said, were drawn up in three battalions, and seated on the ground, on seeing their enemies advance, rose up fearlessly and fell into their ranks. The Prince's battalion, whose archers were formed in manner of a harrow with the men-at-arms in the rear, was the first to do so. The Earls commanding the second battalion posted themselves in good order on the Prince's wing to assist him if necessary.

You must know that the French troops did not advance in any regular order, and that as soon as their King came in sight of the English his blood began to boil, and he cried out to his marshals, "Order the Genoese forward and begin the battle in the name of God and St. Denis."

There were about 15,000 Genoese crossbow men; but they were quite fatigued, having marched on foot that day six leagues, completely armed and carrying their crossbows, and accordingly they told the constable they were not in a condition to do any great thing in battle. The Earl of Alençon hearing this, said, "This is what one gets by employing such scoundrels, who fall off when there is any need for them."

During this time a heavy rain fell, accompanied by thunder and a very terrible eclipse of the sun; and, before this rain, a great flight of crows hovered in the air over all the battalions, making a loud noise; shortly afterwards it cleared up, and the sun shone very bright; but the French had it in their faces, and the English on their backs.

When the Genoese were somewhat in order they approached the English and set up a loud shout, in order to

frighten them ; but the English remained quite quiet and did not seem to attend to it. They then set up a second shout, and advanced a little forward ; the English never moved. The Genoese hooted a third time, advancing with their crossbows presented, and began to shoot. The English archers then advanced one step forward, and shot their arrows with such force and quickness, that it seemed as if it snowed. When the Genoese felt these arrows, which pierced through their armour, some of them cut the strings of their crossbows, others flung them to the ground, and all turned about and retreated quite discomfited.

The French had a large body of men-at-arms on horseback to support the Genoese, and the King, seeing them thus fall back, cried out, " Kill me those scoundrels, for they stop up our road without any reason." The English continued shooting, and some of their arrows falling among the horsemen, drove them upon the Genoese, so that they were in such confusion they could never rally again.

The valiant King of Bohemia having heard the order for the battle inquired where his son the Lord Charles was ; his attendants answered that they did not know, but believed he was fighting. Upon this, he said to them, " Gentlemen, you are all my people, my friends, and brethren at arms this day ; therefore, as I am blind, I request of you to lead me so far into the engagement that I may strike one stroke with my sword." The knights consented, and in order that they might not lose him in the crowd, fastened all the reins of their horses together, placing the King at their head that he might gratify his wish, and in this manner advanced towards the enemy. The Lord Charles of Bohemia had come in good order to the battle ; but when he perceived that it was likely to turn out against the French he departed. The King, his

father, rode in among the enemy, and he and his companions fought most valiantly; however, they advanced so far that they were all slain, and on the morrow they were found on the field with all their horses tied together.

The Earl of Alençon advanced in regular order upon the English, to fight with them, as did the Earl of Flanders in another part. These two lords with their forces, coasting,



“ . . . IN THIS MANNER ADVANCED TOWARDS THE ENEMY.”

as it were, the archers, came to the Prince's battalion, where they fought valiantly for a length of time. The King of France was eager to march to the place where he saw their banners displayed, but there was a hedge of archers before him.

Early in the day some French, Germans, and Savoyards had broken through the archers of the Prince's battalion,

and had engaged with the men-at-arms ; upon this the second battalion came to his aid, and it was time they did so, for otherwise he would have been hard pressed. The first division, seeing the danger they were in, sent a knight off in great haste to the King of England, who was posted upon a hill on which stood a windmill.

On the knight's arrival he said, " Sir, the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Stafford, the Lord Reginald Cobham, and the others who are about your son are vigorously attacked by the French, and they entreat that you will come to their assistance with your battalion, for if numbers should increase against him, they fear he will have too much to do."

The King replied, " Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself ? "

" No, Sire, thank God," rejoined the knight, " but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help."

The King answered, " Now, Sir Thomas, return to those that sent you, and tell them from me not to send again for me this day, nor expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life ; and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs, for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory of this day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have entrusted him." The knight returned to his lords and related the King's answer, which mightily encouraged them, and made them repent they had ever sent such a message.

The Earls of Alençon and Flanders were fighting lustily under their banners with their own people ; but they could not resist the force of the English, and were there slain, as well as many other knights and squires, who were with them. Late after vespers, the King of France himself had not more about him than sixty men, every one

included. Sir John of Hainault, who was of the number, had once remounted the King, for his horse had been killed under him by an arrow ; and seeing the state he was in, the knight said : “ Sir, retreat whilst you may and do not expose yourself so simply ; if you have lost this battle, you may win the next.” After he had said this he took the bridle of the King’s horse and led him off by force, for he had before entreated him to retire.

This Saturday the English never quitted their ranks in pursuit of anyone, but remained on the field guarding their position and defending themselves against all who attacked them.

That night when the battle had ended the King of England embraced his son and said to him, “ Sweet son, God give you perseverance : you are my son ; for most loyally have you acquitted yourself ; you are worthy to be a sovereign.” The Prince bowed very low, giving all honour to the King, his father. The English during the night made frequent thanksgivings to the Lord for the happy issue of the day ; and with them there was no rioting, for the King had expressly forbidden all riot or noise.

Source : Sir John Froissart’s *Chronicles*.

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

Of Froissart, Sir Walter Scott said : “ The simple fact that a great battle was won or lost makes little impression on our mind, as it occurs in the dry pages of history, but in Froissart we hear the knights arrange the terms of combat and the manner of the onset ; we hear their soldiers cry their war-cries ; we see them strike their horses with the spur ; and the liveliness of his story hurries us along with them into the whirlwind of battle. We declare that a fight before a petty fortress, thus told, interests us more than the general information that 20,000 Frenchmen fell on the field of Crécy.”

1. How is it shown in paragraph 3 that Edward was a good soldier?
2. Where is it shown first that the French force was a mixed one? 3. Where again does Edward show his fine generalship? 4. Paragraph 4 seems to show the French King as a thoughtful leader, but what do pages 146 and 147 show about the order of the advance? 5. Where do you learn the results of this? 6. How can you tell from the first four lines, page 147, that this account is likely to be reliable? 7. Contrast the behaviour of father and son, see page 148. 8. How do you think Edward knew from his post that his son's force was not in great danger?

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

1. *Nouns*.—inheritance, intelligence, jealousy, courtesy, battalions, perseverance.

Verbs.—reconnoitre.

Adjective.—fatigue.

Adverb.—valiantly.

2. Explain the following:

“avoided any open engagement”; “carefully disposed his forces”; “to be friends without jealousy”; “guard his honour and defend his rights”; “these knights came to reconnoitre”; “suffered them to return unmolested”; “quarter them for the night”; “no man can imagine or describe truly the confusion of that day”; “they were in such confusion that they could never rally again”; “God give you perseverance.”

III. COMPOSITION

1. Sketch the story in a number of scenes.
2. Write a summary of the story from your list.
3. Which scene do you consider is the most interesting?
4. Account for the defeat of the great French army.

IV. GRAMMAR

Make one sentence of each of the following groups of short sentences:

1. The scouts returned. They said they had not seen the foe. Then the king dismissed the men to their quarters. He ordered them to be ready early the following morning.

2. About midnight the King returned to rest. He rose early the next day. He attended mass. After mass he ordered his men to arm for battle.

Queen Philippa and the Men of Calais

Jean le Bel

INTRODUCTORY.—The following story is told by Jean le Bel, a Frenchman living at the time. Note that much of what Sir Walter Scott said of Froissart's *Chronicles* applies to this narrative.

“**K**ING EDWARD'S aim in invading France was not to conquer that country, but simply to save English commerce by securing the mastery of the Channel. Calais was the great pirate-haven; in one year alone, twenty-two privateers had sailed from its port; while its capture promised the King an easy base of communication with Flanders. The siege lasted a year, and it was not till Philip had failed to relieve it that the town was starved into surrender. Mercy was granted to the garrison and the people on condition that six of the citizens gave themselves unconditionally into the King's hands. ‘On them,’ said Edward, with a burst of bitter hatred, ‘I will do my will.’ ”—J. R. Green's *Short History*.

At the sound of the town bell, Jean le Bel tells us, the folk of Calais gathered round the bearer of these terms, “desiring to hear their good news, for they were all mad with hunger. When the said knight told them his news, then began they to weep and cry so loudly that it was great pity. Then stood up the wealthiest burgess of the town, and spake thus before all: ‘My masters, great grief and mishap it were for all to leave such a people as this is to die by famine or otherwise; and great charity and grace would he win from our Lord who could defend them from dying. For me, I have great hope in the Lord that

if I can save this people by my death I shall have pardon for my faults, wherefore will I be the first of the six, and of my own will put myself barefoot in my shirt and with a halter round my neck in the mercy of King Edward.' "

The list of devoted men was soon made up, and the six victims were led before the King.

"All the host assembled together; there was great press, and many bade hang them openly, and many wept for pity. The noble King came with his train of counts and barons to the place, and the Queen followed him, to see what there would be.

"The six citizens knelt down at once before the King, and their leader spake thus: 'Gentle King, here be we six who have been of the old families of Calais and great merchants; we bring you the keys of the town and castle of Calais, and render them to you at your pleasure. We set ourselves in such wise as you see purely at your will, to save the remnant of the people that have suffered much pain. So may you have pity and mercy on us for your high nobleness' sake.'

"Of a truth there was then in that place neither lord nor knight that wept not for pity, nor who could speak for pity; but the King had his heart so hardened by wrath, that for a long while he could not reply; then he commanded to cut off their heads. All the knights and lords prayed him with tears, as much as they could, to have pity on them, but he would not hear.

"Then spake the gentle knight, Master Walter de Manny, and said, 'Ha, gentle Sire! bridle your wrath; you have the renown and good fame of all gentleness; do not a thing whereby men can speak any ill of you! If you have no pity, all men will say that you have a heart full

of all cruelty to put these good citizens to death that of their own will are come to render themselves to you to save the remnant of their people.'

"At this point the King changed countenance with wrath, and said, 'Hold your peace, Master Walter! It shall be none otherwise. Call the headsman! They of



"... I GIVE THEM YOU."

Calais have made so many of my men die, that they must die themselves!'

"Then did the noble Queen of England a deed of noble lowliness, and wept so tenderly for pity, that she could no longer stand upright; therefore she cast herself on her knees before her lord the King, and spake on this wise: 'Ah, gentle Sire! from the day that I passed oversea in great peril, as you know, I have asked for nothing: now

pray I and beseech you, with folded hands, for the love of Our Lady's Son, to have mercy upon these men.'

"The King waited awhile before speaking, and looked on the Queen as she knelt before him bitterly weeping. Then began his heart to soften a little, and he said, 'Lady, I would rather you had been elsewhere; you pray so tenderly, that I dare not refuse you; and though I do it against my will, nevertheless take them, I give them you.'

"Then took he the six citizens by the halts and delivered them to the Queen, and released from death all those of Calais for the love of her; and the good lady bade them clothe the six burgesses and make them good cheer."

Source: *Chroniques*.

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

Note the simple direct style of the story. Select some sentences and phrases uncommon to-day that give charm to the writing. There are three strikingly simply worded speeches in the story. Point them out and say which you like best.

1. Why was Edward anxious to secure Calais?
2. Why did Calais fall at last?
3. Why did the wealthiest man of Calais volunteer?
4. Why did de Manny interfere?
5. Where is some explanation of Edward's order given?

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

Nouns.—privateer, communication, garrison, countenance.

Adjective.—wealthiest.

Adverb.—unconditionally.

2. Explain the following:

"to save English commerce by securing the mastery of the Channel"; "Calais was the great pirate-haven"; "easy base of communication with Flanders"; "it was not . . . into surrender" (paragraph 1, page 153). "great grief and mishap it were"; "there was great press"; "The King had his heart so hardened by wrath"; "bridle your wrath"; "changed countenance with wrath."

III. COMPOSITION

Write an account of the incident as if you were a soldier present.

IV. GRAMMAR

The *Apostrophe* as a mark of *Possession*.

Singular Number (One Owner)	Plural (More than One Owner)
Gave themselves into the King's hands. The knight's distress was great. The woman's heart was touched.	Gave themselves into the Kings' hands. The knights' feelings were evident. The women's hearts were touched.

Place each of the following in a sentence, but use the apostrophe to show possession :

The anger of the King ; the astonishment of the knights ; the pity of the queen ; the joy of the women ; the relief of the six burgesses.

The Apprentice

January 30, 1649

Hilaire Belloc

INTRODUCTORY.—Hilaire Belloc is one of the foremost essayists and historians of this century. The following sketch will give you some idea of his power to make history a real live thing and not a bare record of facts.

MEN were well into the working week ; it was a Tuesday and apprentices were under the hard eyes of their masters throughout the City of London and in the rarer business places that elbowed the great palaces along the Strand. The sky was overcast and the air distastefully cold, nor did anything in the landscape seem colder than

the dark band of the river under those colourless and lifeless January clouds.

Whether it were an illusion or a reality, one could have sworn that there was a sort of silence over the houses and on the families of the people ; one could have sworn that men spoke in lower tones than was their custom, and that the streets were emptier. The trial and the sentence¹ of the King had put all that great concourse of men into the very presence of Death.

The day wore on ; the noise of the workmen could be heard at the scaffold by Whitehall ; one hour was guessed at and then another ; rumours and flat assertions were busy everywhere, especially among the young, and an apprentice to a harness-maker in the Water Lane near Essex House knew not what to believe. But he was determined to choose his moment and to slip away lest he should miss so great a sight. The tyranny of the army kept all the city in doubt all day long, and allowed no news ; none the less, from before noon there had begun a little gathering of people in Whitehall, round the scaffold at which men were still giving the last strokes of the hammer. Somewhat after noon a horseshoe of cavalry assembled in their long cloaks and curious tall civilian hats ; they stood ranked, with swords drawn, all round the platform. Their horses shifted uneasily in the cold.

The harness-maker's apprentice found his opportunity ; his master was called to the door for an order from Arundel House, and the lad left his bench quickly, just as he was, without hat or coat, in the bitter weather, and darting through the side door ran down through the Water Gate and down its steps to the river. The tide was at the flood

¹ The sentence was that " Charles Stuart, King of England, was to be put to death by the severing of his head from his body."

and his master's boat lay moored. He cast her off and pulled rapidly up the line of gardens, backing water when he came to the public stairs just beyond Whitehall. Here he quickly tied the painter and ran up breathless to Whitehall Gate, fearing he might have missed his great expectation. He was in ample time.

It was perhaps half-past three o'clock when he got through the gate and found himself in the press of people. Far off to the left, among the soldiery that lined the avenue from the Park to the Mall, and so to St. James's, a continuous roll of drums burdened the still air.

The crowd was not very large, but it filled the space from the gate to the scaffold and a little beyond, save where it was pressed outward by the ring of cavalry. It did not overflow into the wide spaces of the park, though these lay open to Whitehall, nor did it run up towards Charing Cross beyond the Banqueting Hall.

The apprentice was not so tall as the men about him ; he strained and elbowed a little to see, and he was sworn at. He could make out the low scaffold, a large platform all draped in black, with iron staples, and a railing round it ; it covered the last three blank windows of Whitehall, running from the central casement until it met the brick house at the north end of the stonework ; there the brickwork beneath one of the windows had been taken out so as to give access through it from the floor within to the scaffold on the same level without ; and whispers round told the apprentice, though he did not know how much to trust them, that it was through this hasty egress that the King would appear. Upon the scaffold itself stood a group of men, two of them masked, and one of the masked ones, of great stature and strong, leant upon the axe with his arm crossed upon the haft of it. A little block, barely

raised above the floor of the platform, he could only see by leaping on tiptoe, catching it by glimpses between the heads of his neighbours or the shoulders of the cavalry guard ; but he noticed in those glimpses how very low it was, and saw, ominous upon it, two staples driven as though to contain the struggler. Before it, so that one kneeling would have his face toward the Palace and away from the crowd, was a broad footstool covered with red velvet, and making a startling patch upon all that expanse of black baize.

It was cold waiting ; the motionless twigs of the small bare trees in the Park made it seem colder still. The three-quarters struck in the new clock behind him upon Whitehall Gate, but as yet no one had appeared.

In a few moments, however, there was a movement in the crowd, heads turning to the right, and a corresponding backing of the mounted men to contain the first beginnings of a rush, for the commanders of the army feared, while they despised, the popular majority of London ; and the wealthy merchants, the allies of the army, had not joined this common lot. This turning of faces towards the great blank stone wall of the Palace was caused by a sound of many footsteps within. The only window not masked with stone, the middle window, was that upon which their gaze universally turned. They saw, passing it very rapidly, a group of men within ; they were walking very sharply along the floor (which was here raised above the level of the window itself and cut the lower panes of it) ; they were hurrying towards the northern end of the great Banqueting Hall. It was but a moment's vision, and again they appeared in the open air through the broken brickwork at the far end of the stone façade.

For a moment the apprentice saw clearly the tall King,

his face grown old, his pointed beard left full, his long features not moved. The great cloak that covered him, with the Great Star of the Garter upon the left shoulder, he drew off quickly and let fall into the hands of Herbert. He wore no hat; he stepped forward with precision towards the group of executioners, and a little murmur ran through the crowd.

The old Bishop, moving his limbs with difficulty, but suppliant and attendant upon his friend, stood by in an agony. He helped the King to pull off his inner coat until he stood conspicuous in the sky-blue vest beneath it, and round his neck a ribbon and one ornament upon it, a George carved in onyx. This also he removed and gave to the Bishop while he took from his hands a little white silken cap and fixed it firmly upon his long and beautiful hair. From beneath the sky-blue of his garment, at the neck and at the wrists, appeared frills of exquisite linen and the adornment of lace. He stood for a few moments praying, then turned and spoke as though he were addressing them all. But the apprentice, though he held his breath and strained to hear, as did all others about him, could catch no separate word, but only the general sound of the King's voice speaking. The movement of the horses, the occasional striking of a hoof upon the setts of the street, the distance, covered that voice. Next, Charles was saying something to the masked man, and a moment later he was kneeling upon the footstool. The apprentice saw him turn a moment and spread his arms out as an example of what he next should do; he bent him toward the block—it was too low; he lay at full length, and the crowd lifted and craned to see him in this posture.

The four heavy strokes of the hour struck and boomed

in the silence. The hands of the lying figure were stretched out again, this time as a final signal, and right up in the air above them all the axe swung, white against the grey sky, flashed and fell.

In a moment the group upon the scaffold had closed round, a cloth was thrown, the body was raised, and among the hands stretched out to it were the eager and enfeebled



"... SPOKE AS THOUGH HE WAS ADDRESSING THEM ALL."

hands of the Bishop, trembling and still grasping the George.

A low moan or wail, very strange and dreadful, not very loud, rose from the people now that their tension was slackened by the accomplishment of the deed. And at once from the north and from the south, with such ceremony as is used to the conquered, the cavalry charged

right through, hacking and dispersing these Londoners and driving them every way.

The apprentice dodged and ran, his head full of the tragedy and bewildered, his body in active fear of the horses that pursued flying packets of the crowd down the alley-ways of the offices and Palace buildings.

He went off by a circuitous way to find, not his master's house after such an escapade, but his mother's, where she lived beyond St. Martin's.

The dusk did not long tarry ; as it gathered and turned to night small flakes of snow began to fall and lie upon the frozen ground.

Source : *The Eye-Witness*.

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

Study the development of this brilliant historical sketch, and then mark out the stages of the account. Why do you think the apprentice is introduced into the story ? What were his feelings—sympathy or curiosity ? Point out the sentence that helps you to answer that question. Where does the writer show his sympathy with the king ? What do you gather about the feelings of the crowd ?

Study the sentence structure, the use of long and short sentences. Many of the paragraphs are introduced and ended by a short striking sentence—point them out. Note the simple beauty of the last paragraph in the story.

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

1. *Nouns*.—illusion, reality, tyranny, façade, precision.

Adjectives.—ominous, suppliant, conspicuous, exquisite, circuitous.

2. Explain the following :

“ Whether it were . . . families of the people ” (paragraph 1, page 158) ;
“ The trial and sentence . . . into the very presence of Death ” (paragraph 1, page 158) ; “ rumours and flat assertions were busy everywhere ” ; “ The old Bishop . . . in an agony ” (paragraph 1, page 161).

III. COMPOSITION

1. Write a summary of the sketch.

2. Let the apprentice tell the story to his mother.

IV. GRAMMAR

Analysis of Sentences :

Some verbs make complete sense by themselves : The apprentice ran. Men work. Horses gallop.

Other verbs require a word or words to complete the sense :

i. Men were *well into the working week*.

ii. It was *a Tuesday*.

iii. *For a moment* the apprentice saw *clearly the tall King, his face grown old, his pointed beard left full, his long features not moved*.

The words in italics are called the Completion of the Predicate. In i and ii the completion is called the Complement; it follows a part of the verb *To be*.

In iii the completion is called the Object; it follows a *Transitive Verb*.

COMPLETE SUBJECT	COMPLETE PREDICATE			
	<i>Verb</i>	<i>Complement</i>	<i>Object</i>	<i>Extension</i>
Men	were	well into the working week.		
It	was	a Tuesday.		
The apprentice	saw		the tall king, his face grown old, his pointed beard left full, his long fea- tures not moved	for a moment, clearly
Their horses	shifted			uneasily in the cold.

Analyse these sentences as above :

i. Apprentices were under the hard eyes of their masters throughout the City of London.

ii. The noise of the workmen could be heard at the scaffold by Whitehall.

iii. Somewhat after noon a horseshoe of cavalry assembled in their long cloaks and curious tall civilian hats.

iv. The lad left his bench quickly without hat or coat.

We Indians

Big Chief White Horse Eagle

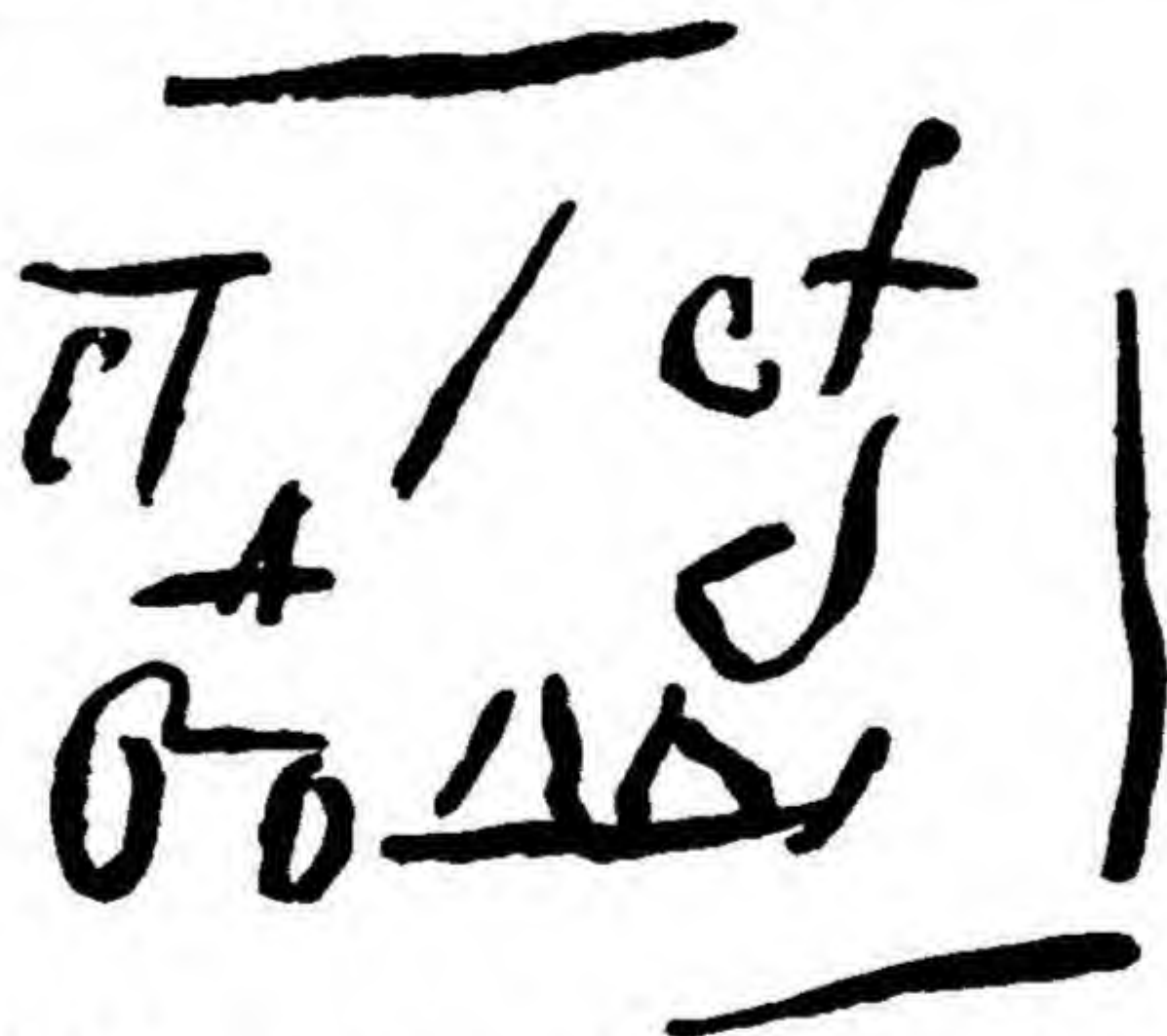
INTRODUCTORY.—The book *We Indians*, from the first chapter of which the extract below is taken, is an account of “The passing of a great race, being the recollections of the last of the Great Indian Chief: Big Chief White Horse Eagle.”

In the preface the Chief says, “I will tell you here the truth about my life in order that you may learn about my people, who once upon a time were free and great, but now are few and unhappy, and about whom so many lies have been told.”

The book is perhaps the best account ever written of the life led by “Red Indians.”

WHEN the red sun of the Great Manitoo on the first day of the year 1822 rose over the vast and wonderful wilderness of North America, which then was still the hunting ground of the Indians and undisturbed by the tread of the white man, the medicine man of the Osage tribe stood in front of a rocky cliff and carved curious characters in the stone. He then filled them in with paint.

The characters looked like this :



and signified : “My son was born on the first of January, 1822.”

It was my father, the great chief of the Osage Indians,

who directed his medicine man to work this fact in stone for the benefit of the descendants of his tribe, and it was at Look-Out Mountain that the event took place. I happened therefore to be born at almost exactly the same spot where Buffalo Bill lies buried.

Whenever the son of a great chief was born, the date was carved by the medicine man in this way. That was the



"... CARVED BY THE MEDICINE MAN IN THIS WAY."

custom when our tribes hunted over the huge territory which is now called Colorado, Kansas, Dakota, Missouri, and Texas. The year was carved in the rock in secret characters according to our reckoning. If we count backwards from to-day the year will turn out to have been 1822. My eyes have therefore seen one hundred and seven summers¹ and my mother saw one hundred and thirty-seven.

¹ The book *We Indians* was written in 1929.

The mountains of Colorado were the home of my race. There were rock caves there which we sometimes inhabited. This was not often the case, however, as we were in the main a migrant tribe which followed the game on its wanderings in search of food. We were often compelled also by lack of water to change our camping ground. Thus it was that my tribe travelled through a great part of North America, for our hunting territory was very extensive. We returned but seldom to our hiding-places in the mountains, which were guarded by the old men and women whom we left behind.

Part of our tribe lived elsewhere, on the prairies and not in the mountains.

It must not be imagined that that portion of our tribe which ranged the mountain-sides always remained concentrated. In those days, indeed, we were many thousands strong. We often separated when game and water were scarce. Occasionally our warriors would absent themselves for many weeks together from the camp that had been formed by a section of our people, in order to supply it with meat for the winter.

My father, also, often used to make long expeditions on horseback accompanied by a number of chosen warriors and their wives and children in order to visit other tribes. He also rode to New York at regular intervals to greet the white President. My father, you must know, was a great and wise chief and was looked upon by all the Indians as their leader and adviser.

In later times I, too, as his son and recognised leader of the young chiefs, used to ride up and down the country with a number of sons of the chiefs of various tribes practising hunting, track-reading, and the arts of war.

My earliest recollections are naturally associated with

camp life. We lived in tents called wigwams. Some of them were very large and roomy, especially those of the chiefs. In the middle was a great pole with thin rods which converged towards the top and were tied together by thongs of buffalo hide. They were very easily struck and pitched again. This was the women's work.

We children were carried in woven baskets, or in winter in fur-lined bags. We were borne in an upright position, but the weight was taken off our feet by means of a strap which was passed under our arms. The mother carried this basket on her shoulders when walking or riding, she and the child being back to back. That is a very healthy position for children as it makes their legs strong and vigorous. It is thus that I was carried by my mother, and in my infancy travelled on horseback over a great part of the United States—indeed, as my mother told me later, from Colorado to the sea. I played and slept in this upright cradle until I could stand. When I left the basket I was able to walk at once, so my mother told me.

My mother was very lovely. She had eyes like a gazelle. My father was tall and tremendously powerful. He was kind to us children, but very strict as well. He accustomed us from an early age to endure hardships. We were never allowed to cry, and from our earliest childhood had to keep silent when he spoke. This discipline and self-control is a peculiar characteristic of Indian upbringing. Indian children, as a rule, cry very little, a habit that is probably due to the great dangers by which the roving tribes are constantly threatened. At other times we were allowed to give free rein to our spirits, and began at a very early age to imitate the war-whoop of our elders. In fact, our games may be said to have been simply one long imitation of our great warriors.

When the children were about eight months old their mothers used to take them into the water and, holding them with one arm flat on the surface, let them kick about. If a child began to strike and kick out vigorously in the water it was a sign of good health, but if it remained passive, it was not counted to be up to much and the mother felt it very keenly. We were expected to swim at the age of four, for swimming was just as important from our point of view as shooting, riding, or hunting.

My first recollections begin when I was seven years old, for I remember us youngsters being taught by the older warriors to hunt birds of prey and other animals. Our children, even at that early age, could cut their own bows and arrows in the woods and bring down smaller birds with accuracy. Archery practice especially began very early. To begin with we shot with small bows and arrows at tree-trunks, into the bark of which small stones had been wedged so as to make a target. There was great rivalry among us youngsters, and we practised with the utmost keenness.

As we had no iron in those days all our arrow-heads were made of ground flint ; they were very sharp and flew great distances. We tied birds' feathers on to the lower end of the arrows, to which they were fastened with very fine gut. With these arrows we used to kill buffaloes on the prairies and large fish in the rivers. We used to catch fish, too, with ivory hooks which were made out of the tusks of the wild boar or of walrus teeth.

Snow looms very large in my earliest recollections. I don't remember frost so much, for we became very hardy, from running about naked the greater part of the year and sleeping outside the tents, in the grass or upon buffalo hides. We used to wear furs and skins in winter. The

babies, as I have said, were carried in fur-lined bags instead of baskets. But I remember a blizzard which was so terrible that we were unable to pitch our tents and had to let ourselves be snowed up like bears. I remember, too, our small horses often being caught in the drifts and the trouble we had in digging them out.

In winter, our food supplies were often a matter of



"TO BEGIN WITH WE SHOT . . . AT TREE TRUNKS . . ."

great difficulty, and we used occasionally to have to go hungry till we encountered a herd of buffaloes and could satisfy our needs.

The summer, however, was lovely, as we had everything that we wanted and we lived in paradise.

You must bear in mind, my white brothers and sisters, that nearly the whole of North America belonged to us Indians a hundred years ago. We had everything we

needed. When we were in want of food we shot game and deer, or the big buffaloes which thundered over the prairies in gigantic herds thousands strong, or the earth yielded her increase in the shape of the corn we sowed, roots, berries, wild grapes, the honey of the wild bees, and sugar syrup from the trees. The wild animals, too, supplied us with our clothes. We men usually wore nothing but a belt. Sometimes when the weather was cold or when riding, we wore leggings that were fastened by leather thongs to our girdles. Every warrior, moreover, had his blanket that was made of leather and subsequently of wool, when we discovered how to use it. The women wore leathern dresses fringed with tassels, which they made themselves. Their costume above the waist consisted generally of a loose leather wrap that was embroidered in many colours. The gold, silver, and copper which we found in the rocks and rivers were only used for purposes of adornment. Certain stones, which I will tell you about later on, served as money, but we only used it to purchase our wives. We thus passed a happy and undisturbed existence in those vast natural spaces, hunting, fishing, and dancing when we had special cause for rejoicing. The wild beasts were practically our only enemies. Most of us had never yet seen a white man, but had only been told about him by our elders who had ridden to the far-distant coast or southwards into Mexico.

I should like to state most emphatically that the numerous stories of sanguinary encounters between the Indians, at the beginning of the nineteenth century at any rate, are either inventions or exaggerations. I admit that there were some particularly warlike tribes who used to make horse-stealing expeditions. When we were robbed we naturally had to follow up the thieves and take

their scalps. A thief must die. That was the inexorable law of the prairie. The Pale-faces are in the habit of rewarding their thieves by shutting them up and feeding them. That is rather unpractical, and would have been impossible for us, anyhow, for we had no prisons and could not make slaves of our prisoners. A pure-bred Indian cannot be enslaved—he would die.

But it wasn't so very bad, after all. We led, on the whole, a peaceful and happy existence, as children of nature, until the Pale-faces arrived. Then a change took place. They ruined us with fire-water and made bad blood between us. That, however, had not as yet taken place. Life in our country during my childhood was a free and pleasant one.

Source: *We Indians. Being the recollections of the last of the Great Indian Chiefs, "Big Chief White Horse Eagle," as told to Edgar Von Schmidt-Pauli, translated by Christopher Turner.*

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

1. *Nouns*.—descendants, recollections, discipline, characteristic, imitation, exaggerations.

Verbs.—concentrated, practising, associated, embroidered.

Adjectives.—migrant, sanguinary, inexorable.

Adverbs.—occasionally, emphatically.

2. Explain the following:

"We were in the main a migrant tribe"; "always remain concentrated"; "My earliest recollections are naturally associated with camp life"; "This discipline and self-control is a peculiar characteristic of Indian upbringing"; "Snow looms very large in my earliest recollections"; "I should like to state . . . or exaggerations." (Paragraph 1, page 171.)

II. COMPOSITION

1. State very briefly the chief facts given in the first four paragraphs.

2. Write briefly what you learn from the extract: (a) about childhood in the Indian tribes; (b) about adult life among them.

The Pit Mouth

H. M. Tomlinson

INTRODUCTORY.—This extract and those on pages 179 and 183 are examples of the fine descriptive work that is to be found in our newspapers from the pens of some of the best writers of the day. Articles such as these are “history books in the making” and stand out in the Press as wheat among chaff. The newspaper is the training ground of many novelists. H. M. Tomlinson was a journalist before he wrote his well-known books *The Sea and the Jungle*, *Galleons Reach*, etc. *The Pit Mouth* was written for a daily paper and was reprinted in the book *Old Junk*.

THERE was Great Barr, idle, still, and quiet. Through the Birmingham suburbs, out into the raw, bleak winter roads between the hedges, quite beyond the big town smoking with its enterprising labours, one approached the village of calamity with some awe and diffidence. You felt you were intruding ; that you were a mere gross interloper, coming through curiosity that was not excused by the compunction you felt, to see the appearance of a place that had tragedy in nearly all its homes. Young men streamed by on bicycles in the same direction, groups were hurrying there on foot.

The road rose in a mound to let the railway under, and beyond the fat dip was the village, an almost formless group of mean red dwellings stuck on ragged fields about the dominant colliery buildings. Three high, slim chimneys were leisurely pouring smoke from the grotesque black skeleton structures above the pits. The road ran by the boundary, and was packed with people, all gazing absorbed and quiet into the grounds of the colliery ; they were stacked up in the hedge banks, and the walls and trees were loaded with boys.

A few empty motor-cars of the colliery directors stood about. A carriage-horse champed its bit, and the still watchers turned at once to that intrusive sound. Around us, a lucid winter landscape (for it had been raining) ran to the distant encompassing hills which lifted like low ramparts of cobalt and amethyst to a sky of luminous saffron and ice-green, across which leaden clouds were moving. The country had that hard, coldly radiant appearance which always impresses a sad man as this world's frank expression of its alien disregard ; this world not his, on which he has happened, and must endure with his trouble for a brief time.

As I went through the press of people to the colliery gates, the women in shawls turned to me, first with annoyance that their watching should be disturbed, and then with some dull interest. My assured claim to admittance probably made them think I was the bearer of new help outside their little knowledge ; and they willingly made room for me to pass. I felt exactly like the interfering fraud I was. What would I not have given then to be made, for a brief hour, a nameless miracle-worker ?

In the colliery itself was the same seeming apathy. There was nothing to show in that yard, black with soddened cinders and ash muck, where the new red-brick engine-houses stood, that somewhere half-a-mile beneath our feet were thirty men, their only exit to the outer world barred by a subterranean fire. Nothing showed of the fire but a whitish smoke from a ventilating shaft, and a stranger would not know what that signified. But the women did. Wet with the rain showers, they had been standing watching that smoke all night, and were watching it still, for its unceasing pour to diminish. Constant and unrelenting, it streamed steadily upward, as though

it drew its volume from central fires that would never cease.

The doors of the office were thrown open, and three figures emerged. They broke into the listlessness of that dreary place, where nothing seemed to be going on, with a sudden real purpose, fast but unhurried, and moved towards the shaft. Three Yorkshire rescue experts—one



"FIGURES OF FUN!"

of them to die later—with the Hamstead manager explaining, with eager seriousness, the path they should follow below. "Figures of Fun!" They had muzzles on their mouths and noses, goggles on their eyes, fantastic helms, and queer cylinders and bags slung about them. As they went up the slope of wet ash, quick and full of purpose, their comical gear and coarse dress became

suddenly transfigured; and the silent crowd cheered emotionally that little party of forlorn hope.

They entered the cage, and down they went. Still it was difficult for me to think that we were fronting tragedy, for no danger showed. An hour and more passed in nervous and dismal waiting. There was a signal. Some men ran to the pit-head carrying hot bricks and blankets. The doctors took off their coats, and arranged bottles and tinkling apparatus on chairs stuck in the mud. The air smelt of iodoform. A cloth was laid on the ground from the shaft to the engine-house, and stretchers were placed handy. The women, some carrying infants, broke rank. That quickly up-running rope was bringing the first news. The rope stopped running and the cage appeared. Only the rescue party came out, one carrying a moribund cat. They knew nothing; and the white-faced women, with hardly repressed hysteria, took again their places by the engine-house.

So we passed that day, watching the place from which came nothing but disappointment. Occasionally a child, too young to know it was adding to its mother's grief, would wail querulously. There came a time when I and all there knew that to go down that shaft was to meet with death. The increasing exhaustion and pouring sweat of the returning rescue parties showed that. Yet the miners who were not selected to go down were angry; they violently abused the favouritism of the officials who would not let them all risk their lives.

I have a new regard for my fellows since Great Barr. About you and me there are men like that. There is nothing to distinguish them. They show no signs of greatness. They have common talk. They walk with a lurch. Their eyes are not eager. They live in cheap

houses. They are the mutable many, the common people. The common people! Greatness is as common as that. There are not enough honours and decorations to go round. Talk of the soldier! *Vale* to Welsby of Normanton! He was a common miner. He is dead. His fellows were in danger, their wives were white-faced and their children were crying, and he buckled on his harness and went to the assault with no more thought for self than great men have in a great cause; and he is dead. I saw him go to his death. I wish I could tell you of Welsby of Normanton.

I left that place where the star-shine was showing the grim skeleton of the shaft-work overhead in the night, and where men moved about below in the dark like dismal gnomes. There was a woman whose cry, when Welsby died, was like a challenge.

Next morning, in Great Barr, some blinds were down, the street was empty. Children, who could see no reason about them why their fathers should not return as usual, were playing football by the tiny church. A group of women were still gazing at the grotesque ribs and legs of the pit-head staging as though it were a monster without ruth.

Source: *Old Junk*.

Note: Great Barr is a mining district some seven miles north of Birmingham, on the road to Walsall. An explosion took place in a mine there in April 1907, setting fire to the mine and trapping 24 men whose lives were lost. The fire was so devastating that the mine had to be permanently closed.

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

1. Study the skill shown in the introduction—simple, striking.
2. Give the topic of each paragraph.
3. Name the descriptive paragraphs, marked by long sentences.
4. Point out the action-paragraphs, marked by short sentences.

5. Note the concluding paragraphs with their note of tragedy.
6. Quote one or two of the most striking sentences in the extract.
7. Show where sympathy, curiosity, anxiety, disappointment, heroism, excitement, admiration and grief are painted in the extract.

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

1. *Nouns*.—calamity, compunction, amethyst, apathy, iodoform, hysteria, exhaustion, officials.

Adjectives.—dormant, grotesque, intrusive, luminous, radiant, subterranean, moribund.

Adverbs.—emotionally, querulously.

2. Explain the following:

“One approached the village of calamity with some awe and diffidence”; “You felt you were coming through curiosity that was not excused by the compunction you felt”; “The country had that . . . alien disregard” (paragraph 1, page 174); “My assured claim to admittance”; “the same seeming apathy”; “Constant and unrelenting it streamed steadily upward”; “a monster without ruth.”

III. COMPOSITION

1. Make headlines of the accident suitable for a daily paper.
2. Write a short summary of the article.

IV. GRAMMAR

Strong and Weak Verbs:

Strong verbs form their past tense from the present by changing the vowel: run, ran; come, came; think, thought; break, broke.

Weak verbs form their past tense by adding *d* or *ed* or *t* to the present: pour, poured; cheer, cheered; enter, entered; dream, dreamt.

1. Find three more examples of each class in the extract.
2. Write the past tense of rise, bite, choose, drive, hide, lie, speak, tread, awake, fling, ring, sling, slide, sting, wind.
3. In a few verbs the vowel is changed and *d* or *t* added: bring, brought; creep, crept. Write the past tense of feel, lose, sweep, weep, cleave.

Analysis.

Analyse this sentence: Children, who could see no reason about them why their fathers should not return as usual, were playing football by the tiny church.

The Unknown Soldier

(Buried in Westminster Abbey)

A. G. Gardiner

INTRODUCTORY.—This is another fine article from the Daily Press, and is well worth studying, being the work of one of the best-known journalists and editors of our time, and describes a scene never before witnessed in the long history of our land, and is perhaps the finest description of it yet written. The essay appeared in the Press in November 1920, and was later published in *Many Furrows*.

WE shall not know his name. It will never be known, and we should not seek to know it. For in that nameless figure that was borne over land and sea to mingle its dust with the most sacred dust of England we salute the invisible hosts of the fallen. We do not ask his name or whence he comes. His name is legion, and he comes from a hundred fields, stricken with a million deaths.

Gaily or sadly, he went out to battle. We see him, as in a vision, streaming in by a thousand roads, down from the Hebrides and the glens of the North, from the mines of Durham and the shipyards of the Clyde and Tyne and the bogs of Ireland, out of the factories of Lancashire and Yorkshire, up from the pastures of East Anglia and the moors of Devon, over the seas from distant lands whither he had gone to live his life and whence he returns at the call of a duty that transcends life. In his speech we hear the echoes of a hundred countrysides, from the strong burr of Aberdeen to the lilt of Dorset.

He takes a thousand shapes in our minds. We see him leaving the thatched cottage in some remote village, his widowed mother weeping at the doorway and straining her

eyes to catch the last glimpse of him as he turns into the high road that shuts him from her sight ; we see him throwing aside his books and bounding out of school or college with the light of adventure in his eye ; we see him closing his little shop, laying aside his pen, putting down mallet and chisel, hammer and axe. We see him taking a million pitiful farewells, his young wife hanging about his



“ . . . TAKING A MILLION PITIFUL FAREWELLS . . . ”

neck in an agony of grief, his little children weeping for they know not what, with that dread foreboding that is the affliction of childhood, the old people standing by with a sorrow that has passed beyond the relief of tears. Here is the lover, and there the son, and there the husband, and there the brother, but everywhere he is the sacrifice.

And he is chosen, not because he is the tainted wether of

the flock, meetest for sacrifice, but because he is the pride of the flock. In him we see the youth of England, all that is bravest and best and richest in promise, brains that could have won the priceless victories of peace, sinews that could have borne the burden of labour, singers and poets and statesmen, in the green leaf the Rupert Brookes, the Raymond Asquiths, the Gladstones, the Keelings, the finest flower of every household, all offered as a sacrifice on the insane and monstrous altar of war.

With the mind's eye we follow him as he is swallowed up in the furnace. We see him falling on that desperate day of Suvla Bay, finishing in the deserts of Mesopotamia, struck down in that snowstorm on Vimy Ridge, dying on the hundred battlefields of the Somme, disappearing in the mud of those awful days of Passchendaele, falling like autumn leaves in the deadly salient of Ypres, stricken in those unforgettable days of March when the Fifth Army broke before the German onset. His bones lie scattered over a thousand alien fields from the Euphrates to the Scheldt, and lie on the floor of every wandering sea. From the Somme to Zeebrugge his cemeteries litter the landscape, and in those graves lie the youth of England and the hearts of those who mourn.

Now one has come back, the symbol of all who died and who will never return. He came unknown and unnamed, to take his place among the illustrious dead. And it is no extravagant fancy to conceive the spirits of that great company, the Chathams and Drydens and Johnsons, poets, statesmen, and warriors, receiving him into their midst in the solemn Abbey as something greater and more significant than they. For in him they will see the emblem of the mightiest tribute ever laid on the nation's altar. In him we do reverence to that generation of Britain's young man-

hood that perished in the world's madness and sleeps for ever in foreign lands.

None could look on that moving scene without emotion. But something more will be required of us than a spasm of easy, tearful emotion that exhausts itself in being felt. What have we, the living, to say to the dead who pass by in shadowy hosts? They died for no mean thing. They died that the world might be a better and a cleaner place for those who lived and those who come after. As that unknown soldier was borne down Whitehall he issued a silent challenge to the living world to say whether it was worthy of his sacrifice. And if we are honest with ourselves we shall not find the answer easy.

Source: *Mary Furrows*.

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

A paragraph is a clearly arranged group of sentences bearing upon one subject or on one particular branch of a subject. This is known as the *theme* of the paragraph. The *theme* is generally expressed in the opening sentence, which is known as the *key* or *topic* sentence. The above essay is a striking example of fine paragraphing.

Paragraph i. "We shall not know his name."—*Topic sentence*, and the idea is repeated at end of paragraph.

Paragraph ii. "Gaily or sadly he went to battle."—*Topic sentence*, many examples follow, summed up in the last sentence.

Paragraph iii. "He takes a thousand shapes."—*Topic sentence*, a descriptive paragraph illustrating the key sentence and working up to a fine *climax*.

Examine the other paragraphs in similar fashion.

Now answer the following questions:

1. How is the "unknown soldier" named in paragraph i and why is he so named?
2. Which stream in paragraph ii interests you most? Why?
3. Say which of the shapes in paragraph iii you think most interesting, and why.
4. Where is the widespread nature of the war best shown?
5. Why did the writer consider the unknown soldier to be greater than any lying in the Abbey?
6. Study the paragraph on page 182 and say what you think the writer of the article would ask himself if he stood before this soldier's tomb.

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

Nouns.—affliction, sacrifice, reverence.

Verb.—transcends.

Adjectives.—invisible, illustrious, extravagant, significant.

III. COMPOSITION

1. Write a summary of the essay.
2. Suppose you had never read any part of the history of the Great War, what would this essay teach you about it?
3. Explain what is meant by "all were offered as a sacrifice on the insane and monstrous altar of war," lines 8-9, page 181.
4. Why is modern war more "monstrous" than earlier wars?

IV. GRAMMAR

1. *Neither* and *nor*, *either* and *or*, are pairs and should never be used of more than *two* persons, objects, or actions. Both pairs of connectives take a singular verb when they connect two singular subjects—"Neither his name nor whence he came *is* known."

2. The pronouns and adjectives *none*, *each*, *either*, *neither*, *every*, *everyone*, *everybody* refer to persons or things taken one at a time, hence the nouns, pronouns, and verbs following them must be singular, e.g.: "There *is* *none* righteous; no, not *one*."

Make sentences using the above words correctly.

3. *Each other* and *one another* are reciprocal pronouns. *Each other* is used only of two things; and *one another* of more than two.

The Two Minutes' Silence

(November 11, 1919)

Sir Philip Gibbs

INTRODUCTORY.—The following extract from the Daily Press is perhaps the most brilliant description yet printed of the greatest national memorial service that the world has ever known—a salute to over 950,000 men of the British Empire who fell in the horrors of 1914-18, written by a distinguished journalist and novelist who went through some of them.

IN two minutes' silence there were five years of remembrance, and the unspoken prayer of multitudes thinking of their dead, and of the many agonies, and of the unhealed

wounds of the world and of all war's consequences—when yesterday, at the hour of the Armistice a year ago, our people, wherever they might be, stood still, and bowed their heads, and were silent.

The King's idea was fulfilled in simplicity and in reverence, and I do not think there were any scoffers yesterday, any rebels against this way of celebrating the moment of history when the monstrous slaughter ended; and the guns, the labouring guns, the noisy guns, ceased fire, after many years.

Victory celebrations, victory marches, the riotous "Mafekings"¹ of mobs, stirred bitterness in some stricken hearts who had paid a hard price in their souls, or who looked around on life and said, "Is this ruin our victory?" . . . "Was it for this peace our men fought?" . . .

"This dead-sea fruit—is that all we get?"

Yesterday, in the silence of those two minutes, the strange great soul of our people, made up of countless differences of desire, conviction, emotion, was stirred enormously—it is certain—by that dramatic act of thoughtfulness and remembrance.

It was an act worthy of a nation that will not forget the sacrifice of its youth, and for a little time, at least, in such moments as this, acknowledge in humility that it was saved from greater perils even than those which came and from even more dreadful than our present discontent. The idea was spiritual and great.

It was a wonderful thing that happened—a whole nation was suddenly arrested in its activity and life in every street, in the swirl of traffic, in the workshops and factories, on its railways and rivers, in its studies and

¹ A word derived from the noisy scenes in London that followed the receipt of the news of the relief of Mafeking, May 1900.

kitchens, and standing to attention in a salute of the living to the dead, in an intense consciousness of the Power that controls our lives and destiny, and in a communion with all who shared the blows that struck us as a people. Out of that silence, over all the countryside, among all our multitudes, something should come—some goodness.

IN THE CITY'S HEART

I was in front of the Mansion House when the silence came. A few minutes before then the usual tide was flowing and eddying, a tide of motor-omnibuses, lorries, cars, and carts, swirling round by the Royal Exchange, in a spate below the statue of Wellington, with tributary streams from Threadneedle Street and Cheapside.

Crowds of men had come out from their offices, and were moving slowly backwards and forwards between the lines of motor traffic. There was a thick bank of people below the columns of the Royal Exchange. The pavements were blocked by a sluggish procession of black-coated figures. The old pulse of life was beating at the heart of the Empire and the sound of it was unchanged—that low, murmurous roar of men and machines, which is the life of London. Motors were sounding their horns to clear the way through the crowds. Their engines were throbbing. Many voices spoke in the voice of the crowd, so loudly in all this surge of traffic that only now and then could one hear a tune being played by a band above the balustrade of the Mansion House. It was a band of black-coated men—with the red caps of the Salvation Army—and the tune they played was “O God, our help in ages past!”

The clock in a corner building said three minutes to eleven.

A little stream of motor-cars tried to get farther forward

and failed. A city policeman held up his hand and checked them. The crowd stopped speaking to listen to their own silence. They looked up to the flagstaff above the Mansion House, where a furred flag was hauled up at half-mast.

Gradually, and not at a given signal, silence came over all these people, so densely packed, from which such a loud murmur had come before. Silence, deep, immense, beautiful, had already come to the multitude and the traffic, when from here and there a city clock chimed out the hour of eleven, one following another or mingling their notes. Then there was a noise of guns. The maroons were being fired in different parts of London, and many in the crowd by the Mansion House must have thought back to days when that noise of gunfire was always in their ears, by day and night, in ugly places, in desolate death-haunted places, and peace seemed as though it would never come, until one day, a year ago, it came.

FLIGHT OF THE PIGEONS

The City pigeons flew over the Mansion House roof, and one could almost hear the flutter of those grey wings—I thought I heard it—in that strange, spiritual silence where thousands of men and women stood.

They were standing densely thronged in the roadway and on the omnibuses and lorries and motor-cars, and each man bared his head and stood at attention.

I doubt whether many of those men were praying consciously, or thinking consciously, or saying in their silence any definite thing in remembrance of the dead who were their comrades, or of the Darkness, through which they passed. I think each individual there, during those two minutes, was uplifted, taken outside himself as it were, by a sense of spiritual emotion around him and above him.

I think a great unconscious, inarticulate prayer came up out of that silence.

HEART-BEAT OF HISTORY

These men listened in unearthly quietude and heard the heart-beat of history as though they were outside it, disembodied.



“ . . . ONE COULD ALMOST HEAR THE FLUTTER OF THOSE GREY WINGS . . . ”

There were tears in men's eyes, and something of what the war meant in suffering, in loss, in valour, in wreckage of life's beauty, in the heroism of youth, in a world of trouble still about us, surged up with immense reminders.

Above the Mansion House steps a bugle rang out. It was playing the Last Post, as some of us heard it played many times by soldiers' graves. It was a salute to all those men of ours—those legions of youth—who fought and fell

along those roads of war, after so many battles, so many hardships, such unwritten agony, on the way to that morning of Armistice.

By their valour it was that we live, with a chance of making life good for the world, if in such silences we see truth, clearer than hatred, greater than the meanness of our little egotism, nobler than the baseness that is in us now.

It seemed a long time that two minutes' silence before the last wailing note of the bugle-call. The band played again—"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow"—flags fluttered up to the mast-heads, the people put on their hats again, the traffic moved, the silence passed, and the tumult of life was resumed. But of the silence of the people a new thoughtfulness was born. In such moments, leaders are made, and faith is inflamed.

Source : *The Daily Chronicle*, November 12, 1919.

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

Read the article again carefully, noting the striking introduction—the first ten words. Study the first five paragraphs leading to the *National* silence, then in Part II the writer concentrates on the *City's* silence. Here again five or six paragraphs lead to the *actual event*. The next two parts describe it, while the inspiring concluding sentence is worth noting.

Study the author's fine choice of words, phrases, and sentences: "A salute of the living to the dead"; "murmurous roar"; "surge of traffic"; "heart-beat of history"; "roads of war"; "tumult of life."

Now answer these questions:

1. What is the real cause of the silence ?
2. Why does the act live ?
3. What benefit does the writer think came from the great sacrifice of youth ?
4. How can you tell that the author had seen the war ? Point out eight words in the extract that say exactly what the silence is.

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

1. *Nouns*.—remembrance, armistice, simplicity, emotion, humility, consciousness, quietude, egotism.

Adjectives.—desolate, inarticulate.

2. Explain the following:

"In two minutes' silence there were five years of remembrance"; "The King's idea was fulfilled in simplicity and in reverence"; "Yesterday in the silence . . . thoughtfulness and remembrance." (paragraph 3, page 184); "I doubt whether many . . . prayer came up out of that silence" (paragraph 4, pages 186-7).

III. COMPOSITION

1. Give the author's thoughts about war as shown in the article.
2. Describe briefly a *Two minutes' silence* that you have observed.

IV. GRAMMAR

Latin Roots :

statum (*stand*).—Stature, station, state, distant, extant, solstice, superstition.

cedo (*go*).—Procession, proceed, exceed, ancestor, decess.

facio (*make*).—Factory, forge, fabric, confectionery, fashion, faction, suffice, efficient, affect, effect, infect.

Use the above words in sentences of your own.

Prefixes : Give the use of these—pro, con, en, de, super.

The Wind on the Heath

George Borrow

INTRODUCTORY.—Borrow's books are chiefly accounts of his own life. *Lavengro* shows him leading a life of roving adventure; he became in turn tinker, gypsy, postilion, ostler, but always travelling, questioning, and learning.

He associated with all classes of country folk, particularly gypsies, whose habits he describes very faithfully.

Borrow was proud of his language-study. *Lavengro* means "word-master." When he was twenty years of age he described himself as

"A lad who twenty tongues can talk
And sixty miles a day can walk."

Read his books for fine nature description, for interesting dialogues with the people he met, and for well-written accounts of old-time "fights with fists."

The extract below is one best known in English literature, and the paragraph on pages 190-1, beginning "Think so !—" will not soon be forgotten.

I NOW wandered along the heath, until I came to a place where, beside a thick furze, sat a man, his eyes fixed intently on the red ball of the setting sun.

“ That’s not you, Jasper ? ”

“ Indeed, brother ! ”

“ I’ve not seen you for years.”

“ How should you, brother ? ”

“ What brings you here ? ”

“ The fight, brother.”

“ Where are the tents ? ”

“ On the old spot, brother.”

“ Any news since we parted ? ”

“ Two deaths, brother.”

“ Who are dead, Jasper ? ”

“ Father and mother, brother.”

“ What is your opinion of death, Jasper ? ” said I, as I sat down beside him.

“ My opinion of death, brother, is much the same as that in the old song of Pharaoh, which I have heard my grandma sing :

‘ *Canna marel o manus chivios andé puv,
Ta rovel pa leste o chavo ta romi.*’

(‘ When a man dies, he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him.’)

“ If he has neither wife nor child, then his father and mother, I suppose ; and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then, he is cast into the earth, and there is an end of the matter.”

“ And do you think that is the end of man ? ”

“ There’s an end of him, brother, more’s the pity.”

“ Why do you say so ? ”

“ Life is sweet, brother.”

“ Do you think so ? ”

“ Think so !—There’s night and day, brother, both sweet things ; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet

things ; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother ; who would wish to die ? ”

“ I would wish to die——”

“ You talk like a gorgio¹—which is the same as talking like a fool—were you a Romany chal you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed !—A Romany chal would wish to live for ever ! ”

“ In sickness, Jasper ? ”

“ There's the sun and the stars, brother.”

“ In blindness, Jasper ? ”

“ There's the wind on the heath, brother ; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever. We'll now go to the tents and put on the gloves ; and I'll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother ! ”

Source : *Lavengro*

The Cuckoo

George Borrow

THE service over, my companions and myself returned towards the encampment by the way we came. Some of the humble part of the congregation laughed and joked at us as we passed. Jasper and his wife, however, returned their laughs and jokes with interest. As for Tawno and myself, we said nothing : Tawno, like most handsome fellows, having very little to say for himself at any time ; and myself, though not handsome, not being particularly skilful at repartee. Some boys followed us for a considerable time, making all kinds of observations about gypsies ; but as we walked at a great pace, we gradually left them behind, and at last lost sight of them. Jasper's wife and

¹ Gorgio (*pro.* gadjó) = non-gypsy, stranger.

Tawno walked together, even as they had come ; whilst Jasper and myself followed at a little distance.

"That was a very fine preacher we heard," said I to Jasper, after we had crossed the stile into the fields.

"Very fine indeed, brother," said Jasper ; "he is talked of far and wide for his sermons ; folks say that there is scarcely another like him in the whole of England."

"He looks rather melancholy, Jasper."

"He lost his wife several years ago, who, they say, was one of the most beautiful women ever seen. They say that it was grief for her loss that made him come out mighty strong as a preacher ; for, though he was a clergyman, he was never heard of in the pulpit before he lost his wife ; since then, the whole country has rung with his preaching."

"You seem to know all about him, Jasper. Did you ever hear him preach before ?"

"Never, brother ; but he has frequently been to our tent, and his daughters too, and given us tracts ; for he is one of the people who give folks tracts which they cannot read."

"You should learn to read, Jasper."

"We have no time, brother."

"Are you not frequently idle ?"

"Never, brother ; when we are not engaged in our traffic, we are engaged in taking our relaxation, so we have no time to learn."

"You really should make an effort. If you were disposed to learn to read, I would endeavour to assist you. You would be all the better for knowing how to read."

"In what way, brother ?"

"Why, you could read the Scriptures, and by so doing learn your duty towards your fellow-creatures."

"We know that already, brother ; the constables and

justices have contrived to knock that tolerably well into our heads."

"Yet you frequently break the laws."

"So, I believe, do now and then those who know how to read, brother."

"Very true, Jasper; but you really ought to learn to read, as by so doing you might learn your duty towards yourselves, and your chief duty is to take care of your own souls; did not the preacher say: 'In what is a man profited, provided he gain the whole world?'"

"We have not much of the world, brother."

"Very little, indeed, Jasper. Did you not observe how the eyes of the whole congregation were turned towards our pew, when the preacher said: 'There are some people who lose their souls, and get nothing in exchange; who are outcast, despised, and miserable.' Now, was not what he said quite applicable to the gypsies?"

"We are not miserable, brother."

"Well, then, you ought to be, Jasper. Have you an inch of ground of your own? Are you of the least use? Are you not spoken ill of by everybody? What's a gypsy?"

"What's the bird noising yonder, brother?"

"The bird. Oh, that's the cuckoo tolling; but what has the cuckoo to do with the matter?"

"We'll see, brother; what's the cuckoo?"

"What is it? You know as much about it as myself, Jasper."

"Isn't it a kind of roguish, chaffing bird, brother?"

"I believe it is, Jasper."

"Nobody knows whence it comes, brother?"

"I believe not, Jasper."

"Very poor, brother, not a nest of its own?"

"So they say, Jasper."

"With every person's bad word, brother?"

"Yes, Jasper, every person is mocking it."

"Tolerably merry, brother?"

"Yes, tolerably merry, Jasper."

"Of no use at all, brother?"

"None whatever, Jasper."

"You would be glad to get rid of the cuckoos, brother?"

"Why, not exactly, Jasper; the cuckoo is a pleasant, funny bird, and its presence and voice give a great charm to the green trees and fields; no, I can't say I wish exactly to get rid of the cuckoo."

"Well, brother, what's a Romany chal¹?"

"You must answer that question yourself, Jasper."

"A roguish, chaffing fellow, a'n't he, brother?"

"Ay, ay, Jasper."

"Of no use at all, brother?"

"Just so, Jasper; I see——"

"Something very much like a cuckoo, brother?"

"I see what you are after, Jasper."

"You would like to get rid of us, wouldn't you?"

"Why, no, not exactly."

"We are no ornament to the green lanes in spring and summer time, are we, brother? and the voice of our chies¹ with their cukkerin² and dukkerin³ don't help to make them pleasant?"

"I see what you are at, Jasper."

"You would wish to turn the cuckoos into barn-door fowls, wouldn't you?"

"Can't say I should, Jasper, whatever some people might wish."

¹ Chals and Chies = boys and girls.

² Cukkerin = cuckooing.

³ Dukkerin = telling fortunes.

“And the chals and chies into radical weavers and factory wenches, hey, brother?” •

“Can’t say that I should, Jasper. You are certainly a picturesque people, and in many respects an ornament both to town and country; painting and writing, too, are under great obligations to you. What pretty pictures are made out of your campings and groupings, and what



“ . . . CERTAINLY A PICTURESQUE PEOPLE, . . . ”

pretty books have been written in which gypsies, or at least creatures intended to represent gypsies, have been the principal figures. I think if we were without you, we should begin to miss you.”

“Just as you would miss the cuckoos, if they were all converted into barn-fowls. I tell you what, brother, frequently as I have sat under a hedge in spring or summer time and heard the cuckoo, I have thought that we chals

and cuckoos are alike in many respects, but especially in character. Everybody speaks ill of us both, and everybody is glad to see both of us again."

"Yes, Jasper, but there is some difference between men and cuckoos ; men have souls, Jasper !"

Source : *The Romany Rye*, vol. i.

SHORT STUDIES

I. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

Nouns.—congregation, repartee, relaxation, obligations.

Adjectives.—melancholy, applicable, picturesque.

Adverb.—tolerably.

II. COMPOSITION

Point out the likenesses drawn in the sketch between gypsies and cuckoos, and point out a sentence of the gypsy's that briefly sums them up.

(Note.—Conversation in this extract is expressed without the use of *said*, *replied*, etc. Study it.)

Snow

Viscount Grey of Fallodon

INTRODUCTORY.—The extract below is from *The Charm of Birds* by Viscount Grey of Fallodon. Viscount Grey, well known for his work as England's Foreign Secretary just before and during the early part of the Great War, was a true lover of nature which he closely studied in his home in Northumberland, and about which he wrote so well.

SNOW is a wonderful event ; the enjoyment of it is on no account to be missed. There is something exciting about new-fallen snow of any depth : everyone knows the exhilaration with which a dog races about and plays in new snow. I have seen a tame covey of partridges show the same emotion at the first fall of snow, and play in it with every sign of excitement and enjoyment.

To get up on a winter morning and find the landscape made white by a heavy, quiet fall of snow in the night is like the discovery of a new land. That same morning we must walk in the woods, especially in a young fir wood laden with snow. It is all so soft, so white, and so silent. There is a sense of mystery in a snowy wood on a still day that can be felt but not described. This aspect will last only for a day or two, or it may be only for a few hours ; the first wind will dispel that impression of mystery ; the snow will be blown off the branches, and the trees will cease to be great white forms of unusual shape, and will become trees again. It is to be hoped that when the wind comes it will be strong ; then the snow in the open country will be blown into drifts and ridges and waves, with outlines and shapes of great beauty. It may even be that roads and railway will be blocked by drifts, and those who do not wish to go away may have a valid excuse for staying at home. Such is snow, if we are fortunate enough to be in the country when there is a big fall of it.

There are other interests in snow besides the mysterious beauty of it. In the garden you may see something at which you stop and gaze, as Robinson Crusoe did at the footprint on the sand. It is the track of a rabbit, baleful and unmistakable. A large garden, especially if shrubbery and rough ground be enclosed therewith, can seldom be kept quite free from rabbits : there is generally one rabbit left, believed to be the very last ; but when this has been exterminated one more very last rabbit appears. The first fall of snow often gives this information, and however confidently the gardener may believe the garden to be safe from rabbits, he will peruse the snow with care and anxiety.

In the woods outside there is much to interest and instruct us. We know better in snow than at any other

time what has passed in the woods when we were not there to see it. Large, rather irregular marks show where a dog has been. The footmarks of a fox are regular, but give an impression that the motion was free and easy : a very tidy track shows where a stealthy cat has prowled. Rabbit tracks are so numerous as to make one fear for young trees, if the hard weather be prolonged ; but a few rabbits will make tracks enough to suggest a multitude. The pattern of a hare's track is on the same plan as that of a rabbit, but is larger and more open ; a squirrel's track is neater, for it is two pairs of footprints, the hinder ones close together side by side, the foremost also parallel to each other, but wide apart. I suppose it is the hind feet that make the front marks in the pattern. Rat, and possibly stoat and weasel tracks will also be seen. Of birds, besides the small hopping birds one may observe the stride of a running pheasant, the footmarks of wood-pigeons and perhaps a woodcock ; this last is a very compact and neat track, as if the bird had taken the greatest pains to put one foot exactly in front of the other at each step. Near the burn footprints may be found that suggest a larger bird than any of these, and yet may be only those of a modest moorhen. So the countryman may walk about woods and fields, reading the snow as a scholar reads the cuttings on an ancient tablet.

If frost continues, the hunger note of blackbirds searching for food, in open drains or wherever there is a sign of bare ground, becomes well known. In front of the garden door a space is cleared from snow and scraps of all sorts put out from time to time : here birds gather and feed and squabble, particularly blackbirds : hunger does make them congregate where there is food, but does not make them merciful to each other. A hard winter is one of

Nature's opportunities to apply the principle of selection of the strongest and most resourceful for survival.

A perplexing problem confronts the feeder of birds if starlings discover his bounty. Starlings may come in great numbers, and they do not waste so much time as blackbirds in quarrelling and chasing each other; feeding in a flock is their habit; they descend upon the food; no other bird can get into that close crowd; they are active and intensely busy, and in a few minutes there is no food left. If rooks come, the situation is still worse. It is the garden birds and not these outsiders that we wish to feed, and, with all goodwill to starlings and rooks, it is not part of our plan to feed these strangers and let our garden birds be starved. There is no way of solving this problem which is not harsh or painful, and every one must decide for himself how to attempt to deal with it.

Source : *The Charm of Birds.*

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

Study the above essay as an example of *exposition* :

- i. The interesting introduction of the subject-matter.
- ii. The orderly arrangement of the paragraphs, each bearing upon a separate phase of the subject.
- iii. The clear topic sentence in each paragraph, followed by closely connected illustrations. Show how that long paragraph ii is summed up or knit together near its end by *three words*.
- iv. The minute and interesting details showing close observation.
- v. The striking yet simple language, so fitting to the subject—note, *so soft, so white, so silent*; find other examples.

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

Nouns.—exhilaration, emotion, impression, principle.

Verbs.—exterminated, congregate.

Adjectives.—mysterious, baleful, resourceful, perplexing.

III. COMPOSITION

1. Write a summary of the essay.
2. Write two or three paragraphs describing in accurate and interesting detail anything you have noticed in nature, such as a thunderstorm, or a storm at sea, or on the coast or inland.

IV. VOCABULARY (*continued*)

Latin Prefixes :

dis, dif, di = in two, apart, asunder—as in discover, disarm, divorce, disease, dissimilar.

in, il, im, ir = in, into, on—as in information, instruct, infer, invent, immigrate, irrigate, irritate.

in, il, im, ir, ig = not—as in inconvenient, incautious, illiberal, improper, irregular, ignoble.

1. Take each of the above prefixes and give two other illustrations of its use.
2. Give three illustrations of the use of the English prefix *un* (= not).

The Loss of the *Titanic*

Sir Arthur H. Rostron

(Late Commodore of the Cunard Fleet)

INTRODUCTORY.—Although the writer of the story below spent some forty years at sea and held high command during the Great War, he places Sunday, April 14, 1912, as the most dramatic night of his career.

The *Titanic* started on her maiden voyage from Southampton to New York on April 10, 1912. She was the largest ship in the world, a triumph of modern engineering, and was looked upon as a gigantic lifeboat, absolutely unsinkable, yet, to the stupefaction of the whole world, four days later, she lay at the bottom of the sea.

The *Titanic* carried 1,348 passengers and a crew of 860, but had only twenty lifeboats, enough only when full to carry 1,000 people.

OF the thousand pictures retained in my mind of that tragic night¹ when the *Titanic* was lost, the first that recurs is of a man stooping as he unlaced his boots!

He was the Marconi operator on board the *Carpathia*, and if that officer had not been keen on his job, ignoring the

¹ Sunday, April 14, 1912.

regulation time to knock off, many of the seven hundred-odd lives we were able to save that night might have been added to the appalling list of dead that marks the disaster as the greatest in maritime history.

In those days wireless was but a recent addition to the equipment of ships at sea. We were quite proud of our installation, though it had a normal range of only 130 miles, and just over 200 miles in exceptionally favourable circumstances.

And we carried only one operator.

This man should have finished duty at midnight. Yet here was half-past twelve and he was still listening in. But he was on the very point of retiring. He was, in fact, in the act of bending down to undo his boots when the dread call came, for in his interest he still retained the phones upon his ears.

"S.O.S. *Titanic* calling. We have struck ice and require immediate assistance."

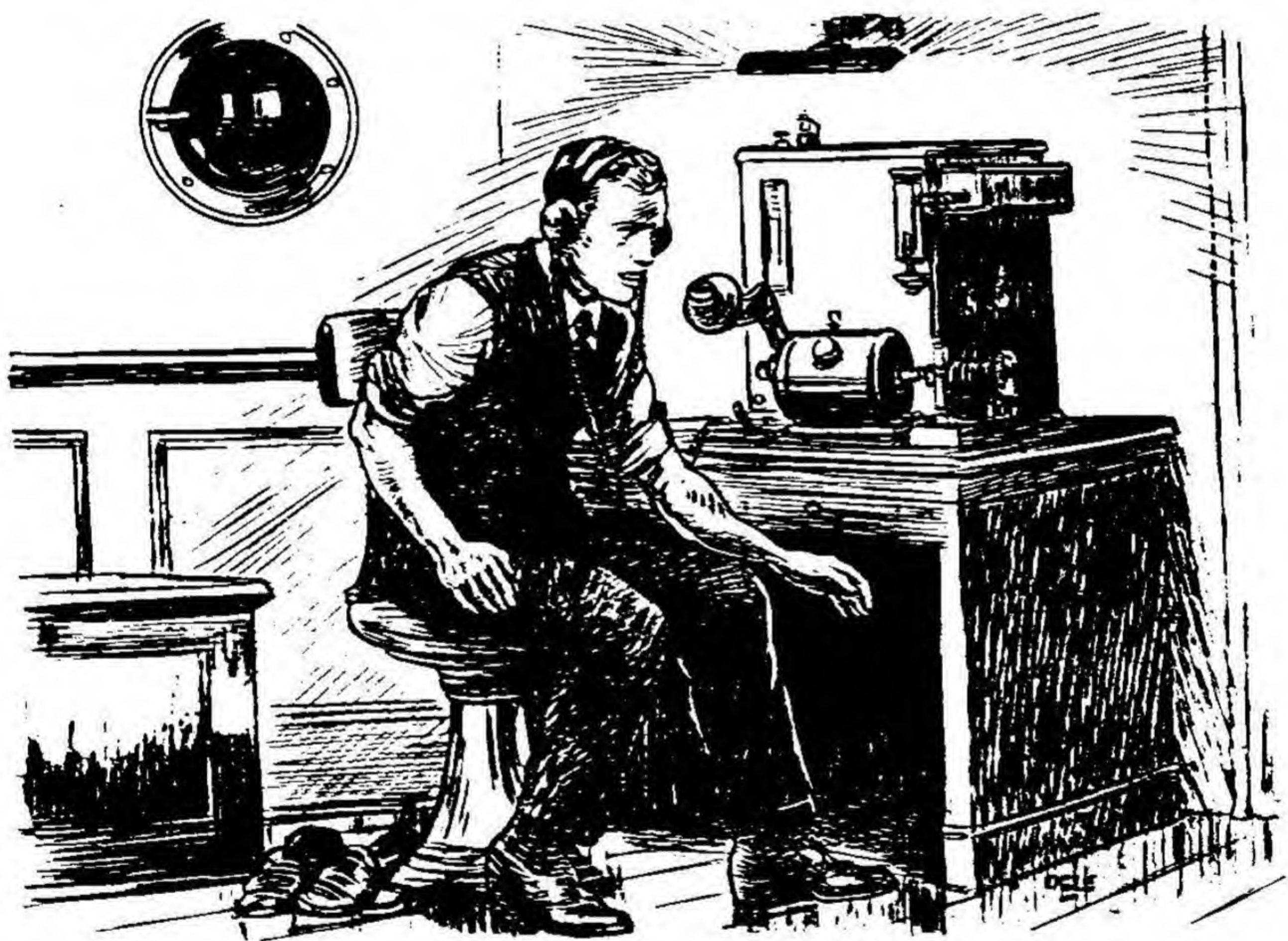
One can imagine him jerking upright, the alarm growing in his mind, though to be sure, in those first minutes, we none of us permitted our fears to embrace so devastating an accident as it was destined to prove. But it was the *Titanic*, a mammoth ship, proudful in her size and power, carrying over two thousand souls and making her maiden voyage from England to America! That was sufficient to impress on the operator the magnitude of the danger and, throwing the earphones to the table, he raced to the first officer who was on watch at the time.

It is a dramatic thought, that if the signal had been two or three minutes later we should not have picked it up!

The news was at once brought to me. Curious how trivial things stamp themselves on the mind in moments of

crisis. I can remember my door opening—the door near the head of my bunk which communicated with the chart-room. I had but recently turned in and was not asleep, and drowsily I said to myself: “Who the dickens is this cheeky beggar coming into my cabin without knocking?”

Then the first officer was blurting out the facts, and you



“S.O.S. ‘TITANIC’ CALLING.”

may be sure I was very soon wide awake, with thoughts for nothing but doing all that was in the ship’s power to render the aid called for.

So incredible seemed the news that, having at once given orders to turn the ship—we were bound from New York to Gibraltar and other Mediterranean ports, while the *Titanic* was passing us westward bound, sixty miles to our nor’ard

—I got hold of the Marconi operator and assured myself there could have been no mistake.

"Are you sure it is the *Titanic* that requires immediate assistance?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir."

But I had to ask again. "You are absolutely certain?" for remember, the wireless was not at the pitch of perfection and reliability it is to-day.

"Quite certain," he replied.

"All right," I said then. "Tell him we are coming along as fast as we can."

I went into the chart-room, having obtained from the operator the *Titanic's* position. It was Lat. $41^{\circ} 46' N.$, Long. $50^{\circ} 14' W.$

I at once worked out the course and issued orders. Within a few minutes of the call we were steaming all we knew to the rescue. The *Carpathia* was a fourteen-knot ship, but that night for three and a half hours she worked up to seventeen knots. One of the first things I did, naturally, was to get up the chief engineer, explain the urgency of matters and, calling out an extra watch in the engine-room, every ounce of power was got from the boilers and every particle of steam used for the engines, turning it from all other uses, such as heating.

There was much to be done. All hands were called, and then began over three hours of restless activity and never-ending anxiety.

For though it was fortunate that our passengers were asleep, the covering of night added to the risks we had to take. Ice! Racing through the dark towards we knew not what danger from bergs, standing on the bridge with everyone keeping a bright look out, I was fully conscious of the danger my own ship and passengers were sharing.

I may say now that the spring of that year was phenomenal in regard to ice. The *Titanic* was on her right course, a course where, it is true, one at times may see ice, but that night was so exceptional as to be unique in anyone's memory. The reason was that two summers before the season had been unusually warm in the far north. Islands of ice had broken adrift from their polar continent and come drifting south. It took two years for these giant remnants to work their way so far south and we were to be amazed when daylight broke to find on every hand berg and floe stretching as far as the eye could reach.

Into that zone of danger we raced the *Carpathia*, every nerve strained watching for the ice. Once I saw one huge fellow towering into the sky quite near—saw it because a star was reflected on its surface—a tiny beam of warning which guided us safely past. If only some such friendly star had glistened into the eyes of the look-out on the *Titanic*. . . . Ah, well, it was not to be.

Before I could take the bridge, however, there were a thousand and one things to be done. They were started at once. Even as I stood in the chart-room working out the position I saw the bosun's mate pass with the watch off to wash down decks. I called him, told him to knock off routine work and get all our boats ready for lowering, not making any noise. Questioning surprise leapt into his eyes.

"It's all right," I assured him. "We are going to another vessel in distress."

The first officer I called was the engineer. Speed was the imperative need. When he had gone to turn out his extra watch—and as soon as the men heard what was wanted and why, many of them went to work without waiting to dress; good fellows! I had up the English

doctor, purser, and chief steward, and to these I gave instructions.

Meanwhile, we were ploughing on through the night—a brilliant night of stars. I had been able to go to the bridge.

To me there the Marconi operator came reporting he had picked up a message from the *Titanic* to the *Olympic* asking the latter to have all her boats ready. The sense of tragedy was growing. But the *Olympic*, homeward bound, was hundreds of miles away, very much farther than we were. The *Titanic* had also called us. They asked how long we should be getting up.

"Say about four hours," I told the operator (we did it in three and a half hours), "and tell her we shall have all our boats in readiness and all other preparations necessary to receive the rescued."

While we were talking together I saw a green flare about a point on our port bow.

"There's her light," I cried, pointing. "She must be still afloat."

This looked like good news. An hour before the Marconi operator had brought me a message from the *Titanic* that the engine-room was filling. That had looked fatal. It left little doubt that she was going down. So to catch that green flare brought renewed hope.

Almost at once the second officer reported the first iceberg. It lay two points on the port bow and it was the one whose presence was betrayed by the star beam. More and more now were we all keyed up. Icebergs loomed up and fell astern; we never slackened, though sometimes we altered course suddenly to avoid them. It was an anxious time with the *Titanic's* fateful experience very close in our minds. There were seven hundred souls on the *Carpathia* ;

these lives, as well as all the survivors of the *Titanic* herself, depended on a sudden turn of the wheel.

As soon as there was a chance that we were in view, we started sending up rockets at intervals of about a quarter of an hour and, when still nearer, fired the Company's Roman candles (night signals) to let them know it was the *Carpathia* that was approaching. Occasionally we caught sight of a green light; we were getting pretty near the spot.

By this time the hope that their green signals had at first bred in us was gone. There was no sign of the *Titanic* herself. By now—it was about 3.35 a.m.—we were almost up to the position and had the giant liner been afloat we should have seen her. The skies were clear, the stars gleaming with that brightness which only a keen frosty air brings to them, and visibility was as good as it could be on a moonless night. I put the engines on the "stand by" so that the engineers should be on the alert for instant action. At four o'clock I stopped the engines; we were there.

As if in corroboration of that judgment, I saw a green light just ahead of us, low down. That must be a boat I knew and, just as I was planning to come alongside, I saw a big berg immediately in front of us—the second officer reporting it at the same moment. I had meant to take the boat on the port side, which was the lee side if anything, though there was not much wind or sea. But the iceberg altered the plan. It was necessary to move with the utmost expedition. I swung the ship round and so came alongside the first of the *Titanic*'s boats on the starboard side.

Devoutly thankful I was that the long race was over; every minute had brought its risk—a risk that only keen eyes and quick decisions could meet—but with that feeling

was the ache which the now certain knowledge of the liner's loss brought. No sign of her—and below was the first boat containing survivors.

A hail came up from her. "We have only one seaman in the boat and cannot work very well."

They were a little way off our gangway.

"All right," I told them and brought the vessel right alongside. Then they started climbing aboard. Obviously they had got away in a hurry, for there were only twenty-five of them, whereas the capacity of the boat was fully forty. They were in charge of one officer.

I asked that this officer should come to me as soon as he was on board, and to him I put that heart-rending inquiry, knowing with a terrible certainty what his answer was to be.

"The *Titanic* has gone down?"

"Yes," he said; one word that meant so much—so much that the man's voice broke on it. "She went down at about two-thirty."

An hour and a half ago! Alas, that we had not been nearer!

But there was no time for vain regrets. Daylight was just setting in and what a sight that new day gradually revealed! Everywhere were icebergs. About a third of a mile on our starboard beam was the one that a few minutes ago had faced us; less than a hundred feet off our port quarter was a growler—a broken-off lump of ice ten to fifteen feet high and twenty-five feet long. But stretching as far as the eye could reach were masses of them. I instructed a junior officer to go to the wheel-house deck and count them. Twenty-five there were over two hundred feet in height and dozens ranging from a hundred and fifty down to fifty feet.

And amid the tragic splendour of them as they lay in the

first shafts of the rising sun, boats of the lost ship floated. From that moment we went on picking them up, and as the rescued came aboard their thankfulness for safety was always mingled with the sense of their loss and the chattering cold that possessed them. Many of the women had been hours in those open boats, shielded from the almost arctic cold only by a coat hastily thrown over night clothes—telling of the urgency with which they had left the ship, suggesting to the imagination awful long-drawn-out anxiety before the slips were loosed and the boat was on the water and away.

Slowly we cruised from boat to boat, and as we neared the end of our questing, one gathered the enormity of the disaster. Altogether we picked up seven hundred and six persons; but on the *Titanic* crew and passengers numbered over 2,000—so many hundreds lost who a few short hours before had been members of a gay and distinguished company—half-way through the maiden voyage of the world's largest liner!

While we slowly cruised, we held a service in the first-class dining-room—in memory of those who were lost and giving thanks for those who had been saved.

Except for the boats beside the ship and the icebergs, the sea was strangely empty. Hardly a bit of wreckage floated—just a deck-chair or two, a few lifebelts, a good deal of cork; no more flotsam than one can often see on a seashore drifted in by the tide. The ship had plunged at the last, taking everything with her. I saw only one body in the water; the intense cold made it hopeless for anyone to live long in it.

It had been, indeed, an eventful week—eventful in the history of shipping it was to prove. One of the results was

that the Board of Trade made new regulations that on every ship at sea there were to be carried sufficient boats to accommodate all passengers and crew. To-day it seems incredible that it needed this appalling calamity to bring in such a regulation—and it hardly bears thinking about that if there had been sufficient boats that night when the *Titanic* was lost every soul aboard could have been saved,



"... THERE IS NOW A CONSTANT ICE PATROL ..."

since it was two and a half hours after she struck that she tilted her mammoth stern into the heavens and sank by the head, taking with her all that were unprovided for. Now, yonder from Portsmouth even on the little ferry boats that ply between that port and the Isle of Wight there are life-saving appliances for all the passengers the ferries can hold.

One other good thing resulted from the disaster. Sup-

ported by both Britain and America, there is now a constant ice patrol—from March to July or August—always watching along the latitudes where sometimes the ice reaches—and reporting to all shipping whenever there float out of the icy maw of the far north bergs which might bring to some other ill-fated ship the calamity which met the *Titanic*.

Titanic! Of all the remarkable incidents connected with the short life of that ship of destiny not the least was her name. If you look in your dictionary you will find: “Titans.—A race of people vainly striving to overcome the forces of nature.”

Could anything be more unfortunate than such a name, anything more significant?

Source: *Home from the Sea*.

Note.—“The gallant *Carpathia* ended her days at sea during the Great War. She was torpedoed in May 1918, off the south of Ireland. It was a sorry end to a fine ship. She lies in her natural element, resting her long rest on a bed of sand.”—A. H. R.

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

Note the simple direct style of the narrative, breezy as befits a sailor, full of details that were important in the eyes of the captain of a great ship.

Study the plan of the story and express it as on page 36. Note the strong and fitting nature of the conclusion.

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

Nouns.—regulation, installation, visibility, corroboration, imagination, enormity.

Adjectives.—appalling, devastating, trivial, unique, imperative, incredible, significant.

III. COMPOSITION

From the story, illustrate the vital importance of wireless installation in ships with day and night operators, and the need of a sufficient supply of lifeboats.

Lest We Forget

Herbert G. Ponting
(Author of "The Great White South")

INTRODUCTORY.—The fine article below was written by Mr. Herbert G. Ponting, a distinguished artist-photographer, writer and lecturer, who was a member up to, tho' not in, the last trek of the famous, but ill-fated, Scott Antarctic Expedition 1910-13. It was his love for and admiration of his great and gallant leader that prompted him some twenty years after Scott died to rewrite the story briefly for boys and girls, hoping they would be then tempted to read the full account of the "great adventure," which is well told in Captain Scott's *Last Expedition*.

MARCH 29 is a day that should be set aside in every school in the Empire for the telling of a story that will live for ever in the annals of adventure, for it was on this day in the year 1912 that Captain Robert Falcon Scott passed into the glorious company of the immortals.

In February 1913, the *Terra Nova* returned from the Antarctic to New Zealand with the tragic news which shocked the whole world that the great explorer and his four companions, Dr. Wilson, Captain Oates, Lieutenant Bowers, and Petty Officer Evans, had perished on their homeward journey from the South Pole eleven months before.

A new generation has been born and has grown up since then, to many of whom the story of the Scott Expedition is unknown; therefore, though the anniversary is not one for celebration, it should be marked every year in British schools by the reading of the noble story of that glorious defeat, for it is an epic of perfect comradeship, of selflessness, and of heroism than which there is nothing finer in history.

To the young the story of Captain Scott will be always fresh, and to those whom it thrilled as nothing else had thrilled them before until war unleashed its furies upon a tranquil world, a brief recapitulation of the final episode of the conquest of the South Pole may serve to reawaken a poignant and undying memory.

Captain Scott's second and last expedition to the Antarctic sailed from London on June 1, and from Port Chalmers, New Zealand, on November 9, 1910, in the *Terra Nova*, a vessel which had been specially built for Polar work some thirty years previously. The expedition, which numbered all told about sixty officers and men, was one of the best-equipped scientific enterprises ever sent out from any country.

The party landed on January 4 on Ross Island, at a place which was named Cape Evans. Here on a sandy beach, at the foot of the great active volcano, Mount Erebus, seventeen Siberian ponies, thirty Siberian dogs, three motor-sledges, and supplies sufficient to last for three years were disembarked.

It will be remembered that a Norwegian expedition under the command of the famous explorer, Captain Roald Amundsen, was also in the Antarctic at that time, with the intention of endeavouring to reach the South Pole before Captain Scott arrived at that goal of his hopes. Amundsen's base was on the Great Ice Barrier, nearly 400 miles distant from Scott's base at Ross Island. The distance from Amundsen's base to the Pole was about 830 miles, and from Scott's base it was about 900 miles.

"DAY-DREAMS" MUST GO

Everything went fairly well, and according to plan, with Scott's party; and on January 15, 1912, the leader

wrote in his journal: "It is wonderful to think that two long marches would land us at the Pole. It ought to be a certain thing now, and the only appalling possibility the sight of the Norwegian flag forestalling ours."

The next day, when twenty-seven miles from the Pole, Scott wrote:

"The worst has happened, or nearly the worst. We started off in high spirits, feeling that to-morrow would see us at our destination. About the second hour of the march Bowers's sharp eyes detected a black speck ahead. We marched on and found it was a black flag tied to a sledge-bearer; near by the remains of a camp, and the clear trace of dogs' paws—many dogs.

"This told us the whole story. The Norwegians have forestalled us at the Pole. It is a terrible disappointment, and I am very sorry for my loyal companions. To-morrow we must march on to the Pole, and then hasten home with all speed we can compass. All the day-dreams must go; it will be a wearisome return."

On January 17 he wrote:

"The Pole! Yes, but under very different circumstances from those expected.

"Great God! this is an awful place, and terrible enough for us to have laboured to without the reward of priority."

All the infinite striving of those eleven weeks that were passed is felt in that one great bitter cry to the Almighty. It is the cry of a strong man out of whose heart ambition and hope are crushed. Then, as he thought of the tremendous task that lay before them, the 850-mile journey yet to come, he wrote:

"Now for the run home, and a desperate struggle. I wonder if we can do it."

On January 24 apprehension had deepened :

“ This is the second full gale since we left the Pole. I don't like the look of it. Is the weather breaking up ? If so, God help us, with the tremendous journey and scanty food.”

It is as though the leader heard the approaching footfalls of Death, and Death was indeed near at hand. Petty Officer Evans, the “ strong man ” of the party, was the first to fall. The blasting of his beloved chief's ambition to be first to reach the Pole was a blow from which the devoted man never recovered. His failure seems to have begun to date from that time.

THE STRAIN TELLS

His condition gradually became worse, and a fall on rough ice accelerated his death, which occurred from concussion of the brain, at the foot of Beardmore Glacier on February 17. The breakdown of poor Evans was the beginning of the end. Captain Scott wrote : “ His death left us a shaken party, with the season unduly advanced.”

On February 20 he wrote :

“ Pray God, we get better travelling, as we are not so fit as we were.”

And on February 27 :

“ Pray God, we have no further set-backs, but there is a horrid element of doubt.”

The cold continued intense, ranging from thirty to nearly fifty degrees below zero Fahrenheit, and the surface bad beyond their worst fears. These things delayed them woefully, and delay meant further shortage of food and oil fuel. The terrific strain on their strength was beginning too truly to tell. On March 3 Captain Scott wrote :

“God help us, we can’t keep up this pulling, that is certain. Amongst ourselves we are unendingly cheerful but what each feels in his heart I can only guess.”

Three days later Captain Oates, whose feet had been for some time badly frostbitten, and were daily getting worse, was unable to pull.

“He is wonderfully plucky” (wrote Captain Scott), “as his feet must be giving him great pain. He makes no complaint. If we were all fit, I should have hopes of getting through; but the poor soldier has become a terrible hindrance, though he does his utmost and suffers much.”

On March 11 he wrote :

“Oates is very near the end. What he will do, God only knows. He is a brave, fine fellow, and understands the situation. He asked us for advice. Nothing could be done but to urge him to march as long as he could.”

On March 16 Oates could go no farther, and Scott wrote :

“We knew that the end had come. He did not—would not—give up hope to the very end. He slept through the night, hoping not to wake, but he woke in the morning. It was blowing a blizzard. He said: ‘I am just going outside, and may be some time.’ He went out into the blizzard, and we have not seen him since. We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew that it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far off.”

THE BLIZZARD

They pitched their sixtieth camp from the Pole on March 21, eleven miles from a depot of food and fuel. That

day a blizzard began which, as the meteorological records at winter quarters show, lasted for ten days. For those three dauntless souls who had stuck to their sick companions to the last, when personal safety could have been secured by their abandonment, the end had come. Eight days later, March 29, Captain Scott made the final entry in his journal :

“ Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece, and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot eleven miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, and the end cannot be far.”

Owing to the terrific weather, and the fall of winter and consequent darkness, it was not until the following October that a search party was able to set out. They reached the tent on November 12, 1912.¹

Wilson and Bowers were found in the attitude of sleep, their sleeping bags closed over their heads as they would naturally close them. Scott died later. He had thrown back the flaps of his sleeping bag, and opened his coat. The little wallet containing the three notebooks was under his shoulders, and his arm flung across Wilson.

In one of the notebooks, in a “ Message to the Public,” Captain Scott had written :

“ Things have come out against us, therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined to do our best to the last. . . . Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance,

¹ One of the most treasured relics hanging in the lounge of the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert* is a tiny tattered White Ensign found flying over Scott's tent.

and courage of my companions. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale. . . .

"We are weak. Writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and



"... NOVEMBER 12, 1912."

meet death with as great fortitude as ever in the past.—
R. SCOTT."

THEIR EPITAPHS

Over their bodies a great cairn of ice was raised, surmounted by a cross. A search was made for Captain Oates's body, but it was never found. "The kindly snow had covered his body, giving it a fitting burial."

2. Explain the following:
 "the annals of adventure"; "an epic of perfect comradeship"; "a brief recapitulation . . . undying memory" (paragraph 1, page 212); "one of the best-equipped scientific enterprises"; "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

II. COMPOSITION

1. Write a summary of the extract.
2. Write a short summary of the causes of the tragedy.
3. Point out what you think are the most striking parts of this fine essay.

III. VOCABULARY (*continued*)

1. Comrade, companion, friend, acquaintance, mate, partner.
 The above words all give (but in varying degrees of intimacy) the idea of "associating together."

Would you call Scott and his men *comrades* or *companions*? Say why.
 Is a *friend* always a *companion*? Is a *companion* sure to be a *friend*? Which have you more of, *friends* or *acquaintances*? Say why.

Write sentences using the above words correctly.

2. Would you call Scott and Amundsen *enemies*, or *rivals*, or *opponents*?

3. Adventure, enterprise, journey, expedition.

Study these words in a dictionary and use them correctly in sentences. Illustrate them from history or books of travel where you can. Which of them best fits Scott's undertaking?

4. Tragedy, catastrophe, fatality, accident, misfortune.

Use the above words in a sentence. Which best fits Scott's story?

Note.—If you are interested in books of adventure in Arctic and Antarctic regions, see list in *An Enchanted Journey* of "The King's Highway" series, where also Amundsen tells the story of how he forestalled Scott.

The Beast of Burden in China

W. Somerset Maugham

INTRODUCTORY.—Somerset Maugham is one of the best-known writers of to-day. He is a novelist and playwright, but he is also a traveller with the rare power of describing most vividly the scenes he witnesses. The following sketch of his is well worth close study.

AT first when you see the coolie on the road, bearing his load, it is as a pleasing object that he strikes the eye. In his blue rags, a blue of all colours from indigo to

turquoise and then to the paleness of a milky sky, he fits the landscape. He seems exactly right as he trudges along the narrow causeway between the rice fields, or climbs a green hill. His clothing consists of no more than a short coat and a pair of trousers ; and if he had a suit which was at the beginning all of a piece, he never thinks when it comes to patching to choose a bit of stuff of the same colour. He takes anything that comes handy.

You see a string of coolies come along, one after the other, each with a pole on his shoulders from the ends of which hang two great bales, and they make an agreeable pattern. It is amusing to watch their hurrying reflections in the paddywater. You watch their faces as they pass you. They are good-natured faces and frank, you would have said, if it had not been drilled into you that the Oriental is inscrutable ; and when you see them lying down with their loads under a banyan tree by a wayside shrine, smoking and chatting gaily, if you have tried to lift the bales they carry for thirty miles or more a day, it seems natural to feel admiration for their endurance and their spirit. But you will be thought somewhat absurd if you mention your admiration to the old residents of China. You will be told with a tolerant shrug of the shoulders that the coolies are animals and for two thousand years, from father to son, have carried burdens, so it is no wonder if they do it cheerfully.

The day wears on and it grows warmer. The coolies take off their coats and walk stripped to the waist. Then sometimes in a man resting for an instant, his load on the ground but the pole still on his shoulders so that he has to rest slightly crouched, you see the poor tired heart beating against the ribs ; you see it as plainly as in some cases of heart disease in the out-patients' room of a hospital.

It is strangely distressing to watch. Then also you see the coolies' backs. The pressure of the pole for long years, day after day, had made hard red scars, and sometimes even there are open sores, great sores without bandages or dressing that rub against the wood; but the strangest thing of all is that sometimes, as though nature sought to adapt man for these cruel uses to which he is put, an odd malformation seems to have arisen so that there is a sort of hump, like a camel's, against which the pole rests. But beating heart or angry sore, bitter rain or burning sun notwithstanding, they go on eternally, from dawn to dusk, year in year out, from childhood to the extreme of age. You see old men without an ounce of fat on their bodies, their skin loose on their bones, wizened, their little faces wrinkled and apelike, with hair thin and grey; and they totter under their burdens to the edge of the grave in which at last they shall have rest. And still the coolies go on, not exactly running, but not walking either, sidling quickly, with their eyes on the ground to choose the spot to place their feet, and on their faces a strained, anxious expression. Their effort oppresses you. You are filled with a useless compassion.

In China it is man that is the beast of burden.

Source : *On a Chinese Screen.*

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

Study the build of this striking sketch :

First paragraph = picture of a single coolie.

Second paragraph = picture of a string of coolies.

Third paragraph = close description and thoughts finely expressed.

Fourth paragraph = summary—short, complete, bitter.

II. VOCABULARY (*see Exercise II, page 6*)

Nouns.—turquoise, reflections, admiration, endurance, pressure, malformation, expression, compassion.

Adjectives.—agreeable, inscrutable, tolerant.

III. COMPOSITION

1. Tell the story as if you were the coolie.
2. Show where the writer expresses his feelings towards the coolies.

By the Way-side

Michael Fairless

INTRODUCTORY.—Margaret Fairless Barber (1869-1901) wrote under the pen-name of "Michael Fairless." She wrote but little; her best-known book, *The Roadmender*, is quite short and very beautiful. In it she imagines herself to be a stone-breaker and she gives accounts of the passers-by. Her writing breathes love and sympathy with the poor, the weak, and with all animals.

TO-DAY I have lived in a whirl of dust. To-morrow is the great annual cattle fair at E——, and through the long hot hours the beasts from all the district round have streamed in broken procession along my road, to change hands or to die. Surely the lordship over creation implies wise and gentle rule for intelligent use, not the pursuit of a mere immediate end, without any thought of community in the great sacrament of life.

In olden days the herd led his flock, going first in the post of danger to defend the creatures he had weaned from their natural habits for his various uses. Now that good relationship has ceased for us to exist, man drives the beasts before him, means to his end, but with no harmony between end and means. All day long the droves of sheep pass me on their lame and patient way, no longer freely and instinctively following a protector and forerunner, but *driven*, impelled by force and resistless will—the same will

which once went before without force. They are all trimmed as much as possible to one pattern, and all make the same sad plaint. It is a day on which to thank God for the unknown tongue. The drover and his lad in dusty blue coats plod along stolidly, deaf and blind to all but the way before them ; no longer wielding the crook, instrument of deliverance, or at most of gentle compulsion, but armed with a heavy stick and mechanically dealing blows on the short thick fleeces ; without evil intent because without thought—it is the ritual of the trade.

Of all the poor dumb pilgrims of the road the bullocks are the most terrible to see. They are not patient, but go most unwillingly with lowered head and furtive sideways motion, in their eyes a horror of great fear. The sleek cattle, knee deep in pasture, massed at the gate, and stared mild-eyed and with inquiring bellow at the retreating drove ; but these passed without answer on to the Unknown, and for them it spelt death.

Behind a squadron of sleek, well-fed cart-horses, formed in fours, with straw braid in mane and tail, came the ponies, for the most part a merry company. Long strings of rusty, shaggy two-year-olds, unbroken, unkempt, the short Down grass still sweet on their tongues ; full of fun, frolic, and wickedness, biting and pulling, casting longing eyes at the hedgerows. The boys appear to recognise them as kindred spirits, and are curiously forbearing and patient. Soon both ponies and boys vanish in a white whirl, and a long line of carts, which had evidently waited for the dust to subside, comes slowly up the incline. For the most part they carry the pigs and fowls, carriage folk of the road. The latter are hot, crowded, and dusty under the open netting ; the former for the most part cheerfully remonstrative.

I drew a breath of relief as the noise of wheels died away and my road sank into silence. The hedgerows are no longer green, but white and choked with dust, a sight to move good sister Rain to welcome tears. The birds seem to have fled before the noisy confusion. I wonder whether my snake has seen and smiled at the clumsy ruling of the lord he so little heeds? I turned aside through the gate to plunge face and hands into the cool of the sheltered grass that side the hedge, and then rested my eyes on the stretch of green I had lacked all day. The rabbits had apparently played and browsed unmindful of the stir, and were still flirting their white tails along the hedgerows; a lark rose, another and another, and I went back to my road. Peace still reigned, for the shadows were lengthening, and there would be little more traffic for the fair. I turned to my work, grateful for the stillness, and saw on the white stretch of road a lone old man and a pig. Surely I knew that tall figure in the quaint grey smock, surely I knew the face, furrowed like nature's face in springtime, and crowned by a round soft hat? And the pig, the black pig, walking decorously free? Ay, I knew them.

In the early spring I took a whole holiday and a long tramp; and towards afternoon, tired and thirsty, sought water at a little lonely cottage whose windows peered and blinked under overhanging brows of thatch. I had, not the water I asked for, but milk and a bowl of sweet porridge for which I paid only thanks; and stayed for a chat with my kindly hosts. They were a quaint old couple of the kind rarely met with nowadays. They enjoyed a little pension from the Squire and a garden in which vegetables and flowers lived side by side in friendliest fashion. Bees worked and sang over the thyme and marjoram, blooming early

in a sunny nook ; and in a homely sty lived a solemn black pig, a pig with a history.

It was no common utilitarian pig, but the honoured guest of the old couple, and it knew it. A year before, their youngest and only surviving child, then a man of five-and-twenty, had brought his mother the result of his savings in the shape of a fine young pig : a week later he



“ . . . 'TIS POOR DICK'S PIG RIGHT ENOW.”

lay dead of the typhoid that scourged Maidstone. Hence the pig was sacred, cared for and loved by this Darby and Joan.

“ ‘Ee be mos’ like a child to me and the mother, an’ mos’ as sensible as a Christian, ‘ee be,” the old man had said ; and I could hardly credit my eyes when I saw the tall bent figure side by side with the black pig, coming along my road on such a day.

I hailed the old man, and both turned aside ; but he gazed at me without remembrance.

I spoke of the pig and its history. He nodded wearily. " Ay, ay, lad, you've got it ; 'tis poor Dick's pig right enow."

" But you're never going to take it to E—— ? "

" Ay, but I be, and comin' back alone, if the Lord be marciful. The missus has been terrible bad this two months and more ; Squire's in foreign parts ; and food-stuffs such as the old woman wants is hard buying for poor folks. The stocking's empty, now, 'tis the pig must go, and I believe he'd be glad for to do the missus a turn ; she were terrible good to him, were the missus, and fond, too. I dursn't tell her he was to go ; she'd sooner starve than lose poor Dick's pig. Well, we'd best be movin' ; 'tis a fairish step."

The pig followed comprehending and docile, and as the quaint couple passed from sight I thought I heard Brother Death stir in the shadow. He is a strong angel and of great pity.

Source : *The Roadmender*.

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

1. Name the various *pictures* that are painted in this sketch, and point out those that are happy, those that are sad, etc.
2. There are many *contrasts* in the selection—point them out.
3. Study the *language* carefully. It is chosen with great taste—note especially the part of paragraph 1, page 224, beginning "Peace still reigned . . .," and also the next paragraph. Study and explain the following thoughtful expression: "without evil intent because without thought—it is the ritual of the trade" (page 223).

II. VOCABULARY (see *Exercise II*, page 6)

1. *Nouns*.—procession, community, sacrament, harmony, compulsion, ritual, typhoid.

Adjectives.—furtive, remonstrative, utilitarian, honoured, docile.

Adverbs.—instinctively, mechanically, decorously.

2. Explain the following:

"streamed in broken procession"; "Surely the lordship . . . sacrament of life" (paragraph 1, page 222); "All day long . . . went before without force" (paragraph 2, page 222); "the crook, instrument of deliverance, or at most of gentle compulsion"; "curiously forbearing and patient."

III. COMPOSITION

Write a paragraph of your own on the difference between the olden way of *leading* the flock and the modern way of *driving* it.

IV. GRAMMAR

Adjective Study.—This extract provides many examples of well-chosen adjectives. Select the most striking of those applied to: (a) sheep; (b) bullocks; (c) horses.

Verb Study.—Note the apt use of verbs—"The beasts *streamed* in procession"; "The drover and his lad *plod* along." Give other examples from the extract.

Phrase Study.—Note the uncommon phrasing—"furtive sideways motion"; "in a white whirl"; "carriage folk of the road"; "furrowed like nature's face in springtime." Find other examples.

Analysis.—Analyse these sentences as on page 164:

In olden days the herd led his flock, going first in the post of danger to defend the creatures he had weaned from their natural habits for his various uses.

The drover and his lad in dusty coats plod along stolidly, deaf and blind to all but the way before them.

Of all the poor dumb pilgrims of the road the bullocks are the most terrible to see.

From
THE LITERATURE OF HUMOUR

Hidden Treasure

E. V. Knox

INTRODUCTORY.—E. V. Knox, Editor of *Punch* and the writer of the story below, is well known for his humorous sketches in *Punch* signed "Evoc."

AS soon as Charles came in I asked him anxiously whether he had any clue to the whereabouts of my gold safety-pin. I did not ask him this because I considered him to be the successor of the famous sleuth-hounds of serial fiction, but because about a week ago he borrowed the thing and lost it. If the narrative that follows appears to be rather melodramatic in form you must blame Charles for it, not me.

"Wait a moment," he said, drawing his hand wearily across his brow, "and listen. I have had to-day the most terrifying experience of my life. I am still greatly over-straught and unmung—I mean unmanned. I took a bus this morning from the Temple to the British Museum. I decided to return by two Tubes and the Inner Circle. I waited in the ticket-offing until my turn came to be served. As I was leaving the wire entanglement the man behind me clumsily dropped his change on the floor. I gave one glance back before I hurried to the lift, and met in his eyes a gaze of such sinister ferocity that I was positively appalled. My knees trembled under me. A cold shiver

ran through my frame and chilled the very marrow in it. I shall not keep my marrow in a frame any more.

“The whole way down in the lift, across the intervening mass of heads, this man kept glaring at me. The carriage I had to get on to was rather crowded even for the Tube. I had to run full tilt at the gateway and take the wind of the passenger just in front of me. Then the conductor slammed the gate and the fellow expanded again. You may not have noticed it, Watson, but they are rather dangerous things, these Tube gates. Once when I was in uniform I caught the tape of my right puttee in the thing as I got off; then the carriage went on and I had to spin round faster and faster on that leg, with the other in the air, till the train took the whole puttee away like a streamer and left me spinning.

“But I have digressed. I did not see the sinister man on that Tube or the next; but when I was pushed off at Charing Cross there he was wedged in amongst the crowd a short distance away from me, and still glaring at me with the same expression of intense and bloodthirsty hate. I felt absolutely certain now that he was pursuing me. I wormed my way out of the crowd and hurried on I knew not and cared not whither. Suddenly I found myself at the foot of an escalator, but, alas, the wrong one. It was going down, not up——”

“You can’t,” I hazarded.

“Napoleon once observed,” said Charles gently, “that there is no such word as ‘can’t’ to a man who has been a field-marshal’s batman.”

“Go on,” I groaned.

“Almost at the same moment with the tail of my eye I caught a glimpse of my enemy in hot pursuit. I was overcome with unreasoning terror. Almost without

thinking, I plunged up the falling stairway and in a few seconds I realised that my pursuer had done the same.

“The horror of the next moments will be with me as long as I live. They seemed an eternity. You realise that the downward motion of the steps kept counteracting my forward rush, and for longer than I like to think we two were pounding away, with our knees almost up to our chins, on that terrible treadmill.

“Cold beads of perspiration burst forth on my brow. Mechanically I counted them as they burst. How I ever reached the top I do not know. But reach it I did, with the foe hard on my heels. With a desperate courage I turned round and pushed off his hat, and had the indescribable satisfaction of seeing him halt and pass rapidly away from me downwards and backwards.

“For a moment the pursuit was baffled, and I saw no more of him. I reached the Temple Station without further adventure and was half-way to my rooms when suddenly I heard the sound of pattering feet behind me. I suppose that my nerves were shattered, for I know that I screamed aloud and ran as I have never run in my life before. My imagination played wild tricks with me; I began to fancy even that this was no earthly adversary at all, but the reincarnation of some long-dead spirit that I had unwittingly evoked from the haunted shades of the Museum.

“Nearer and nearer came his heavy boots; nearer his loud pants. Just before I reached the staircase to my rooms a long skinny hand reached out and clutched my shoulder. My heart stopped. I turned and faced him, and for the first time he spoke.

“‘Excuse me, sir,’ he said, ‘but I think you have half a crown of mine in the turn-up of your left trouser-leg?’

“ And as a matter of fact I had ! ”

There was a long pause.

“ Charles,” I said at last, sadly, “ why have you told me these things ? ”

“ They’re perfectly true,” he said ; “ I can prove it.”

“ Yes ? ”

“ Well, I thought I’d look at the other trouser-leg while I was about it, and I found *your* rotten old safety-pin there.”

And he handed me the missing trinket.

Source : *A Little Loot*.

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

1. Study the story and show how *humour* is expressed: (a) in words; (b) in character; (c) in incident.
2. Which part of the story appeals to you as being the most humorous? — give reasons for your selection.

II. VOCABULARY (see Exercise II, page 6)

1. *Nouns*.—ferocity, eternity, perspiration, imagination, reincarnation.
Verbs.—appalled, digressed, hazarded, realised.
Adjectives.—sleuth, serial, melodramatic, sinister, indescribable.
Adverbs.—positively, mechanically.
2. Explain the following:
 “ a gaze of sinister ferocity ” ; “ I was positively appalled ” ; “ a desperate courage ” ; “ the pursuit was baffled ” ; “ My imagination . . . shades of the Museum,” paragraph 3, page 230.
3. Latin Roots (*continued*).
Scribo (I write). Scribe, script, scripture, describe, postscript, inscription.
Scando (I climb). Scale, ascent, descend, ascension.
Sequor (I follow). Pursue, persecute, execute, suit, sequence.
 Use each of the above words in a sentence.

A Postcard to the Duck

E. V. Lucas

INTRODUCTORY.—A card by another favourite humorous contributor to *Punch*.

MADAM, there is one blot on your fair fame and one only. You have supplied the cricket-field with a word of dread. Why your egg, rather than any other, should have been chosen to typify by its shape the most ignominious numeral in the multiplication table I have no notion. A duck's egg is not more like a nought than the egg of the hen or of the goose or of the turkey, and indeed it is far less round than that of the pigeon and of the owl. But it was upon your egg that the humorous similit fastened ; it was you who were set apart to humiliate those who fail to score.

For the rest, you are the friend of man ; in life you stand on your head in the water with the most enchanting insouciance, and, when the fatal day arrives, your gift of blending melodiously with sage and onions is beyond praise. Peas be with you !

Source : — *And Such Small Deer*.

From
THE LITERATURE OF PLAYS

Waterloo

INTRODUCTORY.—*Waterloo* is one of the best and most popular of modern one-act plays. It was written by Sir A. Conan Doyle, who loved historic incidents and dramatic effects, and was first produced by Sir Henry Irving, perhaps the greatest actor of modern times. He took the part of Brewster, and crowds went to see him play it. The play is printed here by the special permission of Mrs. H. B. Irving, whose husband played the part often after his father's death.

WATERLOO

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

CHARACTERS

CORPORAL GREGORY BREWSTER, AGED NINETY-SIX.

SERGEANT ARCHIE McDONALD, R.A.

COLONEL JAMES MIDWINTER, ROYAL SCOTS GUARDS.

NORAH BREWSTER, THE CORPORAL'S GRAND-NIECE.

SCENE : *A front room in a small house in Woolwich. Cooking range at fire. Above the fire a rude painting of an impossible military man in a red coat with a bearskin. On one side a cutting from a newspaper, framed. On the other a medal, also within a frame. Bright fire-irons, centre table, Bible on small table in window, wooden armchair with cushion, rack holding plates, etc.*

June 1881

Curtain rising discovers the empty room ; door opens, and enter NORAH BREWSTER, a country girl, with a bundle of her effects. She looks timidly about her, and then closes the door.

Basket on bandbox. During dialogue takes hat and cloak off and puts them on sideboard L., takes apron out of basket, chair R. of door, and puts it on.

NORAH. And this is Uncle Gregory's [*crosses to fireplace*]. Why, there's his portrait just above the fireplace, the very same as we have it at home—and there is his medal by his portrait. Oh, how strange that I should have a house all to myself. Why, it's next door to being married. I suppose Uncle isn't up yet, they said that he was never up before ten. Well, thank goodness that housekeeper has lit the fire before she went away. She seems to have been a nice sort of a party, she does. Poor old Uncle ! he does seem to have been neglected. Never mind ! I've come to look after him now. Let me see if everything is ready for Uncle when he does come. Won't he be surprised to see me ! Of course he would have had Mother's letter to say I was coming, but he wouldn't think I'd be here so early. [*At the table R.C.*] I wonder what makes the milk look so blue. [*At drawer at back R.C.*] Oh my ! what nasty butter. I'm so glad I brought some other butter with me. [*Takes pat of butter off plate, puts it in basket. Takes pat out of basket and puts it on plate.*] Now for the bacon. Oh, what a cruel piece ! Why, our Essex pigs would blush to own bacon like that ! [*Puts rasher in frying-pan and puts pan on hob.*] Now I'll make the tea if the kettle boils. Kettle doesn't boil. Never mind, I'll warm the pot. [*Puts water out of kettle on fire in pot and pot on table.*] Dear old Uncle

[*looking at portrait*], don't he look grand ! They must have been awful brave folk to dare to fight against him. I do hope I'll be able to make him happy. [*Knock down in flat, L.C.*] Oh dear ! A knock ! I wonder who it is ! [*Knock again.*] I suppose I must see who it is. [*Up to door in flat R.C., opens it.*]

[*Enter SERGEANT McDONALD.*]

SERGEANT [*saluting*]. Beg your pardon, miss, but does Corporal Gregory Brewster live here ?

NORAH [*timidly*]. Yes, sir.

SERGEANT. The same who was in the Scots Guards ?

NORAH. Yes, sir.

SERGEANT. And fought in the battle of Waterloo ?

NORAH. Yes, the same, sir.

SERGEANT. Could I have a word with him, miss ?

NORAH. He's not down yet.

SERGEANT. Ah, then, maybe I'd best look in on my way back. I'm going down to the butts, and will pass again in an hour or two.

NORAH. Very well, sir. [*Going out*] Who shall I say came for him ? [SERGEANT *returns and places carbine L. of sideboard L.*]

SERGEANT. McDonald's my name—Sergeant McDonald of the Artillery. But you'll excuse my mentioning it, miss : there was some talk down at the Gunners' barracks that the old gentleman was not looked after quite as well as he might be. But I can see that it's only foolish talk, for what more could he want than this ?

NORAH. Oh, I've only just come. We heard that his housekeeper was not very good to him, and that was why my father wished me to go and do what I could.

SERGEANT. Ah ! he'll find the difference now.

NORAH [*bustling about putting tea in pot*]. Two for Uncle

and one for the pot. We were all very proud of Uncle Gregory down Leyton way. [*Takes teapot to fire and fills it from kettle.*]

SERGEANT. Aye, he's been a fine man in his day. There's not many living now who can say that they fought against Napoleon Boneypart.

NORAH. Ah, see, there's his medal hung up by his portrait.

SERGEANT [*after her*]. But what's that beside the medal?

NORAH [*standing on tiptoe, and craning her neck*]. Oh, it is a piece of print and all about Uncle. [*Brings frame.*]

SERGEANT. Aye, it's a slip of an old paper. There's the date, August 1815, writ in yellow ink on the corner.

NORAH [*takes down medal*]. It's such small print.

SERGEANT [*front of table*]. I'll read it to you.

NORAH. Thank ye, sir!

SERGEANT [*clears his throat impressively*]. "A heroic deed." That's what's on the top. "On Tuesday an interesting ceremony was performed at the barracks of the third regiment of Guards, when in the presence of the Prince Regent, a special medal was presented to Corporal Gregory Brewster——"

NORAH [*R. of SERGEANT*]. That's him! That's Uncle!

SERGEANT. "To Corporal Gregory Brewster of Captain Haldane's flank company, in recog—recognition of his valour in the recent great battle. It appears that on the ever memorable 18th of June, four companies of the third Guards and of the Coldstreams, held the important farmhouse of Hugymount at the right of the British position. At a critical period of the action these troops found themselves short of powder, and Corporal Brewster was despatched to the rear to hasten up the reserve ammunition. The corporal returned with two tumbrils of

the Nassau division, but he found that in his absence the how—howitzer fire of the French had ignited the hedge around the farm, and that the passage of the carts filled with powder had become almost an impossibility. The first tumbril exploded, blowing the driver to pieces, and his comrade, daunted by the sight, turned his horses ; but



“ . . . URGING THE CART THROUGH THE FLAMES, . . . ”

Corporal Brewster, springing into his seat, hurled the man down, and urging the cart through the flames, succeeded in rejoining his comrades. Long may the heroic Brewster —”

NORAH. Think of that, the heroic Brewster !

SERGEANT. “ Live to treasure the medal which he has so bravely won, and to look back with pride to the day when, in the presence of his comrades, he received this tribute to

his valour from the hands of the first gentleman of the realm." [*Replaces the paper.*] Well, that is worth being proud of. [*Hands back frame, she puts it on mantel.*]

NORAH. And we are proud of it, too.

SERGEANT. Well, miss, I'm due at the butts, or I would [*taking carbine*] stay to see the old gentleman now. [*Up to door.*]

NORAH [*following*]. I don't think he can be long.

SERGEANT. Well, he'll have turned out before I pass this way again. Good day, miss, and my respects to you, miss.

[*Exit SERGEANT McDONALD, door in flat L.C.*]

NORAH [*looking through door after him*]. Oh, isn't he a fine man! I never saw such a man as that down Leyton way. And how kind he was! Think of him reading all that to me about Uncle! [*Coming L.*] It was as much as to say that Uncle won that battle. Well, I think the tea is made [*over to fire*] now, and——

CORPORAL [*without entering*]. Mary, Mary—I wants my rations.

NORAH [*aside*]. Lord, 'a mercy!

[*Enter CORPORAL GREGORY BREWSTER, tottering in, gaunt, bent, and doddering, with white hair and wizened face. He taps his way across the room, while NORAH, with her hands clasped, stares aghast first at the man, and then at his picture on the wall.*]

CORPORAL [*querulously*]. I wants my rations! The cold nips me without 'em. See to my hands. [*Holds out his gnarled knuckles.*]

NORAH [*gets round behind table*]. Don't you know me, Grand-uncle? I'm Norah Brewster, from down Essex way.

CORPORAL. Rum is warm, and schnapps is warm, and

there's 'eat in soup, but gimme a dish of tea for choice. Eh ? [*Peers at the girl.*] What did you say your name was, young woman ? [*Sits R. of table.*]

NORAH [*L. of table*]. Norah Brewster.

CORPORAL. You can speak out, lass. Seems to me folks' voices ain't as strong as they was.

NORAH [*back of chair*]. I'm Norah Brewster, Uncle. I'm your [*takes up bacon*] grand-niece, come from Essex way to live with you. [*Takes bacon out of pan on fire, puts on plate.*]

CORPORAL [*chuckling*]. You're Norah, hey ! Then you'll be brother Jarge's gal, likely ? Lor', to think o' little Jarge havin' a gal !

NORAH [*putting bacon on table*]. Nay, Uncle. My father was the son of your brother George. [*Pouring out tea.*]

CORPORAL [*mumbles and chuckles, picking at his sleeves with his trembling hands*]. Lor', but little Jarge was a rare un ! [*Draws up to the table while NORAH pours out the tea.*] Eh, by Jimini, there was no chousing Jarge ! He's got a bull-pup o' mine that I lent him when I took the shillin'. Likely it's dead now. He didn't give it ye to bring, maybe ?

NORAH [*R. of table, and glancing ever wonderingly at her companion*]. Why, Grandpa Jarge has been dead this twenty years.

CORPORAL [*mumbling*]. Eh, but it were a bootiful pup—bootiful ! [*Drinks his tea with a loud supping. NORAH pours out second cup.*] I am cold for the lack o' my rations. Rum is good and schnapps, but I'd as lief have a dish o' tea as either.

NORAH. I've brought you some butter and some eggs in the basket. Mother said as I was to give you her respec's and love, and that she'd ha' sent a tin o' cream

but it might ha' turned on the way. [*R., sets chair L. of fireplace.*]

CORPORAL [*still eating voraciously*]. Eh, it's a middlin' goodish way. Likely the stage left yesterday.

NORAH. The what, Uncle?

CORPORAL. The coach that brought ye.

NORAH. Nay, I came by the mornin' train.

CORPORAL. Lor' now, think o' that. The railway train, heh? You ain't afeard o' them new-fangled things! By Jimini! to think of your comin' by railway like that. Why, it's more than twenty mile. [*Chuckling*] What's the world a-comin' to? [*Puffs out his chest and tries to square his shoulders.*] Eh, but I get a power o' good from my rations!

NORAH. Indeed, Uncle, you seem a deal stronger for them. [*Up to the table and begins to clear things away.*]

CORPORAL. Aye, the food is like coals to that fire. But I'm nigh burned out, lass; I'm nigh burned out.

NORAH [*clearing the table*]. You must ha' seen a deal o' life, Uncle. It must seem a long time to you.

CORPORAL. Not so very long, neither. I'm well over ninety, but it might ha' been yesterday that I took the bounty. And that battle, why, by Jimini, I've not got the smell of the burned powder out o' my nose yet. Have you read that? [*nodding to the cutting*].

NORAH. Yes, Uncle, and I'm sure that you must be very proud of it.

CORPORAL [*stands looking at it*]. Ah, it was a great day for me—a great day! The Regent he was there, and a fine body of a man too. [*Tries to stuff some tobacco into his pipe.*] He up to me and he says, "The Ridgement is proud of ye," says he. "And I'm proud o' the Ridgement," says I. "And a damned good answer, too," says he to Lord

Hill, and they both bust out a-laughin'. [*Coughs and chuckles, and points up at the mantelpiece.*]

NORAH. What can I hand you, Uncle ? [*Gets bottle and spoon from mantelpiece.*]

CORPORAL. A spoonful from that bottle by the brass candlestick, my girl ! [*Drinks it.*] It's paregoric [*music*], and



"I'M NIGH BURNED OUT, LASS . . ."

rare stuff to cut the phlegm. [NORAH looks out of the window.] But what be you a peepin' out o' the window for ? [NORAH pushes window up, music louder.]

NORAH [*excitedly*]. Oh, Uncle, here's a regiment o' soldiers comin' down the street.

CORPORAL [*rising and claxing his way towards the window*]. A ridgement ! Heh ! Where be my glasses ?

Lordy, I can hear the band as plain as plain. Bands don't seem to play as loud nowadays though as they used. [*Gets to the window.*] Here they come, pioneers, drum-major, band! What be their number, lass? [*His eyes shine, and his feet and stick tap to the music.*]

NORAH. They don't seem to have no number, Uncle. They've something wrote on their shoulders. Oxfordshire, I think it be.

CORPORAL. Ah, yes. I heard as they had dropped the numbers, and given them new-fangled names. [*Shakes his head.*] That wouldn't ha' done for the Dook. The Dook would ha' had a word there. [*Band up to ff.*] There they go, by Jimini! They're young, but they hain't forgot how to march. Blessed if I can see the light bobs though! [*Band dim. to pp.*] Well, they've got the swing, aye, they have the swing [*gazes after them until the last files have disappeared*].

NORAH [*helping him*]. Come back to your chair, Uncle.

CORPORAL. Where be that bottle again? It cuts the phlegm. It's the toobes that's wrong with me. Joyce says so, and he is a clever man. I'm in his club. There's the card, paid up, under yon flatiron. [*Band stops. Suddenly slapping his thigh.*] Why, darn my skin, I knew as something was amiss.

NORAH. Where, Uncle?

CORPORAL. In them soldiers. I've got it now. They'd forgot their stocks. Not one of them had his stock on. [*Chuckles and croaks.*] It wouldn't ha' done for the Dook. No, by Jimini, the Dook would ha' had a word there. [*Door opens and SERGEANT appears beckoning comrade.*]

NORAH [*peeping towards the door*]. Why, Uncle, this is the soldier who came this morning—one of them with the blue coats and gold braid.

CORPORAL. Eh, and what do he want ? Don't stand and stare, lass, but go to the door and ask him what he wants.

[She approaches the door, which is half open.]

SERGEANT McDONALD of Artillery, his carbine in his hand, steps over the threshold and salutes.]

SERGEANT. Good day again to you, miss. Is the old gentleman to be seen now ?

NORAH. Yes, sir. That's him. I'm sure he'll be very glad to see you. Uncle, here is a gentleman who wants to speak with you.

SERGEANT. Proud to see you, sir—proud and glad, sir !

[Steps forward, grounds his carbine, and salutes.]

NORAH, half frightened, half attracted, keeps her eyes on the visitor.]

CORPORAL *[blinking at the SERGEANT]*. Sit ye down, Sergeant, sit ye down ! *[Shakes his head.]* You are full young for the stripes. Lordy, it's easier to get three now, than one in my day. Gunners were old soldiers then, and the grey hairs came quicker than the three stripes.

[SERGEANT puts carbine by window, NORAH takes off apron, folds it up, puts it in basket.]

SERGEANT. I am eight years' service, sir. McDonald is my name, Sergeant McDonald of H Battery, Southern Artillery Division. I have called as the spokesman of my mates to say that we are proud to have you in the town, sir.

[NORAH finishes clearing table, table-cloth folded in drawer of dresser.]

CORPORAL *[chuckling and rubbing his hands]*. That was what the Regent said, "The Ridgement is proud of you," says he. "And I am proud of the Ridgement," says I. "A damned good answer, too," says he, and he and Lord Hill bust out a-laughin'.

SERGEANT. The non-commissioned mess would be proud and honoured to see you, sir. If you could step as far you will always find a pipe o' baccy and glass of grog awaitin' you.

CORPORAL [*laughing until he coughs*]. Like to see me, would they, the dogs! Well well, if this warm weather holds I'll drop in—it's likely that I'll drop in. My



"THE RIDGEMENT IS PROUD OF YOU. . . ."

toobes is bad to-day, and I feel queer here [*slapping his chest*]. But you will see me one of these days at the barracks.

SERGEANT. Mind you ask for the non-com. mess.

CORPORAL. Eh?

SERGEANT. The non-com. mess.

CORPORAL. Oh, lordy! Got a mess of your own, heh,

just the same as the officers. Too grand for a canteen now. It wouldn't have done for the Dook. The Dook would have had a word there.

SERGEANT [*respectfully*]. You was in the Guards, sir, wasn't you?

CORPORAL. Yes, I am a Guardsman, I am. Served in the 3rd Guards, the same they call now the Scots Guards. Lordy, Sergeant, but they have all marched away, from Colonel Byng right down to the drummer boys, and here am I, a straggler—that's what I call myself, a straggler. But it ain't my fault neither, for I've never had my call, and I can't leave my post without it.

SERGEANT [*shaking his head*]. Ah, well, we all have to muster up there. Won't you try my baccy, sir? [*Hands over pouch.*]

CORPORAL. Eh?

SERGEANT. Try my baccy, sir?

[CORPORAL BREWSTER *tries to fill his clay pipe, but drops it. It breaks, and he bursts into tears with the long helpless sobs of a child.*]

CORPORAL. I've broke my pipe! my pipe!

NORAH [*running to him and soothing him*]. Don't, Uncle, oh, don't! We can easy get another.

SERGEANT. Don't you fret yourself, sir, if you—you'll do me the honour to accept it. 'Ere's a wooden pipe with an amber mouth.

CORPORAL [*his smiles instantly bursting through his tears, SERGEANT gets carbine*]. Jimini! It's a fine pipe! See to my new pipe, gal! I lay that Jarge never had a pipe like this. Eh, and an amber mouth too! [*Mumbles with it in his mouth.*] You've got your firelock there, Sergeant.

SERGEANT. Yes, sir, I was on my way back from the butts when I looked in.

CORPORAL. Let me have the feel of it !

SERGEANT. Certainly. [*Gives carbine.*]

CORPORAL. Lordy, but it seems like old times to have one's hand on a musket. What's the manual, Sergeant ? Eh ? Cock your firelock ! Present your firelock ! Look to your priming ! Heh, Sergeant ! [*The breech on being pressed flies open. NORAH is now top of table, looking on.*] Oh, Jimini ! I've broke your musket in halves.

SERGEANT [*laughing*]. That's all right, sir ! You pressed on the lever and opened the breech-piece. That's where we load 'em, you know.

CORPORAL. Load 'em at the wrong end ! Well, well, to think of it ! and no ram-rod neither. I've heard tell of it, but I never believed it afore. Ah ! it won't come up to Brown Bess. When there's work to be done you mark my words, and see if they don't come back to Brown Bess.

SERGEANT [*rising*]. But I've wearied you enough for one sitting. I'll look in again, and I'll bring a comrade or two with me, if I may, for there isn't one but would be proud to have speech with you. [*Salutes. Exit.*] My very best respects to you, miss.

NORAH. Oh, Uncle, isn't he noble and fine ? [*Up to door, looks after him.*]

CORPORAL [*mumbling*]. Too young for the stripes, gal. A sergeant of Gunners should be a growed man. I don't know what we are comin' to in these days. [*Chuckling.*] But he gave me a pipe, Norah ! A fine pipe with an amber mouth. I'll lay that brother Jarge never had a pipe like that.

NORAH [*aside, nodding towards the door.*] To think that he will be like Uncle in sixty years, and that Uncle was once like him. [*Forward to window L.*] He seems a very kind

young man, I think. He calls me "miss" and Uncle "sir," so polite and proper. I never saw as nice a man down Essex way.

CORPORAL. What are you moonin' about, gal! I want you to help me move my chair to the door, or maybe yon fancy chair will do. It's warm, and the air would hearten me if I can keep back the flies. They get owdacious in this weather and they plague me cruel.

NORAH. The flies, Uncle?

[He moves feebly across to where the sunshine comes in at the door, and he sits in it. NORAH helps him.]

CORPORAL. Eh, but it's fine! It always makes me think of the glory to come. Was it to-day that parson was here?

NORAH. No, Uncle. *[Kneels on his L.]*

CORPORAL. Then it was yesterday. I get the days kind o' mixed. He reads to me the parson does.

NORAH. But I could do that, Uncle.

CORPORAL. You can read too, can you? By Jimini, I never seed such a gal. You can travel by railroad and you can read. Whatever is the world comin' to? It's the Bible he reads to me. *[NORAH runs, gets Bible, and kneels again.]*

NORAH *[opening the Bible]*. What part would you like to hear?

CORPORAL. Eh? *[NORAH repeats.]*

CORPORAL. Oh, them wars.

NORAH. The wars!

CORPORAL. Aye, keep to the wars. "Give me the Old Testament, Parson," says I, "there's more taste to it," says I. Parson, he wants to get off to something else, but it's Joshua or nothing with me. Them Israelites was good soldiers, good growed soldiers, all of 'em.

NORAH. But, Uncle, it's all peace in the next world.

CORPORAL. No, it ain't, gal.

NORAH. Oh, yes, Uncle, surely.

CORPORAL [*irritably knocking his stick on the ground*]. I tell ye it ain't, gal. I asked Parson.

NORAH. Well, what did he say?

CORPORAL. He said there was to be a last final fight.

NORAH. Fight?

CORPORAL. Why, he even gave it a name, he did. The battle of Arm—Arm—the battle of Arm——

NORAH. Armageddon.

CORPORAL. Aye, that was the name. [*Pauses thoughtfully.*] I 'spec's the 3rd Guards will be there. And the Dook—the Dook'll have a word to say.

[*Sinks back a little in his chair, NORAH shuts window, puts Bible back.*]

NORAH. What is it, Uncle? You look tired.

CORPORAL [*faintly*]. Maybe I have had air enough. And I ain't strong enough to fight agin the flies.

NORAH. Oh, but I will keep them off, Uncle.

CORPORAL. They get owdacious in this weather. I'll get back to the corner. But you'll need to help me with the chair. [*Knock.*] Chairs are made heavier than they used to be.

[*Is in the act of rising when there comes a tap at the door, and COLONEL MIDWINTER (civilian costume) puts in his head.*]

COLONEL. Is this Gregory Brewster's.

CORPORAL. Yes, sir. That's my name.

COLONEL. Then you are the man I came to see.

CORPORAL. Who was that, sir?

COLONEL. Gregory Brewster was his name.

CORPORAL. I am the man, sir.

COLONEL. And you are the same Brewster, as I understand, whose name is on the roll of the Scots Guards as having been present at the battle of Waterloo ?

CORPORAL. The same Brewster, sir, though they used to call it the 3rd Guards in my day. It was a fine ridgement, sir, and they only want me now to make up a full muster.

COLONEL [*cheerily*]. Tut ! tut ! they'll have to wait years for that. But I thought I should like to have a word with you, for I am the Colonel of the Scots Guards.

[CORPORAL *springing to his feet and saluting, staggers about to fall. The COLONEL and NORAH prevent it. NORAH on his L.*]

COLONEL. Steady, steady. [*Leads BREWSTER to other chair.*] Easy and steady.

CORPORAL [*sitting down and panting*]. Thank ye, sir. I was near gone that time. Why, I can scarce believe it. To think of me a corporal of the flank company, and you the colonel of the battalion ! How things do come round to be sure.

[*NORAH helps him into chair R. of table. COLONEL gets by fireplace.*]

COLONEL. Why, we are proud of you in London——

CORPORAL. That's what the Regent said. "The Ridgement is proud of you," said he.

COLONEL. And so you are actually one of the men who held Hougoumont ?

[*NORAH sits L. of table with needlework, taken from her basket.*]

CORPORAL. Yes, Colonel, I was at Hougoumont.

COLONEL. Well, I hope that you are pretty comfortable and happy.

CORPORAL. Thank ye, sir, I am pretty bobbish when the

weather holds, and the flies are not too owdacious. I have a good deal of trouble with my toobes. You wouldn't think the job it is to cut the phlegm. And I need my rations, I get cold without 'em. And my jints, they are not what they used to be.

COLONEL. How's the memory ?

CORPORAL. Oh, there ain't anything amiss there. Why, sir, I could give you the name of every man in Captain Haldane's flank company.

COLONEL. And the battle—you remember that ?

CORPORAL. Why, I sees it afore me every time I shuts my eyes. Why, sir, you wouldn't hardly believe how clear it is to me. There's our line right along from the paregoric bottle to the inhaler, d'ye see ! Well then, the pill box is for Hougoumont on the right, where we was, and the thimble for Le Hay Saint. That's all right, sir. [*Cocks his head and looks at it with satisfaction.*] And here are the reserves, and here were our guns and our Belgians, then here's the French, where I put my new pipe, and over here, where the cough drops are, was the Proosians a-comin' up on our left flank. Jimini, but it was a sight to see the smoke of their guns. [*NORAH helps him into chair.*]

COLONEL. And what was it that struck you most, now, in connection with the whole affair ?

CORPORAL. I lost three half-crowns over it, I did. I shouldn't wonder if I were never to get the money now. I lent them to Jabez Smith, my rear-rank man, at Brussels. "Grig !" says he, "I'll pay you true, only wait till payday." By Jimini, he was struck by a lancer at Quarter Brass, and me without a line to prove the debt. Them three half-crowns is as good as lost to me.

COLONEL [*laughing*]. The officers—of the Guards—want you to buy—yourself—some little trifle, some little

present which may add to your comfort. It is not from me, so you need not thank me. [*Slips a note into the old man's baccy pouch. Crosses to leave.*]

CORPORAL. Thank you kindly, sir. But there's one favour I'd ask you, Colonel.

COLONEL. Yes, Corporal, what is it ?

CORPORAL. If I'm called, Colonel, you won't grudge me a flag and a firing party. I'm not a civilian, I'm a Guardsman, and I should like to think as two lines of the bearskins would be walkin' after my coffin.

COLONEL. All right, Corporal, I'll see to it. [CORPORAL *sinks back in his chair.*] I fear that I have tired him. He is asleep, I think. Good-bye, my girl ; and I hope that we may have nothing but good news from you.

[*Exit COLONEL.*]

NORAH. Thank you, sir, I'm sure I hope so too. Uncle, Uncle ! Yes, I suppose he is asleep. But he is so grey and thin that he frightens me. Oh, I wish I had someone to advise me, for I don't know when he is ill and when he is not.

[*Enter SERGEANT McDONALD abruptly.*]

SERGEANT. Good day, miss. How is the old gentleman ?

NORAH. Sh ! He's asleep, I think. But I feel quite frightened about him.

SERGEANT [*going over to him*]. Yes, he don't look as if he were long for this life, do he ? Maybe a sleep like this brings strength to him.

NORAH. Oh, I do hope so.

SERGEANT. I'll tell you why I came back so quick. I told them up at the barracks that I'd given him a pipe, and the others they wanted to be in it too, so they passed round, you understand, and made up a pound of baccy. It's long cavendish, with plenty o' bite to it.

NORAH. How kind of you to think of him !

SERGEANT. Do you always live with him ?

NORAH. No, I only came this morning.

SERGEANT. Well, you haven't taken long to get straight.

NORAH. Oh, but I found everything in such a mess. When I have time to myself, I'll soon get it nice.

SERGEANT. That sounds like marching orders to me.

NORAH. Oh, how could you think so !

SERGEANT. Tell me, miss, have you ever been over a barrack ?

NORAH. No, I've been on a farm all my life.

SERGEANT. Well, maybe, when he comes up you would come with him ? I'd like to show you over.

NORAH. I'm sure I'd like to come.

SERGEANT. Well, will you promise to come ?

NORAH [*laughing*]. You seem quite earnest about it.

SERGEANT. Well, maybe I am.

NORAH. Very well, I'll promise to come.

SERGEANT. You'll find us rough and ready.

NORAH. I'm sure it will be very nice.

SERGEANT. Not quite what young ladies are accustomed to.

NORAH. But I am no young lady. I've worked with my hands every day that I can remember.

CORPORAL [*in a loud voice*]. The Guards need powder.
[*Louder*] The Guards need powder ! [*Struggles to rise.*]

NORAH. Oh, I am so frightened.

CORPORAL [*staggering to his feet, and suddenly flashing out into his old soldierly figure*]. The Guards need powder, and, by God, they shall have it ! [*Falls back into chair.* NORAH and the SERGEANT rush towards him.]

NORAH [*sobbing*]. Oh, tell me, sir, tell me, what do you think of him ?

SERGEANT [*gravely*]. I think that the 3rd Guards have a full muster now.

CURTAIN. SLOW

Note : This play first appeared as a story called "The Straggler of '15," and will be found in *Tales of the Camp*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

INDIVIDUAL AND CLASS STUDIES

I. APPRECIATION

A one-act play is a short story acted, and like a story it must have a beginning, a middle, and an end. In the beginning the situation is explained and the characters introduced. The story is developed by dialogue and action, perhaps complications ensue, and interest is awakened. Suspense may be used to heighten the interest and sooner or later a climax is reached—sometimes slowly, sometimes abruptly.

Point out the portion of this play that you consider to be introductory. Where is interest first awakened ? Show how the appearance of the Sergeant and the Colonel increases the interest. What does this lead up to ? How is the climax approached ? Does it in this case involve surprise or not ? What is there about it strikingly effective from a stage point of view ? Would you call the death a tragedy or not—why ?

Does the dialogue of the play suit the different characters ? Show how it varies. Point out one or two things you learn indirectly about the characters of the folk in the story from their conversation.

What do you consider to be : (a) the most humorous ; (b) the most interesting ; (c) the most striking ; (d) the most pathetic part of the play ?

What do you think is the most fitting remark in the whole story ? Point out one or two others that you think very appropriate. What was old Brewster's most heartfelt request ?

What are the most striking things that *happen* in the story ? What makes this play a good one—character, or dialogue, or events ? Show how all these play an important part in it.

Study your dictionary and explain why this play is called a *drama*. Where in it are sympathy, and admiration, and respect, and love shown ?

Write the story briefly and then note the contrast between the effect produced by the "story" and that by the "play."

II. PLAY-WRITING

Try to make a play in two scenes from the selection, *The Galley-Slave*, on pages 56-66. Use this as part of opening scene and continue:

THE GALLEY-SLAVE

Characters: ARRIUS, a Roman Admiral; THE HORTATOR; BEN-HUR.

SCENE I.—*The Deck of the Galley Ship. The HORTATOR is standing in the presence of ARRIUS.*

ARRIUS (*the Slave-relief is passing by*): Knowest thou, Hortator, the man just come from yon bench?

HORTATOR: From number sixty, Sire?

ARRIUS (*looking sharply at the rower then going forward*): Yes.

HORTATOR:

You may also try to put into play-form the story of *The Banner of England*, pages 37-45; and that of *The Invisible Man*, pages 95-104.

III. VOCABULARY

War, Campaign, and Battle. Make sentences illustrating from English history the correct use of these words.



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